Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/changeofclimate00methrich

CHANGE OF CLIMATE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE KEY OF LIFE

THE IDENTITY OF JANE

LA BELLE DAME

CHANGE OF CLIMATE

BY

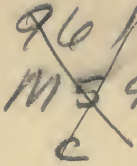
A. A. METHLEY

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published in 1913

PR6025
E78C45
1913
MAIN



CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	FARRINGDON'S FIND	1
II.	THE DUEL	31
III.	THE TOY TERRIER	54
IV.	THE MIXED MARRIAGE	85
V.	THE AMETHYST NECKLACE	112
VI.	THE SPHINX BY MOONLIGHT	142
VII.	THE WARNING	166
VIII.	MISS MARKHAM ELOPES	185
IX.	THE CUP OF COFFEE	215
X.	THE MARTYR	241
XI.	THE HOTEL THIEF	260
XII.	THE REVOLVER	289

283565

LIBRARY OF CALIFORNIA

CHANGE OF CLIMATE

I

FARRINGDON'S FIND

THE camp of the excavators was pitched on the rocky ground at the edge of the desert, near to a group of ancient tombs. Behind were the bare, sunburnt mountains of Thebes, and in front stretched the green, cultivated plain, with the blue shimmer of the Nile and the houses and ruined temple of Luxor beyond.

There were only five men in the camp at this time. Three of them had been sent out to Egypt by some museum or learned society, and were engaged in excavating the tombs. The fourth was a painter; and the fifth, Stephen Farringdon, was merely a tourist—an amateur artist and dilettante archæologist—who had come out from England with a letter of introduction, and had been allowed to join the camp on condition that he paid his own share of the expenses and did not get into the way of the excavators.

Farringdon was a quiet, clever man of three- or four-and-twenty, who, although he was very

ignorant on the subjects, took an immense interest in Egyptian history and antiquities. He spent most of his time in exploring the lonely valleys with which the hills are furrowed, for he was convinced that among them untold treasures, of which he might easily be the discoverer, still lay buried.

The other four men looked upon Stephen as a crank and a harmless lunatic, and laughed alike at his theories and his enthusiasms.

One fine morning in February,—a clear, beautiful morning after nearly a week of hot winds and sand-storms,—Farringdon set out on his usual quest, and by noon found himself in a long narrow valley with steep rocky slopes on either side. He had been to this place several times before and had found nothing, but he determined to make one more examination before setting out in search of a new field for his explorations.

It was a very hot day, the rocks were scorching to the touch, and a shimmer of heat danced and flackered over the yellow sandhills; but Farringdon was too intent on his work to trouble himself about discomforts or the risks of sunstroke. He peered eagerly from side to side as he walked, and paused every now and then to look behind an outstanding boulder or to glance keenly at some suspicious crack or hollow in the limestone cliffs.

The young man possessed many of the qualifications of the born excavator, and, how-

ever many disappointments he might encounter, was always ready to return to his work with fresh energy and fervour.

"I wonder what luck I shall have to-day," he murmured to himself; and then, almost while the words were still on his lips, he saw something that made him stop and catch his breath in sheer amazement.

The tide of his fortunes had turned at last, and the moment for which he had longed and waited had arrived.

There had been one or two sharp showers of rain during the last few days, while the sand-storm was raging, and it was evident that the unaccustomed moisture had had its effect upon the sun-baked mountain-side.

At one point a landslip on a small scale had taken place, and from where he stood Farringdon could see the mass of fallen rock and the pale scar above which marked the spot from which it had become detached. But he could see something more than this; for in its downward sweep the rock had, as it were, stripped the face of the cliff, and there, half hidden by a pile of debris, was a square opening, which, even to an unpractised eye, was unmistakably the mouth of a tomb.

For a minute Stephen stood motionless, stupefied with the overwhelming joy of his good fortune; but this hesitation did not last for long. He hurried forward, ploughing his way through the sand and stumbling over loose stones until

he reached the cliff, and then he bent down, craning his neck beneath the great slab of rock, and peered breathlessly into the dark cavity.

Yes, it certainly was a tomb. There could be no doubt upon that point, for the marks of chisels were plainly visible on the rock,—there were even the faint traces of incised hieroglyphics,—and a flight of shallow steps, with a smooth, inclined plane between them, led downwards into the gloom. The slab of stone that hung over the entrance looked so insecure that it seemed as if a touch would release it from its place in the cliff, but Farringdon was too full of excitement to think of danger and the necessity for caution.

He fumbled in his pocket for the matches, candle, and coil of magnesium wire which he always carried, and then, pushing himself through the narrow opening, groped his way down the passage that lay beyond.

The tomb was not a large one, nor was it sunk very deeply into the mountain. Farringdon had not gone far before the passage narrowed suddenly and then opened out into a square, pillared chamber.

He stopped with the candle held aloft in his hand, and gazed round him with delight and astonishment.

At first his eyes, fresh from the dazzling glare of the noonday sun, could not see very distinctly, and he was only vaguely conscious of the dull gleam of gold, the loom of a great sarcophagus, and the vivid colours of wall-paintings; but, after

a few moments, as he became more accustomed to the dim and dusty light, all manner of strange and beautiful objects seemed to disentangle themselves from the gloom.

He set his candle down carefully in a niche in the wall, and lit the magnesium wire. Instantly the whole interior flashed into view, and he could hardly repress the cry of wonder and triumph that rose to his lips.

The walls of the tomb, the ceiling, and the square, massive pillars that supported the roof were all covered with paintings, the colours of which were as fresh and as delicate as if the artist had only that day laid aside his brush. On one pillar, indeed, the work had not been completed, and only the drawing showed—a firm, exquisite outline—on the white plaster.

The sarcophagus, with its gilded lid tilted to one side, was placed at the end of the chamber, and all around it wonderful and precious articles were scattered in indescribable confusion.

Here was a chair with a gilded framework and the seat fashioned of delicately plaited cane, here a blue enamelled casket, and beside that some alabaster vases and open wicker baskets filled with withered flowers and fruit.

The stone floor was strewn with jewels and ornaments, strings of blue beads, scraps of papyrus, and little figures of coloured pottery.

It was evident, at the first glance, that the tomb had been disturbed, but it seemed impossible, when so much remained, to believe that anything

had been taken. Perhaps the robbers had been interrupted in their work and had fled, leaving the booty behind them, or perhaps the tomb had been desecrated and the treasures flung hither and thither by the wanton hands of early Christian monks.

Farringdon dropped the wire as the flame touched his fingers and picked up the candle again. Then he advanced farther into the chamber, stepping carefully so as not to injure anything, and stood looking down into the sarcophagus and at the mummy which it contained—a small muffled figure, lying there, slim and straight in the great coffin, with its fine wrappings still intact, and with the funeral garlands of four thousand years ago resting on its bosom.

Farringdon did not touch anything, but he moved his candle from side to side, while his eyes drank in all the wonderful details of his discovery and noted the brilliant, missal-like colouring of the pictures on walls and ceiling.

He had picked up a certain amount of information on the subjects of Egyptian history and Egyptian art during the weeks which he had already spent in the country, for he had applied himself to the study with all the interest and fervour of a novice. He could see that the tomb was that of a woman, and one, moreover, of royal birth.

She must have been a beauty, too, of a strange and yet fascinating type. As he scrutinized the

paintings, Farringdon noted the almond eyes and delicate features of the slender figure, which appeared in them again and again. In some she was standing hand in hand with one or other of the weird Egyptian deities—with Isis, with Osiris, or with the hawk-headed Horus. In others she was alone, and carried the mysterious "Key of Life" in her taper fingers; and, farther on still, she appeared with a group of maidens in her train, who were attired in wonderful, transparent draperies, and who had wreaths of flowers on their bushy locks and sheaves of blue lotus blossoms in their hands.

It was a glorious find indeed, a splendid piece of luck, a marvellous treasure-trove.

Farringdon's blood tingled in his veins, and he laughed aloud, there in the dim, musty chamber, as he thought of the wonder and envy that his good fortune would arouse in the breasts of his comrades in the camp, and then he lowered his candle and glanced about in quest of some object, small enough to be portable, and yet, at the same time, sufficiently valuable and unique to carry conviction to the mind of even the most hardened sceptic.

It was not until now that he perceived that near to the entrance of the tomb chamber part of the roof had fallen in, probably thousands of years ago, and that the floor was strewn and the passage partially blocked with debris.

When he entered the tomb, he had been too much excited to think of anything except the

goal towards which he was hurrying, and he had pushed his way heedlessly past the heap of ruins and stepped across the litter of stones and plaster.

Now he had more leisure, and his eager eyes took in every detail of his surroundings. He noticed the damage that had been done by the fall, and wondered what had occasioned it, and in what far-off age it had taken place.

"No end of the pictures and things must have been spoilt," he murmured regretfully, holding his candle near to the ruins; and then suddenly he shuddered and started back with an exclamation of horror. There, almost at his feet, a hand, black and withered like the hand of a mummy, stretched itself out from beneath the pile.

As he gazed at it, Farringdon felt that, by some strange freak of the imagination which was as vivid and real as a memory, he was enabled to reconstruct the whole of that long-past tragedy.

This was the thief, of course, the miscreant, the despoiler of the dead, who lay buried here. He had stolen into the tomb, thousands of years ago, in search of plunder. He had torn the lid from the sarcophagus, he had robbed the princess of her jewels, he had thrown the costly furniture of the funeral chamber to the ground in the ardour of his unholy quest, and then, suddenly, before he could complete his work, death had overtaken him, and the hidden sepulchre had been given another occupant.

There was a strain of romance and chivalry in

Stephen Farringdon's nature, and he felt his blood boil at the thought of the sacrilege that had been committed.

It never occurred to him, even for a moment, to remember that, in essentials, his own conduct and his own motives differed very little from those of the dead malefactor.

"Yes, it is the brute of a thief. And the roof caved in upon him before he could get away. Well, it's a bit of luck, certainly. If that chap had got all that he wanted, there would have been precious little left for me to find now."

He stooped down, while these thoughts were in his mind, and held his candle close to the shrivelled hand; and then, as if in direct confirmation of his theories, he saw that a gleaming jewel was held tightly clasped in the claw-like fingers.

It was a ring of dainty gold work, set with a single red stone, and this stone shone like a drop of blood or like an eye—an evil eye—in the dim light.

It was an exquisite thing, certainly, rare and beautiful enough to delight the heart of any collector, and, moreover, exactly the object for which he was in search, being as it was a worthy specimen of the tomb's treasures and a trophy suitable in every way to be exhibited in the camp as evidence of his success.

The young man knelt down, wedged his candle between two projecting pieces of stone, and attempted to draw the ring from the grasp of the clutching fingers.

It was not such a simple task as he had anticipated, for the hand of the robber had closed round the jewel with an iron grip, as if, even after all those hundreds and thousands of years, he was loath to relinquish the prize for which he had risked—and lost—his life.

And then a strange thing happened: the candle began to burn dimly, and it seemed to Stephen as if the atmosphere of the chamber became suddenly almost unbearably hot and suffocating.

A horrible oppression swept over his spirits. He felt as if some danger or misfortune were very near at hand, and he longed to be out again in the daylight, with the sun blazing overhead and the fresh desert wind blowing against his face.

He could fancy that watchful eyes were staring at him out of the darkness and observing his every movement with malignant disapproval.

The almond eyes of the pictured gods and maidens cast sidelong glances in his direction, the dead robber peered at him from beneath the pile of stones and rubbish, and he felt sure that, had he turned his head, he would have seen the eyes of the princess herself watching him from over the edge of her open coffin.

When at last Farringdon succeeded in wrenching the ring from the thief's hand, a shower of plaster and small stones, disturbed by his efforts, slid to the ground from the surface of the pile. His candle was extinguished by the downfall,

and, as he fumbled for it in the darkness, he cut his hand against a shard of broken pottery.

He was obliged to give up the search then, and to grope his way back to the open air, guided only by the faint glimmer of light that filtered through the narrow entrance of the tomb.

When he emerged into the sunshine, he was breathless, bloodstained, and covered with dust, but his heart was full of pride and triumph, and the ring of the Egyptian princess was safely stowed away in his waistcoat pocket.

It was after sunset, and the four other occupants of the camp had finished their evening meal, when Farringdon, weary and dishevelled, appeared among them. He was greeted as usual with a chorus of good-natured chaff and banter.

Dormer, the painter, was lying on a canvas chair outside the hut reading an old magazine. Lane and Browning were playing piquet, and Henderson was writing a letter.

Inside the hut a table was spread with the remains of supper. There were tins of jam and sardines, a dish containing a dark-coloured stew, and plates and cups of enamelled tin. As Farringdon approached, a native servant appeared upon the scene with a brass coffee-pot.

"Hullo, Farringdon," cried Dormer, throwing down his magazine. "What luck have you had to-day? Found any new temples or mummies? By Jove, you look as much pleased with yourself as if you had discovered the Sphinx."

"Farringdon always is jolly well pleased with

himself," said Browning. "If he hasn't found anything to-day, he will to-morrow. 'Never say die,' that is his motto, '*Nil desperandum*,' and 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.'"

"Oh, shut up," put in Henderson, who was tired and irritated after an unsuccessful day's work. "Farringdon never will find anything, no more shall we, no more will anyone ever again. This beastly country is played out, and there's not another antiquity left in the whole of Egypt."

Stephen threw himself down into a chair and laughed hysterically. "You're wrong, Henderson," he cried, "absolutely wrong. The country is all right, and the antiquities are all right too. I've made a discovery to-day, a wonderful discovery—the biggest 'find' that has been made for years."

The man's voice was cracked and hoarse with excitement, and he fumbled in his pocket for the ring; but, before he could produce it, Henderson had burst out into a roar of laughter, and Browning, Lane, and Dormer did not hesitate to join in his merriment.

If Farringdon's announcement had been a little less theatrical, or his claim a little more modest, they would have believed his story readily enough; but, as it was, his declaration met with nothing but ridicule and discredit.

"The greatest discovery for years"—the men repeated the boastful words. "Oh yes, of course, it was only what they had all expected. Flinders, Petrie, and Davis would not be in it with Farring-

don. All the big Egyptologists would have to climb down."

Browning rose to his feet at last, and held up his tiny cup of coffee.

"Come on, you fellows," he cried, "let's have a drink. Here's to the greatest discovery of the century. Here's to Farringdon's 'find.'"

Stephen had never expected that his wonderful tidings would meet with such a reception as this, and it was some minutes before he could bring himself to believe in the disbelief of his friends. He made several vain attempts to obtain a hearing and to describe the position of his tomb and the marvels which it contained.

His eloquence was, however, only greeted with renewed shouts of laughter, and finally he swung himself up from his chair and turned towards the scoffers with burning eyes and with a dull flush of rage staining his sunburnt cheeks.

"Well," he said, "I'm off. It's no use trying to speak to any of you. Wait till to-morrow, and then you shall see that I am not a fool and a liar."

He did not show them the ring which he had found in the tomb, for he was too ignorant to be certain whether or not it would carry conviction to the minds of his fellows, and he told himself bitterly that, in their present mood, they would only declare it to be a forgery, and either accuse him of having bought it from a dragoman, or say that he had picked it up in one of the dealers' shops in Luxor.

Out in the cool starlight, as he walked towards the edge of the plateau where his tent was pitched, Farringdon's rage began to evaporate, and pride and satisfaction to resume their former places in his mind.

"After all," he said to himself, "what did the stupidity and suspicions of Dormer and the others matter? He was in the right. The glorious tomb was there in the valley, awaiting his return, and, by this time to-morrow, the truth of his assertions would have been proved, the laugh would be on his side, and his friends would be filled with envy and approval of his industry, his ability, and his good fortune.

He threw himself down into a cane deck-chair outside his tent and lit a cigarette, but his excitement was too great for him to rest, and before long he got up and fetched his writing-case and a folding table.

He felt the need of a sympathizer and a confidante this evening,—someone who would take an interest in his plans and a pleasure in his success,—and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to write a letter home—to his mother, perhaps, or to Dorothy Graham, the girl to whom he was engaged—and thus to pour out the story of his long search and of the wonderful discovery in which it had at last resulted.

It was some minutes before Stephen was able to settle down to his task, for first the blotting-paper was not forthcoming, and then his fountain pen was found to be empty, and an inkstand had

to be improvised out of a glass jar which had once held potted meat. Even when everything was ready, and he had brought his reading-lamp out of the tent and set it on the little table, the letter did not prove to be an easy one to write.

Dorothy Graham knew nothing of Egyptology nor of antiquities, and it was, therefore, conceivable that the finding of a hidden tomb might not seem such a triumph to her as it did to her betrothed.

Farringdon sat motionless, with his pen suspended over a blank sheet of paper, and stared with dreamy eyes at the sandy foreground and the shimmering, moonlit plain beyond. It was an exquisite night, warm and breathless, although there was the promise of future wind in the great halo with which the moon was surrounded.

The Nile shone like a bar of burnished silver, and in the far distance could be seen the gleam of lights in the hotels at Luxor and in the dahabeahs that lay moored in front of the town.

Stephen's thoughts wandered away to his "find" and to his plans for the morrow. It was only with an effort that he brought them back to the work that he had in hand, and it was then that, as he bent forward to write, his eyes chanced to fix themselves upon the glass jar of ink, and he noticed that something seemed to be moving in the black depths. He laid down his pen and drew his hand across his eyes before he looked again. It was the effect of the moonlight, he told himself, or something queer about the forma-

tion of the glass jar; but now, as he gazed, definite shapes and colours began to disentangle themselves from the blackness, and images—small, and yet strangely distinct and real—were formed upon the dark surface.

There were people in the little picture—he could see them quite clearly: a woman clothed in white, lying on a couch or bed, with another woman bending over her. A man was standing near by, and two or three other figures were grouped together in the background.

Farringdon felt his brow grow damp and cold. He moistened his lips with his tongue. What could it mean? What strange, weird mystery was this? He shut his eyes for a moment, and then opened them again and stared more closely still into the pool of ink.

He could see now that a great coil of golden hair hung over the shoulder of the woman that lay on the bed. It was so long and heavy that it reached almost to the floor. Surely nobody but Dorothy Graham had hair of that length and that colour; and the other woman—she had a grey dress, and Dorothy's mother never wore anything but grey. Stephen stooped over the table, straining his eyes in the effort to see the faces of the people; and then, gradually, the whole scene flickered, faded, and became blurred and indistinct.

The man lifted his head with a gasp of relief, but his eyes were still glued to the bowl of ink, and, as he gazed, he saw that the vision was not

disappearing but only changing into another picture.

It was a scene in the open air. There was the blue sky, a grey church tower, and a road bordered with dark yew trees.

The place seemed familiar to him, strangely familiar, and now a procession was coming into sight along the road. It was led by a man dressed in white. There were men carrying a coffin piled with snowy flowers, and a sombre train of mourners followed behind the bier.

Farringdon started up from his seat with a cry of horror, and, seizing the bowl of ink, he flung it down on to the ground. The clash of breaking glass served, in a measure, to restore his scattered senses. He picked up the lamp and went into the tent.

The next morning the young man had recovered his balance, and could afford to laugh at the occurrence of the previous evening. He had fallen asleep over his letter, he told himself, and had had an absurd and meaningless dream. As he walked across to the hut for breakfast, he pulled his hat forward over his eyes, so that he should not see an ink-stain on the rocky ground outside his tent.

Stephen found that Dormer was willing to go with him to the valley, although he still scoffed at the idea of the great discovery.

There was no sketching to be done, for it was a day of livid, overcast skies and blurred distances. The hot south wind was already beginning to

moan among the hills, and, as the two men started off on their expedition, the air felt gritty and there was sand in their eyes and on their lips.

"We shall have a storm before the day is out, unless I am very much mistaken," said Dormer, eyeing a whirling column of sand with disfavour; but Farringdon would not be discouraged, and he declared that the sun would come out and the wind die away completely in a few hours.

These hopes, however, were not destined to be fulfilled, and long before they reached the valley a violent sand-storm was in full blast.

Stephen was very loath to abandon the undertaking, in spite of adverse circumstances, and proposed that they should take shelter in the lee of a great boulder; but, after a time, as the tempest showed no signs of abating, he was obliged to give way to his companion's arguments, and they retraced their steps through the blinding clouds of dust to the camp.

On the following morning Farringdon set out alone for his tomb, as Dormer refused to waste another morning and the excavators were busy; but once again fortune was against him. He found, when he reached his destination, that his box of matches was missing, and that it was therefore impossible for him to enter the cave.

On the following morning a party of friends from Luxor appeared at the camp just as he was starting, and insisted upon his accompanying them to the Tombs of the Kings; and the next

day, as a crowning disaster, he slipped and fell on the narrow, rocky pathway while he was walking to the valley, and lay for nearly six hours, exposed to the blazing sun and a chilly wind, with a sprained ankle, before some Arabs found him and carried him back to the camp.

The result of this last stroke of ill-fortune was a sharp attack of fever, and for days Farringdon burned and shivered in his tent, tormented by the fear that his fellow-excavators, inquisitive tourists, or thieving Arabs would discover the tomb during this period of forced inaction, and rob him of the treasure and the glory that were his by right.

There were other disturbing thoughts, too, that haunted the sick man as he tossed wearily to and fro on his narrow bed.

It was impossible for him to forget the strange visions that he had seen in the bowl of ink, and sometimes, as he caught sight of a little shaving-glass that hung near him in the tent, he fancied that the same weird pictures flitted across its tarnished surface.

There was the white bed, the golden-haired girl, and the weeping woman at her side. It was surely Dorothy and her mother—he could almost see their faces; and then, as he started up with straining eyes and quivering lips, the images would blur and fade, and instead he would see the grey church, the funeral procession, and the gloomy avenue of yew trees.

A doctor came over from Luxor several times

to see Farringdon, and his native servant nursed him assiduously, but it was more than a week before he was able to sit in the sunshine outside his tent and to make plans for an expedition to the valley of his discovery.

At last, one clear, warm evening, he decided that he was practically well again, and, when he had finished his preparations for an early start on the morrow, he limped across to the hut and joined the other men at supper.

He found the table littered with newspapers, magazines, and letters, for the English mail had arrived at Luxor that day. The four men had read their private letters, and were now laughing over a magazine article on Egyptian discoveries containing the story of a famous mummy—the mummy of a priestess — which, it was said, possessed mysterious and supernatural powers, that enabled her to bring sorrow and ill-luck upon all those with whom she came in contact.

Dormer, being an artist and romantic, maintained that there might be something in the story, and declared—chiefly for the sake of argument—that he was a firm believer in the occult, and that Egypt had always been a hot-bed of magic and superstition. The other men mocked at these theories, and agreed that, if they could only come across a really good "find," they would be quite ready to accept any ghosts and curses that might be attached to it.

Farringdon did not join in the discussion, but he listened with rapt attention to everything that

was said. He had not mentioned his discovery to any of these men since the day of the sand-storm, when Dormer and he had failed to reach the valley, and they had forgotten all about his story and the ridiculous claim that he had made.

After a few minutes one of the disputants noticed Stephen's presence, and, picking up a letter from the table, tossed it across to him.

"Hullo, Farringdon," he said, "so there you are, quite fit again, I hope. This has just come for you. I knew you meant to turn up to-night, or I should have brought it over to your tent."

Stephen took the letter and seated himself in the little veranda outside the hut. There was a lamp on a table there, and he held the closely written pages to its light. The letter was from Mrs. Graham, the mother of his betrothed, and it told him how Dorothy had been taken ill, seriously ill, and now lay in the utmost danger.

"It is typhoid fever," the letter ran. "There has been a good deal of it in the village, and, as you know, Dorothy is always delicate. I am afraid that the doctors have very little hope."

Farringdon read the words through several times before he fully realized their import. Dorothy was ill,—dying; perhaps, by now, she was already dead. It was impossible, incredible. He felt stunned and numbed with the shock, and, as he looked out at the rocks and sandbanks around him, everything appeared to be strange and unreal.

It seemed to him as if hours must have passed

away since he had strolled into the hut and found the men arguing over the magazine article, and yet, in reality, it was barely five minutes. As he listened, he found that they were still engrossed in the same discussion.

Browning was the speaker now, and his voice rang out clearly in the silence.

"You can't mean to say, Dormer, that you honestly believe in this rot? Why, it says here that this beastly mummy brought bad luck not only to the fellows who meddled with it, but to their friends and relations as well."

Stephen could hear every word distinctly, and an idea—a vague and disquieting idea—forced its way into his mind.

He took up the letter again, read it through, and made a few rapid calculations. Dorothy had been taken ill on the very day that he had entered the tomb of the Egyptian princess.

Farringdon hardly slept at all that night, and, as he tossed from side to side during the long, wakeful hours, he was tortured by the thoughts of the danger to his betrothed, and by memories of the weird, ghastly story to which he had listened.

He got up once, and, unfastening the little mirror from its place, laid it face downwards on his trunk; but, even as he did so, he fancied that he caught a fleeting glimpse of yew trees, black-robed mourners, and of a flower-covered bier. It seemed to him that the air was resonant with the wail of dirge-like music and heavy with the sweet, sickly fragrance of tuberoses and stephanotis.

"I'll chuck the whole thing—yes, by Jove, I will—and leave the vile tomb to itself," he muttered wearily, and then he fell asleep, and awoke to find that it was broad daylight, and that the Arab servant, with a cup of tea in his hand, was standing beside the bed.

A little while later, when he stood in the sunlight outside his tent, with a normal temperature, and with the desert wind blowing against his face, Farringdon was able to take a saner view of the situation. His midnight fears and resolves now seemed to be both fantastic and absurd.

He was still anxious about Dorothy, but more hopeful than he had been on the previous evening, and something seemed to tell him that the next letter from England would bring tidings of her improvement.

As to the tomb and its treasures, he had not finally decided as to the course which he would pursue; but he felt ashamed already of his weakness, and the idea of giving way to superstitious fancies was abhorrent to him.

How could the corpse of a woman who had been dead for thousands of years do him a mischief, or have any influence over the health and well-being of the girl whom he loved?

What would Browning and the other men say and think if they could realize his position, and know of the step which he had in contemplation? What would be the opinion of all the antiquarians and Egyptologists throughout the world? And would not his friends at

home, and even Dorothy herself, laugh at his folly?

It seemed to him that not only his ambitions and enthusiasms, but even his intellect and moral character were at stake, and that the deed which he meditated would be an unpardonable crime against history, archæology, and art—an insult both to the present and to the future.

The present and the future, yes; but had not the past any claim upon him? And had it not, moreover, powers—dark powers, far-reaching and terrible—which could send out their weird influences of evil and misfortune down through the ages, even into the sober, matter-of-fact world of the twentieth century?

Farringdon shuddered, out there in the blazing Egyptian sunshine, for he knew that, in spite of all his common sense, and against the dictates both of his intellect and his conscience, he should carry out his resolve and abandon his wonderful and valuable "find."

There might be some little grain of truth in the old stories, and, if this were once granted, were not Dorothy's safety and Dorothy's life worth more than all the treasures and hidden glories of Egypt—worth more, indeed, infinitely more, than all the art and archæology, all the hopes and dreams and ambitions of the whole world?

The young man was still standing near his tent, looking out over the wide, sunlit plain, when the clatter of hoofs sounded on the rocky path-

way, and the next moment Dormer, mounted on a small donkey, halted at his side.

"Hullo, old man," he said. "Better this morning? That's right. Can I do anything for you in Luxor? I'm going to work in the temple, and have lunch with some people afterwards at the Winter Palace."

"No, thanks, I don't think there's anything," was the answer, and Dormer was starting off again when Stephen stopped him. "Wait one moment. I have just remembered, I want to send a cable to England. You might take it across for me and stick it into code. I ought to get an answer by this afternoon."

Farringdon had suddenly realized that it would be quite impossible for him to wait until the arrival of the next mail for news of Dorothy Graham.

When the message had been written, and Dormer had disappeared down the slope in the direction of the river, Stephen started off on his walk to the valley. He intended to block up the entrance of the tomb with stones, and, as far as lay in his power, to obliterate all traces of his discovery.

It was already past midday when he reached his destination, for his ankle was still painful, and he could only walk very slowly.

He sat down in the shade of a large rock to rest for a time before beginning his work, and as he smoked and looked across at the tomb his resolution began to waver, and he wondered

whether he would have the strength of mind to carry out his self-appointed task.

He despised himself for his fears, and he felt sure that he should regret this day's work until the end of his life. It was no easy matter for a man of Farringdon's character and upbringing to embark upon a course of action that went directly against the grain of his whole nature. When at last the idea of paying one more visit to the cave flashed into his mind, he welcomed it with relief as a respite, and as a means of proving, to himself at least, that his motive in abandoning his "find" was not personal cowardice, but only a foolish and superstitious fancy.

The man's spirits rose a little as these reflections passed through his mind, and he had soon persuaded himself that it was not only his wish but his duty to re-enter the tomb.

The ring which he had taken from the dead robber's hand was still in his pocket, and the work of renunciation would surely be incomplete if this were not restored to its rightful owner before the final abandonment of the sepulchre. He would replace the trinket in the coffin of the princess, and then it would be time enough for him to carry out his intention of concealing the mouth of the cave and of obliterating all traces of his presence in the valley.

Farringdon lit his candle as he limped over the loose stones in the direction of the tomb, and then, stooping his head, he passed under the great mass of rock which was poised above the entrance,

and which to-day appeared to be even more insecure than it had been on the occasion of his previous visit.

It was very dark in the narrow passage, and the air was unbearably hot and oppressive. As he advanced Stephen was conscious of the same sense of uneasiness and alarm which he had noticed before. It seemed to him that some evil influence —an influence so real and potent as to be almost an actual bodily presence—was very near at hand. Early that morning, when he had finally decided to relinquish his "find," and during his walk to the valley, all his fears on Dorothy's behalf had left him, and he had felt absolutely confident of her recovery; but now a reaction set in, and his anxieties swept back upon him with renewed force.

Dorothy was in danger—she was dying—and they were not together, but separated by mysterious, insurmountable barriers, by countless leagues of ocean and continent, by terrible supernatural forces, and by hundreds and thousands of long, lonely years.

Farringdon tried his best to recover his courage and to control his whirling fancies, but it was useless. The horror and the repulsion increased with every step that he took down the rocky, uneven slope.

The tomb with its treasures, and his own hopes and ambitions, were alike forgotten now, and he was conscious of nothing beyond a wild longing to escape for ever from the accursed place.

He dragged the ring of the dead princess out of his pocket, and hurled it violently forward into the black shadows; then he turned and fled back along the passage.

He was still weak after his attack of fever, and, in addition to this, his sprained ankle gave way beneath him again and again. He felt as if heavy, impeding weights were fastened to his lagging feet, and as if clutching hands were plucking at his clothes and trying to draw him back into the suffocating darkness of the tomb.

The stifling air seemed to be heavy with peril and menace, and, as he stumbled forward, he could almost fancy that he heard the sound of following footsteps, and that strange, threatening voices echoed through the passages and hollow caverns that he was leaving behind.

The man's chest was heaving with agonized gasps and his face was damp and grey when at last he struggled through the narrow entrance, and flung himself down, breathless and exhausted, on the hot slope of yellow sand.

He was only just in time, for hardly had he reached the open air and the sunshine when there was a terrible rending noise—a roar as if the very foundations of the earth were giving way—and then the huge overhanging boulder crashed down from its place in the cliff, bringing with it an avalanche of loose stones and sand, blocking the entrance of the tomb, and burying the dead princess and her treasures once more in the secret heart of the mountain.

When the blinding clouds of dust had cleared away and silence had settled down on the lonely valley, Stephen Farringdon rose heavily to his feet and stood for some minutes staring at the great pile of rocks and loose debris, and thinking with horror of the terrible death which he had so narrowly escaped. Then he turned away and began to walk slowly and painfully along the path in the direction of the camp. At the summit of a little hill he paused and looked back at the scene of his adventures and of his abandoned ambitions.

It was growing late, and the sun had already dropped behind the mountains. Their rocky peaks, it is true, were still aglow with brilliant light and colour, but down in the narrow valley twilight had fallen and everything looked cold and gloomy. It seemed as if the blackest and densest of the shadows had gathered round the rugged mound of stones which hid the entrance to the royal tomb.

A chilly breath of wind stirred the air, and bats flitted backwards and forwards in the gathering dusk.

Farringdon found Dormer sitting outside his tent waiting for him when he reached the camp that evening.

The painter was comfortably established in the deck-chair with a pipe in his mouth and a cablegram lying on the table at his side.

He picked it up and handed it to the new-comer

"Here's your wire, old man," he said. "It was

sent over from Luxor about ten minutes ago. I hope there is no bad news."

Stephen came forward eagerly and snatched the envelope from the speaker's hand. His lips were trembling and his face was very pale, but yet, at the time, he was more conscious of intense excitement than of any real fear or anxiety.

A cloud had seemed to sweep away from his soul when he turned from the dark valley of the hidden tomb, and he knew, even before he tore open the brown envelope, that the cable would bring him good news.

"It's all right," he said, looking up, when he had glanced at the typewritten words, "yes, Dormer, it's quite all right."

II

THE DUEL

ROSAMUND knew directly that the man meant mischief, for he squeezed her hand when her husband introduced them, and stared into her face for a moment with the familiar expression that she remembered so well in his black, gleaming eyes.

"This is my wife," said Jim. "Rose, I met Mr. Vereker in the temple this afternoon, and as he wants to see it by moonlight, of course I made him come here to dinner."

Rosamund said nothing in response to the guest's murmured greeting. She was holding her under lip between her teeth, and wondering whether Jim would notice that she was trembling, or hear the quick, terrified heart-beats that seemed to sound so loudly in her own ears.

The whole thing was a surprise to her,—a horrible surprise,—and it was only natural that she should be bewildered and unnerved.

Afterwards, when she had recovered in a measure from the first shock of the meeting, she repented bitterly and blamed herself for her

idiotic cowardice and indecision. Why had she not come forward at once with a bold air and a gay smile of recognition?

"Oh, Jim, Mr. Vereker and I are old friends,"—that is what she ought to have said,—what a sensible woman would have said; and then, perhaps, she would have been able to defeat her enemy and carry off the situation with a high hand.

It was too late now—she had lost her chance. Jim was describing his meeting with the artist, and telling her that he was staying on a dahabeah and had come ashore for a day's sketching, while Vereker himself was smiling and trying to catch her eyes once more.

What an odious smile it was, and what an odious, vulgar face altogether! Rosamund hated to think that she had once considered this man handsome—"Like a Greek god," those had been her very words—and that she had actually allowed him to make love to her.

The girl felt the hot colour flame into her cheeks, and she stooped suddenly and straightened the cushions on the sofa.

Only an hour ago she had been so happy and so contented. An hour! No, only five minutes ago; for, of course, it had never occurred to her to connect Jim's message with Max Vereker.

"I am bringing a man back to dinner this evening. We shall get in about seven." That was the little note that Jim had sent by one of the Arabs, and she had set to work at once with a light heart.

This was the first guest that they had ever had, and Rosamund made all sorts of elaborate preparations. Extra dishes had to be devised, the table decorated, and wedding presents displayed to the best advantage.

The young bride had felt very proud when, at last, all her arrangements were completed, and then who should the expected guest prove to be but Vereker, the one person in the whole world whom she both hated and feared!

Jim Danvers had an appointment in Egypt, and a large temple and some newly-discovered tombs were under his charge.

He lived in a house on the edge of the desert, quite a civilized-looking house, with a veranda, whitewashed walls, window-curtains, and an arid patch of garden enclosed in a mud wall.

It was a lonely place, for there was no other white man's dwelling within many miles. Near at hand was a native village where the Arabs lived who were employed in the excavations. At night jackals could be heard howling in the distance, and, sometimes, they came down from the mountain valleys and left little foot-prints in the sand near the house.

About a month ago Danvers had brought his wife out to Egypt, and the girl had introduced all sorts of dainty innovations into the bachelor establishment. She had taken a pride in making the house look pretty, in hanging pictures on the stained walls and in trying to make flowers grow in the sun-baked borders. This afternoon she had

spent half an hour in contriving a table decoration with pink chiffon, a couple of hibiscus blooms, and a red-shad edlamp, and she had written out an imposing menu which began with tinned soup and ended with sardines on toast.

Rosamund was a pretty girl, and a very happy one, for she loved her husband with all her heart, and the life in Egypt, primitive and strange as it was in many ways, seemed to her exciting and delightful after the dull routine of existence in an English country town.

She had been perfectly contented, and then, suddenly, this blow had fallen, and now danger and disaster seemed to be very near at hand.

Max Vereker! She had almost forgotten him, and had hoped never to see or hear of him again. A shudder ran through the woman from head to foot, and the hand that she laid upon her guest's arm when dinner was announced was cold and shaking.

Rosamund and Jim Danvers had been married for six weeks, but, before that, they had been engaged for more than three years.

Rose had been scarcely seventeen when Danvers proposed to her, and she had accepted him because she was very young and very foolish, and because she liked the idea of a present engagement ring and a future trousseau.

She had not cared for Jim in the least, and when he left her and went out to Egypt, his absence was rather a relief.

It was delightful to have a lover, of course, but

Jim was so clever and so quiet that she was a little afraid of him.

Danvers was away for three years, and during that time Rosamund met Max Vereker, the artist, and fancied herself in love with him.

Vereker was tall and slender, with curling hair that he wore rather long; black, languishing eyes, and a picturesque taste in dress.

The young man admired Rose immensely, and she, for her part, idealized him with all the fervour of a romantic school-girl.

There were one or two stolen meetings, a farewell kiss, and a foolish, sentimental love-letter. That was all.

After that letter of Rose's the affair came to an abrupt and stormy ending, for Vereker replied to it in a strain that enraged and disgusted the girl completely. Her romantic dream was destroyed, her eyes were opened, and her idol fell to the ground with a crash.

She tore Vereker's letter into fragments, and sent the scraps of paper back to the writer without a word.

Two years later Danvers came home; and Rosamund, older now and more sensible, discovered that she was in love—really in love—with her future husband.

She never told Jim of the Vereker episode, although she fully intended to do so; but the artist had passed so entirely out of her life and out of her thoughts that the affair seemed trivial and ridiculous.

Now it was too late. Rose felt positive that Vereker was remembering the returned letter, and planning his revenge. She wondered when and where the blow would fall, and then, at the sound of Jim's voice addressing her, she managed to drag her thoughts back from the past and to concentrate them upon the difficulties and dangers of the present.

The woman was a good actress, and Danvers noticed nothing amiss in her appearance or manner. The red-shaded lamp threw a becoming colour on to her white face. She laughed and chatted as gaily as if she were not standing upon the brink of a volcano which might at any moment destroy all the happiness of her life. Vereker was very silent, but every now and then he glanced up at Rose with that horrible, confidential gleam in his dark eyes.

When he did speak there seemed to be a subtle *double entendre*, even in the most simple words, that made the hapless Rose wince as if she had been under the lash of a skilfully-wielded whip.

She got up, at last, with a graceful swirl of her white skirts.

"It is very hot here. Shall we all go out on to the verandah? I will tell the boy to bring the coffee there."

She glanced anxiously at her husband. Would he follow her, or would he stay on in the dining-room with the guest in conventional fashion? She felt that she dared not leave the two men alone together.

"You can smoke there," she added. "It will be cool and—and pleasant."

Jim Danvers got up from the table.

"All right," he said. "But I don't think we had better wait about very long if Vereker wants to see the ruins and get back to his dahabeah before midnight. Shall you come to the temple, Rose? Or are you tired? Look here: why should not Mohammed take our coffee there for us, and then we shan't waste any time?"

He gave the necessary orders, and, a few minutes later they were walking slowly through the garden and across the intervening space of desert that lay between the house and the great ruined temple.

Rose walked between the two men, and, as she glanced from one to the other, she wondered afresh at her former infatuation.

Danvers was a big man, tall and broad-shouldered, who looked like a soldier and a sportsman, but was in reality an Egyptologist and an excavator. He had a square forehead and a square chin, dark, close-cropped hair, straight eyebrows, and a firm, well-cut mouth.

It was not, perhaps, a very handsome face, but it was a strong one, which might at times become hard and obstinate.

Once or twice Rose had seen him speak to an Arab who had tried to cheat or disobey him, and she shivered now at the memory.

One would always have justice at his hands, no doubt, but it would not be easy to explain things

to Danvers or to plead with him for mercy or forgiveness.

He had a trick of half-closing his eyes, as sailors do, and explorers, whose business it is to gaze steadfastly across dazzling expanses of sea or snow or sand. His voice was low, and he spoke slowly and quietly. Casual observers considered him good-tempered and easy-going, but those who knew him well realized that he was not a man to be trifled with, and that the grey eyes were very keen and bright between the narrowed lids.

He carried now a little flexible riding-whip, to keep off the pariah dogs that sometimes prowled about the ruined temple at night.

It would have been difficult to imagine a greater contrast than there was between Danvers and the artist, with his weak lips, sallow complexion, black, restless eyes, and carefully careless picturesque costume.

It was not far to the temple, only two or three hundred yards; and Mohammed, the Arab servant, was already there when the trio arrived.

He had arranged his brass tray with the long-handled coffee-pot and tiny cups on a broken column that formed a convenient table, and had placed a couple of cushions on a low rock for his mistress.

Jim sent the man back to the house; and Rose was sorry, for his presence had seemed a relief and a safeguard. She was beginning to feel now that the strain was fast getting unbearable, and

that she must burst into tears, scream, or do something equally wild and foolish.

She managed, however, to laugh and to chatter recklessly while the men drank their coffee, but, through it all, she knew that Vereker's eyes were on her, and that he was planning her discomfiture and her disgrace.

At last she grew desperate, and determined to bring the affair to a crisis, to speak to her tormentor, discover his scheme, and dare him to do his worst.

She turned to Jim, and tried to control her quivering voice.

"I'm cold, very cold," she said. "It was stupid of me not to bring a wrap. Will you fetch me something, Jim; a coat, or—or—yes, the long cloak that is in my room?"

Danvers got up instantly. "All right," he said, "I shan't be more than a few minutes, Vereker. Finish your coffee, and then we will go round the temple."

When the sound of his retreating footsteps had died away, Rose turned to Vereker.

"Well?" she said, and her voice was very cold and disdainful; "well?"

The man laughed.

"Ah, that was kind and sweet of you, dear lady," he said. "Now we are alone, here, in this wonderful place, with the moonlight—and each other. Do you remember that evening when we parted, long ago? There was a full moon then too, and the roses—your name flowers—scented

the air." He leaned a little towards her. She drew back quickly.

"I remember. Well?"

"You were cruel to me afterwards, very cruel; but I feel sure it was a mistake. Some one had maligned me, perhaps; but you loved me then. I believe, in your heart, you love me still."

"I loathe you," said Rosamund, and she did not attempt to conceal the hatred and scorn in her voice. Vereker's eyes glittered fiercely in the moonlight, and a sneering smile curved his lips.

"You did not always loathe me, lady," he whispered: "you did not loathe me when you kissed me, that evening; you did not loathe me, the next day, when you sent me a letter. Ah, it was a dear letter; I have it still."

The woman's heart beat quickly, and her face grew very pale; she was beginning to understand the form which the artist's revenge would take.

"A charming letter, the memento of a charming summer. Have you ever told Mr. Danvers of our little romance—our idyll? No, I see that you have not, and yet he would be interested to hear of it, and to read this—letter."

He took a flat case from his pocket, searched through it, and produced a paper. As he held it out, Rosamond recognized her large, clear handwriting, and the red seal with which the envelope had been fastened.

She sprang to her feet.

"Give it to me," she cried impulsively. "You must, you shall. Give it to me."

Vereker was leaning back gracefully against a huge fluted column, twirling the letter between white, slender fingers. He glanced at the woman with his sweetest and most alluring smile.

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps, dear lady, but I must have payment. This letter is precious to me; it is one of my greatest treasures."

"Payment!" Rose repeated the word with a gasp. "Do you mean money?"

The man dismissed the idea with an airy wave of the envelope.

"Money! Oh, how can you suggest anything so sordid? Could there ever be a question of money between you, Rose, and me?"

"Don't call me Rose. What is it, then, that you want?"

Vereker looked pained. The moonlight was so bright that Rosamund's scornful eyes could read every expression that flitted across the sallow face. She realized that her adversary was enjoying the encounter, but to her the position was becoming desperate. Jim would be back directly. There was not a moment to be lost.

"Tell me, please, at once. What do you want?"

"It is a darling letter. So sweet and loving. I cannot part with it lightly. You kissed me once, Rose—Mrs. Danvers; I can still feel the touch of those soft lips."

Rose shuddered. The man went on speaking slowly and dreamily.

"A kiss shall be my payment for this letter, a

kiss such as you gave me long ago. One kiss; nay, the letter is very dear to me; ten kisses, that shall be my price."

The woman drew herself up proudly to her full height.

"How dare you!" she muttered, and her low voice trembled with rage. "Oh, what a cad, what a coward you are!"

"Ten kisses," the other repeated softly, "ten, and if you delay the price will be raised. If you refuse——"

"I do refuse."

"Ah, you refuse. Well, no doubt Mr. Danvers will be interested and amused to read what you once wrote—to me."

Rosamund came a step forward, and Vereker, thinking—or pretending to think—that her movement meant consent, seized her hands and drew her towards him.

A low, desperate cry broke from the girl's lips. "You shall not," she gasped, straining back from his arm, "you shall not," and then before Vereker's smiling mouth could touch her cheek there was the sound of a footstep on the hard sand, a hand was laid on the collar of the elegant grey flannel coat, and the artist was flung roughly to one side.

Danvers said nothing for a moment, but there was something very ominous in his silence.

Rose shrank away into a shadow and leaned, sick and trembling, against one of the great columns.

"What is the meaning of this?" Jim asked at last. "How dare you insult my wife?"

Vereker had recovered his foothold. He smoothed his coat and laughed nervously.

"Oh, there was no insult, I assure you," he said; "oh dear no. Mrs. Danvers and I understand each other perfectly. We are old friends—dear friends. But, no doubt, she has told you all about our—friendship?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, you do not know. Well, if I must tell you. Once upon a time—two years ago it was—Mrs. Danvers did me the honour to tell me that she loved me. She wrote me a very sweet letter. Here it is. Oh, there is no need for jealousy. I was going to give her the letter back. Ladies like to keep these little souvenirs, and it was a—a very private letter."

"You cad!" said Danvers quietly.

"In return, Rose—ah, pardon me, Mrs. Danvers I should say—was going to give me a kiss—not for the first time, I assure you; but this would have been a parting kiss, and you, my dear sir, returned at a very inopportune moment."

Jim turned to his wife.

"Rose?" he said, as if asking her to contradict the vile assertions, "Rose?"

The woman was cowering against the pillar, her face hidden in her hands. She lifted her head and tried to speak, but no words would come. She knew that he must read guilt and shame in her quivering face and speechless mouth.

Jim watched her for a moment with narrowed eyes; then he moved to the improvised table, picked up one of the little cups,—it was Rose's, and she had not touched her coffee,—and deliberately threw the liquid at Vereker. The coffee flowed in a dark stream down the immaculate white shirt.

The artist's face grew crimson with rage.

"What do you mean, sir?" he blustered; "how dare you? This is an outrage—an insult."

"Yes," said the other, "I intend it to be."

"You blackguard, you ruffian, you—you— It is unheard of, disgraceful."

"It is, I quite agree with you."

"You shall suffer for this; you shall not insult me with impunity. I have often challenged men for less. This is an injury that should be wiped out with blood. When I was a student in Paris, I—I——"

Danvers took the words out of his mouth.

"You have fought duels; very well, you shall fight another now. I am quite willing."

Vereker's face paled suddenly. He laughed nervously.

"A duel! You are joking; but this is no time for jests, I——"

"You are right; it is no time for jests; but I am not joking, I assure you. We will wipe out these insults, as you very properly suggest, with blood."

"It is absurd. You are talking nonsense; you are speaking like a fool. It is against the laws,

and you know that. Duelling is not allowed in England."

"It is not; but, fortunately, we do not happen to be in England."

As he spoke, Danvers glanced up at the great clustered columns, the vivid moonlight, and the feathery silhouette of a palm tree, black against the pale, luminous sky. He shrugged his shoulders.

"We are not in England, but in Egypt, a very different country; and, besides, one can always, if necessary, forget the laws—or take them into one's own hands."

Vereker tried to laugh again, but the shrill merriment sounded forced and unnatural. He cast furtive, uneasy glances in the direction of his opponent, who looked very tall and powerful as he stood leaning carelessly against a block of masonry and twisting his little flexible riding-whip between his strong fingers.

"This is Egypt, and it will do very well for our purpose, although I am afraid that I cannot provide you with seconds, doctors, and the other luxuries that, no doubt, you are accustomed to in the Bois de Boulogne. However, we must make the best of things; and, as the aggrieved party—I believe that is the correct expression, isn't it?—you shall have the choice of weapons."

"Weapons!" Vereker repeated the word with what was intended to be a disdainful smile.

"If you wish for revolvers, I have them at the house, and we will go back there and do the thing

properly; but if you prefer to be private, we must be satisfied with more primitive weapons."

As he spoke Danvers held out his hand, and slowly clenched and unclenched the fingers. "Fists," he continued quietly, "or horse-whips, or, perhaps,"—he stretched out one foot and regarded it with meditative eyes,—"perhaps, as you have been in France, you would like to employ feet?"

Danvers came forward then, picked up the cloak which he had brought from the house, and going up to Rosamund, laid it round her shoulders. He turned to Vereker again.

"Well," he said, "what do you choose?"

The artist tried to control his trembling lips, but failed miserably.

"You shall answer for this," he cried in a high, hysterical voice. "Your behaviour is disgusting. A—a guest——"

"Certainly it is disgusting behaviour—on the part of the guest. I am quite ready to answer to you for my conduct now. We will begin at once. There is no need for any further delay."

And then Vereker changed his tactics suddenly and completely.

"Oh, look here," he stammered, "this little joke has been carried quite far enough, hasn't it? I'll apologize, if you like. A gentleman can't do more; can he? And, after all, there was some excuse, —the usual excuse—pretty woman, you know, romantic scenery, moonlight. Well, old man, what do you say? Here is my hand."

He advanced a step and held out a shaking hand. Danvers ignored it absolutely.

"I refuse to accept your apology," he said curtly. "You have insulted me grossly. I have insulted you. I intend to shoot you, or to knock you down, or to give you a thoroughly good horse-whipping, No doubt you feel just the same with regard to me. Unfortunately we have only one horse-whip between us." He held up the little rhinocerus-hide whip. "So we shall have to use it in turns. You, Mr. Vereker, shall have the first chance. Here is the weapon," offering it to his shuddering adversary. "And here am I, quite at your service."

Vereker took the whip, stared at it for a moment, and then flung it down with the fierce petulance of a naughty, frightened child.

"You brute!" he spluttered passionately, bursting into tears. "You great, hulking brute! Do what you like: kill me; murder me; I am in your power."

"You are," said Danvers slowly; "but I am not going to kill you. I am going to give you the best thrashing that you have ever had in your life."

He picked up the whip from the ground. Rose crouched closer to the column, and buried her face in her hands.

A few minutes later, Jim Danvers, breathing rather quickly, seated himself on a block of stone, with the little weapon still in his hand. Vereker had thrown himself down in an abject heap on the

sand. His coat was torn, and there was a red mark across one cheek.

He moaned, and his thin shoulders shook convulsively. Danvers touched him with his foot.

"Get up," he said; and after a moment's pause, the artist struggled to his feet.

"You can go," Jim went on, "and find your way back to the river as best you can. That is the path"; he pointed to a narrow doorway between two massive ruined pylons. "Do you hear me? Go!"

Vereker stood there for a moment, looking a despicable and craven creature, with his ruffled hair and his torn and dust-covered clothes. The brim of his green felt hat was bent: there were smears of blood on his hands and the dark stain of coffee on his white shirt.

He turned away after casting one malevolent glance at his host and hostess.

"Go!" repeated Jim; and the next minute Vereker had disappeared, and the husband and wife were left alone.

Danvers sat down again, and took his pipe out of his pocket. He had just lit it, when something white on the sand at his feet caught his eyes. It was the letter, which Vereker had dropped in his nervous excitement. Jim picked it up, and going to Rose gave it into her hand. "Here is your letter," he said simply, and then he went and sat down again, and leaned back wearily against the wall behind him.

Rosamund stood for a minute silent and motion-

less with the letter in her hand. She took it out of its envelope, crumpled it, as if meaning to tear it to fragments, and then smoothed it out again carefully. Her face was white and rigid, and all her movements were mechanical; but, in spite of her outward calm, her heart was beating with suffocating speed, and her brain was in a whirl.

Her enemy was gone, it is true, but her husband remained, and he believed—with reason—that she was faithless, worthless, and dishonourable. The whole solid structure of her life seemed to be crumbling away, and her happiness to be fading like the mirage flickers and vanishes over the desert horizon.

She came forward suddenly out of the shadows, and stood before Danvers with the letter still in her hand.

"Jim," she said, and her voice sounded hoarse and unnatural, "Jim." He looked up quietly, and she bit her lip and shivered as the cold, hard eyes met hers.

"Well," he said, taking the pipe from between his lips, and rising slowly to his feet.

"I must speak to you, Jim," she said desperately. "I must explain."

"Is there any need for explanations?" Danvers' voice was dull and almost indifferent, and he glanced at the letter, as if that were the clue to the situation.

"Yes, there is need, and you shall hear me; you shall listen, even if you do not believe a word that I say. Afterwards you can send me away,

if you like, or—or do anything. I don't care, but first you shall hear the truth."

"The truth?" Jim repeated the word, and there was a shade of interrogation in his voice. Rosamund winced, but she went on speaking bravely.

"Yes, the truth. You have heard what that man said; now you must hear me, although my story is very much the same as—as his. It was two years ago, when you were away. He—he came, and I—I thought that I loved him. Oh, perhaps I did love him, at the time, but I was only seventeen, and I did not know—I was too young to understand. I thought that I was grown-up, and—and clever and romantic."

Rosamund told the silly, sentimental story from beginning to end, in short, broken sentences. She did not make any excuses, except the first one of her youth, and she did not try to gloss over anything or to explain her conduct. It was simply a bald statement of facts, and, perhaps, the simplicity of the words carried conviction to the ears of the hearer as no appeal, however earnest, could possibly have done. The girl's face was white and quivering and there was a world of passionate anxiety in her blue eyes. She felt as if she were fighting alone against terrible odds, and as if the whole happiness of her life were at stake.

Would Jim believe her? Would he understand? Would those grim lines round his lips ever relax?

Two years ago Vereker had seemed a very important person to Rose, but now she could almost laugh, even at this critical moment, at the remembrance of her childish infatuation and enthusiasms. How stupid the story seemed, how unutterably common-place and vulgar, when told there, in the white moonlight, with the vast expanse of the desert stretching away behind them, and, nearer at hand, the walls and gateways and ruined columns of the temple that was built more than three thousand years ago, and was old in the days when the world was young, and when Cleopatra lived and loved Mark Antony in this same strange, enchanted land of Egypt.

"That is all, there is nothing else to tell you. He went away, and—and—I—I kissed him—once, and wrote him this letter. That was the end."

Danvers listened in silence, with his hands in his pockets and his pipe between his teeth. He did not look at his wife, but out over the broken wall with its blurred, incised pictures, to the open moonlit country and the distant silver gleam of the Nile.

"And, later on, you came home," Rosamund continued. "And I knew that I loved you. I hated that—that man then, and I hated myself too, but, after a time, I seemed to forget all about him. I had always meant to tell you, but,"—she shrugged her shoulders,—"I never did. Nothing seemed to matter because I loved you, and—and—oh, Jim, you must see what I mean,

you must understand. I am telling you the truth."

There was a long silence, and then, with a sudden impulse, Rose held out the letter towards her husband.

"Take this," she said, "and—and read it. Yes, I want you to read it, and—oh, it is an idiotic letter, I know, but—but—you must read it."

She thrust the paper into his hand, and drew back, watching him with eager, fascinated eyes. The moonlight was so bright that there would be no difficulty in deciphering the bold, schoolgirlish scrawl.

For a few moments Danvers did not move, but stood there irresolute with narrowed eyes and with the letter held loosely between his fingers.

"You really wish me to read this?" he said at last, and Rose nodded. Her throat seemed suddenly to have contracted so that she could not speak and her breath was coming in quick gasps. She felt as if the ground were swaying beneath her feet.

Danvers' pipe had gone out while the girl was telling her story. He put his hand into his pocket now, fumbled for a match and struck it against the rough stone at his side.

Then he set fire to the unread letter, lit his pipe, and watched the paper burn, with quiet, steady eyes. It flared like a little torch in the warm, still air.

The flame almost touched his fingers. Jim

dropped the blackened ashes to the ground and extinguished the last sparks with his foot. When he had done this, he turned to his wife with a slow smile and an outstretched hand.

"Come, Rosie," he said gently, "it is getting late, we will go home."

III

THE TOY TERRIER

"A fool there was, and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag, and a bone and a hank of hair,
We called it a woman who did not care,
But he, he called it his lady fair
(Even as you and I)."

R. KIPLING

THERE was quite a sensation in the dining-room of the Luxor Hotel when Mrs. Montague Jacobs made her first appearance on the scene, for she was tall, slender, and red-haired, and she was dressed in flame-colour from head to foot. Gown, scarf, and shoes, everything was of the same vivid hue. A star of magnificent fire-opals blazed in her hair and another on her breast. Diamonds encircled her throat and wrists, her fingers were stiff with rings, and a large flame-coloured bow adorned the neck of the tiny Yorkshire terrier that she carried in her arms.

It was no wonder that every head was turned as this dazzling apparition swept down the long room in the wake of the dignified head waiter,

and even the native servants paused in their tasks of handing plates and pouring wine, to stare at the new-comer with wide-open black eyes and glittering teeth.

The widow of old Montague Jacobs, the well-known diamond merchant, was certainly a very handsome and attractive woman, in spite of the facts that her hair was, perhaps, a trifle too ruddy, her eyebrows too finely marked, and her pink-and-white complexion almost unnaturally delicate and flawless. But, charming as she was, it must be confessed that the comments which were freely made upon her during dinner, and afterwards in the hall and drawing-room, were not entirely in her favour. "Ridiculously over-dressed," "Painted up to the eyes," and "Atrociously bad style": these were only among the milder of the criticisms, and more than one careful matron eyed her young daughters anxiously, and cast sidelong glances of disapproval at the bare shoulders and flashing jewels of the fascinating widow.

However, in spite of—or, possibly, in consequence of—the many adverse opinions and cold faces with which she was greeted, Mrs. Jacobs, even on that first evening, was not without her little circle of admirers. Foremost among them was young George Cholmondely, who had come up to Luxor to recover his strength after a bad attack of enteric fever, and who, being out of health and bored to death with the monotonous hotel-life, was exactly in the mood to welcome a new experience and a new sensation.

To tell the truth, admiration is a very inadequate word with which to describe Cholmondely's attitude towards Mrs. Jacobs. Adoration, devotion, or infatuation would be more fitting terms. He fell in love with her—head over ears in love—at the moment when she first appeared in her trailing, flamboyant draperies, and from that evening onwards he was her ardent worshipper, her untiring champion, and her willing slave.

George Cholmondely was only two-and-twenty at this time, and it was positively his first love affair. He had led a very sheltered, stay-at-home life, and knew nothing whatever about dangerous widows or charming adventuresses. It never occurred to him that the possessor of tender blue eyes, a plaintive smile, and a low, sweet voice could be anything but kind, gentle, and altogether perfect. The boy wrote pages of foolish rhapsodies to his mother and sisters in England describing the graces and virtues of his new friend, and he would have been delighted to let Mrs. Jacobs trample him under her daintily shod feet, if such a deed could have given her a moment's pleasure or satisfaction.

Probably, if he had not been weakened in nerves and in health by his long illness, Cholmondely would not have fallen a prey so easily to the arts and wiles of a designing woman; but Mrs. Jacobs was young, pretty, and undeniably fascinating,—when she chose,—and many other stronger and wiser men have made fools of themselves, before

now, for the sake of a pair of soft eyes and a winning smile.

As for the widow herself, she was delighted with her conquest, and did everything in her power to encourage the boy in his blind devotion. She had married her first husband for his money, and had determined that her second venture into matrimony should secure for her a title and an assured position in society. There was a copy of *Burke's Peerage* in the hotel, and, on that very first evening, she searched diligently through its pages, and ascertained that George was heir to a baronetcy and to an extremely desirable estate.

There was some slight disparity between their ages, it is true, but that is of no consequence nowadays, and it seemed to her of very little importance when weighed in the balance against heirlooms, county society, and a presentation at Court.

"Lady Cholmondely, or Lady Gladys Cholmondely, I wonder which would be correct?" she murmured to herself; but the titles appeared to her to be equally charming, and within a very few days of her arrival at Luxor young George Cholmondely's infatuation was the principal topic of conversation, and, to a great extent, the standing joke of the hotel.

It was a typical case of calf love and of child stealing, so people said, and they declared that some one ought to warn the boy and make an attempt to rescue him from the clutches of the enchantress. It was nobody's business to inter-

fere, however, so the affair was allowed to take its course without a word of advice being spoken, although it must be granted that everything possible was done, in the way of icy glances and averted shoulders, to make Mrs. Jacobs realize the trend of public opinion and the enormity of her offence.

The lady did not trouble herself in the least about her growing unpopularity. She was quite certain of George's affection and loyalty, and, before long, she proceeded to add blatant vulgarity to her other misdemeanours by parading her conquest, and, as it were, dragging her captive in the most shameful and ostentatious manner at the wheels of her chariot.

Cholmondely was made to fetch and carry for the widow in those days, and countless trivial and ridiculous errands and duties were invented for him. He would tie Mrs. Jacobs' voluminous gauze veils, wind her embroidery silks or develop her photographs, and every morning he read aloud to her for hours, while she dozed in her long chair beneath the palm trees in the hotel garden, with her little dog in her arms, and with a most becoming blue satin cushion beneath her ruddy head.

The lady dispatched George to Karnak, one hot, dusty afternoon, in order that he might purchase a certain bead chain for which she had bargained unsuccessfully on the previous day, and on another occasion she summoned him away imperiously from two men, with whom he

was talking, and ordered him to brush the silky coat of her Yorkshire terrier.

Cholmondely found nothing irritating or humiliating in these constant services and behests. In his eyes each demand was only an added mark of his mistress's favour, and he imagined that the whole world must be envious of his good fortune.

Mrs. Jacobs, with her crown of auburn hair, wistful, alluring eyes, and slender grace, embodied his ideal of womanly perfection, but his love for her made him strangely nervous and diffident. He was oppressed with the sense of his own unworthiness, and she appeared to be as remote and inaccessible as the great stars that blazed at night in the blue Egyptian heavens. It never occurred to him that this peerless being could be ambitious of social position and success, or that his own moderate prospects could have any attraction for her.

George longed to tell Mrs. Jacobs of his love, and yet, at the same time, he dreaded lest she should blame his audacity or laugh at his foolishness. He put off the crucial moment from day to day, until the lady, who could not read his thoughts nor guess at his motives, became first impatient and then seriously annoyed with her laggard lover.

She had been in Luxor for more than a week now, and the affair was still in the preliminary stages of adoring glances, shy, awkward compliments, and embarrassing silences. Mrs. Jacobs

decided that the flirtation—as a mere flirtation—was becoming very wearisome, and that it was high time for matters to be brought to a climax.

She came to this definite conclusion at about five o'clock on one warm, sunny afternoon, which she and Cholmondely had spent under the trees in the hotel garden. They had been alone, but, although the environment had been perfect and the lady willing and ready to enact her part in the programme, George had failed to screw his courage up to the required pitch. When the shadows began to lengthen and the sky to assume its sunset tints, the momentous words were still unspoken.

Mrs. Jacobs got up from her chair at last, with an impatient sweep of her white draperies, and proposed that they should go for a ride along the river bank.

"It is a beautiful evening, Mr. Cholmondely, and there will be a splendid afterglow. We shall not have many more rides together, if you are really going up the Nile next week. It will be very lonely here when you are gone. I shall miss you more than I can say."

She glanced up from beneath her long eyelashes as she spoke, and George hastened to assure her that he did not care in the least for Aswân or Khartoum, and could easily stay on at Luxor for another fortnight.

Mrs. Jacobs turned away with a shrug of her graceful shoulders, for she was bored to death with the young man and with his devotion. If

only the engagement were announced and her future settled, she felt that she would be able to endure his absence with perfect equanimity.

"Oh no, Mr. Cholmondely, you must not dream of altering your plans for me; but do not let us speak of melancholy things any more now. I will be ready directly, so see about things, please, and be sure that you order me a good donkey."

In about ten minutes the pair set off on their expedition—or rather the trio, for, at the last moment, Mrs. Jacobs had declared that Toto, the Yorkshire terrier, needed fresh air, and that George could easily carry the dear little fellow in front of him on his saddle.

Toto was attired to-day in a silver bangle and a bow of white satin ribbon. He was a vicious, ill-tempered creature, with a tiny fierce face and a shrill, irritating bark. Everybody except his mistress disliked him intensely, but she considered him her dearest possession and would hardly allow him to be out of her sight for a moment.

There were not many opportunities for intimate conversation during the ride, and Cholmondely neglected to take advantage of those that did present themselves. It seemed to his companion that he was even more than usually silent and awkward, and at last, when they came near to a large village, she suggested that they should leave their donkeys and stroll on for a little way through the fields.

The village was not very far from the Nile

bank, and, still nearer to the river, there was a broken-down mud wall and a group of palm trees.

Mrs. Jacobs directed her footsteps towards this point, for she knew that from it an excellent view of the sunset sky and the distant mountains could be obtained. The spot recommended itself to her as an appropriate setting for a tender and impassioned episode, and she felt sure that, under the shadow of the palm trees, she would be able to bring George Cholmondely to his senses and this unexciting if advantageous love affair to a satisfactory conclusion.

It was a typical Egyptian evening, warm, clear, and exquisitely still. There was not a breath of wind to stir the dry palm fronds or to ruffle the surface of the smooth-flowing Nile. The sun had already set behind the mountains, but the sky was crimson with the transparent flame of the afterglow. A felucca, with its white sails spread and with every detail of rope and canvas repeated in the blue water, floated motionless in mid-stream, and from it, softened and mellowed by distance, came the rhythmic throbbing of a djerbouka and the chorus of a native song. A delicate mist of smoke hung over the mud village and drifted in blue trails across the fields.

The soft air was fragrant with the scent of the blossoming beans which grew thickly on the narrow brown ledges that were left exposed by the falling waters of the Nile.

Mrs. Jacobs seated herself on the low wall, and

George, with Toto in his arms, took his place at her side. The little terrier was very restless and excited, for he had caught sight of several lean pariah dogs that were lurking among the brushwood and heaps of dry refuse on the other side of the wall. Toto was a plucky little fellow, in spite of his diminutive size and peevish temper, and he was always anxious to be in the middle of any interest or excitement that might be afoot. He pulled at his ribbon leash now, trembled violently beneath Cholmondely's restraining hand, and, every now and then, broke out into a sharp, querulous bark.

Mrs. Montague Jacobs said nothing for several minutes, but sat with her chin resting on her clasped hands and her eyes fixed earnestly on the glowing distance. It seemed to George, as he watched her, that he had never seen anything so exquisite as her profile, outlined, as it was now, against the background of the ruddy, luminous sky.

He wondered what beautiful dreams were hidden behind that lovely face, and he marvelled afresh at his own temerity in daring to hope that its possessor would ever consent to become his wife.

This evening, however, Mrs. Jacobs' thoughts were not fixed either upon the sunset or on the beauties of the landscape, although, when occasion demanded, she could talk glibly enough about tones of colour and twilight effects. She was considering her plan of campaign and deciding

upon the method by which her recalcitrant lover should be brought to the point without further loss of time.

She turned to him, at last, with a plaintive smile and the suggestion of a quiver in her sweet voice.

"It is a lovely scene, is it not, Mr. Cholmondely? But a melancholy one. A sunset always seems to me to be so sad. I am peculiar, I suppose, more sensitive and imaginative than most women, but an evening like this reminds me of sorrow and partings and death."

She finished her speech with a little comprehensive wave of her hand towards the west, and her listener, understanding that the words implied an allusion to her widowhood and to the late Mr. Montague Jacobs, drew nearer to her, with a world of sympathetic interest in his honest eyes.

He was far too deeply in love with this woman to notice the false ring in her voice and the cheap sentiment in her stereotyped sentences.

He longed to take her hand and assure her of his lifelong devotion, but the fervent words seemed to falter and to die away on his lips.

Mrs. Jacobs went on speaking, still in the same soft, tremulous tones.

"Yes, I have had a very sad life. It has been full to the brim of pain and disappointment. Perhaps, some day, I will tell you all that I have suffered. You have been so kind to me, Mr. Cholmondely, so sympathetic, and I look upon

you as a true friend. I may call you my friend, may I not?"

"Oh, Mrs. Jacobs, I—I——"

The woman turned slightly, and there was an expectant gleam in her eyes. George hesitated and flushed boyishly.

"Tell me about your life now," he finished lamely; "I—I should like to hear."

Toto broke into a shrill bark at this moment, and dragged at his collar with renewed vigour. More pariah dogs had collected as twilight fell, and angry snarls and scuffles could be heard.

Mrs. Jacobs stretched out her hand and stroked the terrier's quivering silky head, then she slid her fingers down his neck and let them rest for a moment on Cholmondely's hand. The gentle touch was almost a caress, and the boy trembled from head to foot.

Were his hopes and dreams to be realized after all? He asked himself the question, Could it be possible that she—she cared for him?

The widow caught the sound of George's quickly drawn breath, and she felt his hand quiver beneath her own.

"I will tell you everything—some day, perhaps," she whispered. "But shall we ever meet again? You leave here in a few days, and soon, very soon, you will have forgotten me. Why should you remember a poor lonely widow? You will meet other women. There will be some one whom you will love, and then our friendship will come to an end. Ah! it has been very sweet to

me, very precious, for I have few friends. In all this whole wide world, Mr. Cholmondely, I do not believe that there is a single person who really loves me."

During the first part of this speech her blue eyes had been fixed upon her listener, holding his with an earnest, compelling gaze; but as she reached the final sentences she turned away. Her head drooped forward, and she covered her face with her hands. A pathetic sob broke from her lips, and her slender, bowed shoulders shook as if an overpowering wave of emotion had swept over her.

Cholmondely dropped Toto's leash and threw himself down on to his knees in the thick dust. His prudence and his reserve were alike thrown to the winds now, and he had forgotten his nervousness and fears of repulse. He drew Mrs. Jacobs' hands gently away from her face and pressed his burning lips to them again and again.

"I love you!" he whispered, and his voice was hoarse and broken with passion. "I love you, darling!—I love you! Say that you care for me! Say that you will be my wife!"

And so the climax came at last, and the proposal was made; but, after all, it was a failure, and Mrs. Jacobs never heard the words for which she had waited so eagerly. Even as the man's first kiss touched her hand, a hideous and indescribable tumult arose on the other side of the wall. Howls, snarls, and horrible, wild-beast cries rent the air. There was the sound of

quickly moving bodies and of pattering footsteps, while, every now and then, came a shrill, piercing bark.

It was as if a pack of savage wolves were making a violent onslaught upon their prey, or as if pandemonium itself had broken loose.

Mrs. Jacobs started up with a wild shriek of terror, and as Cholmondely, bewildered by the clamour, rose heavily to his feet, she flung herself forward and clutched his arm.

"What is it?" she screamed. "What is it? George, save me, save me!"

The swift Egyptian twilight was falling now, and it was dark there under the palm trees, but in spite of the gloom it was not difficult to realize what it was that had happened. A number of the half-wild village dogs, attracted by the presence of the strangers, had collected on the dusty waste land, and Toto, seizing his opportunity, had flung himself into their midst. The pariahs had attacked the intruder with one accord. Their lean, yellow forms could be dimly seen, as they leaped hither and thither, and the thick clouds of dust which were stirred up by their flying feet added to the confusion and the obscurity of the scene.

Away in the village, other dogs, roused by the tumult, howled in hideous chorus from the mud walls and flat roofs of the houses.

Mrs. Jacobs caught the sound of her pet's bark through the clamour, and for one moment she saw the white gleam of his ribbon bow. She

turned upon George fiercely, and there was anger mingled with the terror in her face.

"It is Toto!" she screamed, "Toto! Where is he? What have you done with him?" And then, as the terrier's shrill yelp made itself heard again, her voice rose once more to a piercing shriek.

"He will be killed—he will be killed—and it is your fault. Go and bring him back to me. What are you waiting for? Go, go!"

Her frantic hands urged the man forward, and at the same time impeded his every movement. Mrs. Jacobs had lost her self-control completely and was crazed with fear and passion.

"Go, go!" she repeated wildly. "You must, you shall save him. Oh! you are afraid—you are a coward. I hate you—yes, I hate you!—and I will never speak to you again."

The sudden change from the exquisite peace and silence of the Eastern evening to this ghastly turmoil of whirling dust, violent movement, and horrible sounds was so complete and so sudden that, for a moment, Cholmondely stood motionless, bewildered, and utterly at a loss. Then, with a great effort, he pulled himself together, and drew away from the woman's clinging arms.

"I will bring him back to you," he said simply. "You need not be frightened. It is all right." The next moment he had jumped over the low wall and was in the middle of the leaping, yelling pack.

As soon as he had gone and she realized that she was alone, Mrs. Jacobs' mood changed, and the fears for her own personal safety were once more in the ascendant. She ran back through the palm grove, stumbling at every step, and cowered against the rough stem of one of the trees. It would have been difficult for anybody who knew the beautiful and captivating widow to recognize her now in this shrinking, panic-stricken creature, who crouched there, in the darkness, wringing her hands together and sobbing aloud in her abject terror and excitement.

It did not take Cholmondely many minutes to rescue Toto from his assailants, for pariah dogs are cowardly brutes, and the young man's sudden onslaught had taken them by surprise. The battle was nearly over when the donkey-boys, summoned by Mrs. Jacobs' screams, appeared upon the scene, and it only remained for them to pursue the retreating dogs with stones and sticks in the direction of the village.

George climbed over the wall again, with the weary but still defiant Toto in his arms, and as he did so, Mrs. Jacobs, her equanimity partially restored now that the danger was at an end, came forward to meet him. She snatched her pet from his saviour's hands without a word of gratitude or of regret, and carried him into the open, where a faint glimmer of daylight still lingered.

There was a wet stain on the dog's silky coat, and fresh lamentations broke from his mistress's lips at the sight, but before long she satisfied her-

self that the blood was not Toto's, and that by some almost miraculous chance the little creature had escaped uninjured. She pressed him to her lips and kissed the soft head fondly. "Did he bite the nasty wicked pariah, then?" she murmured, "Mummy's own brave little Toto!" Then she called for her donkey, mounted it, and set off for Luxor, with both the boys in attendance. She never glanced at George, and therefore did not notice that he was standing by the wall and was employed in tying a blood-stained handkerchief round his left hand.

He pulled the knot tight with his teeth, brushed the dust from his clothes, and then clambered awkwardly on to his donkey and urged it forward along the narrow pathway.

Not a word passed between Mrs. Jacobs and Cholmondely during the homeward ride. There was a nasty wound on George's hand, and the pain of it made him feel sick and giddy. He had been conscious of a certain excitement, which almost amounted to exhilaration, while the affray with the pariah dogs was in progress, but this had given way now to depression and weariness. The taunts and bitter reproaches which had been flung at him by the woman whom he loved were still ringing in his ears, and her words, "I hate you, and I will never speak to you again!" seemed to sound the death-knell of all his hopes and dreams.

Mrs. Jacobs, for her part, was in a thoroughly bad temper, and she did not trouble to conceal her chagrin. Her cherished schemes had come

to nothing, for the time at any rate, and she blamed herself, Cholmondely, circumstances, and even the favoured Toto for their failure. To-morrow, if she wished, she could, of course, make her peace with George and put matters on their former footing, but in the meantime she was in no mood for love-making or reconciliations.

She only longed to get back to the hotel, so that she might retire to her own room and repair the ravages which dust, tears, and terror had wrought in her appearance and her complexion.

When the garden was reached at last, she dismounted and hurried up the path, leaving George to dismiss the boys and pay the expenses of the expedition; but in the veranda an acquaintance stopped her, and she was obliged to linger for a few moments' conversation.

Derwent was a young doctor who had been spending a week in Luxor, and had been attracted by the charm and beauty of the fascinating widow. He pulled forward a chair for her now, and stroked Toto's silky head.

"I hope you had a pleasant ride," he began; and the lady, after drawing her veil more closely round her tear-stained face, launched out into a graphic description of the evening's adventure.

Derwent's face grew serious as he listened.

"Those pariahs are brutes," he said. "And there's any amount of hydrophobia about among them. However, you say that Cholmondely was not bitten, and this little chap is all right, so there's no harm done. Cholmondely must be a

plucky fellow. I can't say that I should have cared to take the risk."

Mrs. Jacobs tossed her head angrily. "Of course Mr. Cholmondely is all right," she retorted; "it was only my little darling Toto that was in danger. Think of it, Mr. Derwent, he might have been killed! And as for pluck, well, I'm quite certain"—with an arch smile—"that you would have done just the same if you had been in Mr. Cholmondely's place."

"Indeed, I should have done nothing of the sort," was the answer. "Adventures of that sort are not in my line at all, and I advise you, Mrs. Jacobs, when next you go for a country walk in this part of the world, to leave Toto at home."

Mrs. Jacobs got up from her seat and swept into the hotel without another word, for she was annoyed with the speaker and with his reception of her story. She went up to her room, gave orders that dinner should be served to her there, and did not appear again in public until the following morning.

George Cholmondely passed a very dull and lonely evening. He dined by himself, smoked a solitary cigarette, and then wandered disconsolately through the rooms and verandas. There was a dance in progress, and people were playing bridge or chatting about future picnics and expeditions. In the drawing-room a man was singing a music-hall song with a rousing chorus, but George had devoted himself so entirely to Mrs.

Jacobs that he had made few friends in the hotel, and had no part in its interests and amusements.

After a time he strolled out into the open air and paced up and down the pathway, where the moonlight lay in white patches between the black shadows of the over-arching palm fronds.

It was very quiet and peaceful out there in the garden, but the cries of the pariah dogs in the village could be heard distinctly.

The weird sound, rising and falling in melancholy cadence, reminded the young man of the afternoon's adventure, and a shudder ran through him as he thought of the snapping jaws and fierce, gleaming eyes of the savage creatures which he had been called upon to face.

He was beginning to realize now that, perhaps, Mrs. Jacobs' impulsive words need not be taken literally nor accepted as a final dismissal, and yet, in spite of this more hopeful view of the case, he felt uneasy and depressed.

The wound which he had received in the fight with the pariahs was still painful, but he kept his hand in his jacket pocket and had told no one of the accident. He hated publicity or sensationalism of any kind, and the whole affair had been distasteful and ridiculous.

After a time, Derwent came out of the hotel and stopped to speak to him.

"Hullo, Cholmondely," he said. "So I hear you have been playing the knight-errant this afternoon. I'd drop that sort of game, if I were you. It does not pay here in Egypt. Hydro-

phobia is no joke, and a nip from one of those beastly dogs might be fatal."

He stopped to light his pipe. George did not answer, but he thrust his hand more deeply into his pocket. The other man went on speaking.

"However, I hear that you got off all right, so there's no harm done this time. I go down to Cairo to-morrow. See you there later on, I suppose. Good-bye, old chap, and, in the future, I'd let Master Toto rescue himself. He's not worth bothering about, believe me, nor"—the last words were added in a lower tone, as the speaker turned away—"nor is his mistress either, for the matter of that."

When Derwent had left him, Cholmondely took his left hand out of his pocket and looked at it curiously. He had bathed the wound before dinner, and it had seemed to be a trivial matter enough. Now the bandaged hand assumed a sinister aspect, for a dim, terrible dread was beginning to form itself at the back of the young man's mind.

He entered the hotel and made his way to a small room where there were book-shelves containing novels, some works on Egyptology, and an edition of a popular encyclopædia. He ran his eyes over these latter volumes until he found the one which bore on its cover the letters H–I. Then he took down the book from the shelf and carried it away to his own room.

George's ideas on the subject of hydrophobia were vague and elementary in the extreme. He

had heard of Paris and the Pasteur Institute, and he believed that people when they were afflicted with the disease were totally unable to drink. There was also a poem which he had once heard recited, about a blacksmith, who, having been bitten by a mad dog, forged chains for himself in order that he should not be able to injure those who were near and dear to him.

It was with these grim memories drifting through his mind that Cholmondely seated himself at the table in his room and turned over the pages of the encyclopædia until he found what he wanted.

Hu—Hy—Hyd. He read through the short paragraph several times, and as he read his face grew pale and he caught his under lip between his teeth.

After a time he got up from his seat, and lighting a small spirit lamp, heated the blade of his penknife in the flame.

"The wound must be cauterized immediately," he muttered, repeating one of the sentences which he had just read, and then he slowly unbound the wrappings of his left hand. The window of the room was standing wide open to the moonlight and the soft night breezes, and the ceaseless cries of the pariah dogs made a weird accompaniment to the man's thoughts and actions.

When Cholmondely readjusted his bandages and blew out the lamp, his face was even paler than it had been before and there were lines of pain across his boyish forehead. He poured out

a glass of water, and drank it off at a single draught.

"I can drink all right still, at any rate," he said to himself. There seemed to be comfort and encouragement in the thought, for he filled the glass a second time, and, when he sat down again at the table and reopened the encyclopædia, he kept it by his elbow and sipped a few drops from time to time.

The next morning Mrs. Montague Jacobs was obliged to arrange her own cushions, wind her own silks, and give Toto his daily lump of sugar with her own fingers, for her faithful attendant, Cholmondely, had come down early and had started out for a long solitary walk through the villages and fields that lie beyond Karnak.

During the weary, wakeful hours of the night George had brooded over all the incidents of the fight with the pariahs, and long before dawn he had succeeded in convincing himself that he had been bitten by a rabid dog, and that madness and a ghastly death awaited him in the near future. His own vague memories and scraps of knowledge, Derwent's warning, and the article in the encyclopædia all united to bring him to this conclusion; and now he told himself that it only remained for him to face the situation, and to make his plans for the disposal of the few days of life and sanity that still remained.

It was a terrible prospect, certainly, and none the less terrible because of the strange veil of mystery in which, to George's ignorant mind, the

whole subject was enwrapped; and yet, as he tramped along the brown causeways in the early morning light, with the green, level fields on either side and the hills of Thebes flaming rose-red in the distance, it was not of his own impending fate that Cholmondely thought, but of Mrs. Jacobs and of her welfare and happiness.

Before these considerations everything sank into insignificance, and he determined that, whatever happened, she must never know the truth nor guess at the part which she herself had played in the tragedy.

George was, by nature, a commonplace young man enough, without any particular distinction of character nor of intellect, but his love for Mrs. Jacobs had transformed him, and had developed within him new qualities and new emotions. For her sake—or rather, for the sake of the ideal woman whom she represented in his eyes—he was capable now of almost any crime, any heroism, or any self-sacrifice.

His lady-love was different from other women, he told himself—more delicate, more sensitive, and more highly strung. She would never forgive herself—it would spoil her whole life; perhaps, even, it would kill her—were she to learn that her anxiety for Toto's safety had been the direct cause of his death.

He paused for a moment in his walk and shivered, out there, in the hot, Egyptian sunshine. Death was in front of him—nothing could alter that grim fact—but it behoved him to take the

threads of destiny into his own hands, and so to weave and entangle them that no one, and least of all the woman whom he loved, should ever be able to guess at the truth.

There was, of course, a doctor in Luxor, but George never thought of consulting him. He fancied that the mere telling of his fears would endanger Mrs. Jacobs' peace of mind; and, besides, what would be the use of advice or of encouragement? He was positive that he was doomed, and it never occurred to him that, short of Paris—which was two thousand miles away and more—there could be any possibility of cure or of alleviation.

At all costs the secret must be kept; and with this end in view, one plan after another was considered and rejected.

Cholmondely had no notion as to how long it would be before the fatal malady would declare itself, but for Mrs. Jacobs' sake he must not die of hydrophobia. Under the influence of this determination, a new idea forced its way into his mind, and he began to wonder whether it would not be well to forestall Fate, and to think over the means by which a man's death may be made to appear accidental and unpremeditated.

He glanced from the silent gleam of the river to the range of eastern mountains, beyond which, he had heard, there stretched a great and unknown desert; but lost men may be found, and drowning men may be rescued. Then he remembered a revolver which he had brought out from England;

and finally, he allowed his thoughts to dwell upon the memory of a bad attack of toothache that he had once had, of the medicine that had been given to him to alleviate the pain, and of how he had been told that it was poison, and warned against the dangers of an overdose.

A few weeks or even a few days ago the suggestion of suicide would have been hateful to George Cholmondely and foreign to his whole nature, but now all his instincts and motives seemed, as it were, to be warped and twisted by his infatuation. When it had once occurred to him that it was his duty to take his own life, he was able to review the situation calmly, and even, in a strange, detached fashion, to take a pride in planning the details of his death.

"At any rate I shall leave here and go down to Cairo this afternoon," he said to himself at last, and he was conscious of a certain relief when this point, at least, was definitely settled. It seemed to him that, if he were to die, his death would cause less sensation and gossip in a large town than in either Luxor or Aswàn, and it would, therefore, be less likely to arouse Mrs. Jacobs' suspicion and remorse.

It was past two o'clock and lunch was over when George returned to the hotel. A number of people were loitering in the veranda, and among them was Mrs. Jacobs with Toto in her arms. She turned her head as the young man approached, and greeted him with a careless nod.

"Well, Mr. Cholmondely, so here you are at

last. Good morning—or, rather, good afternoon. We thought that you were lost. Where have you been? And did you forget that you had promised to help me with my sketch of the bougainvillea?"

George flushed and began to stammer out an excuse, but the other went on—

"I waited for you in the garden for ages. Toto and I felt quite deserted—we did indeed; but I will forgive you this once. What have you done to your hand? I hope that it is nothing serious?"

"Oh no, it's nothing at all—nothing; one of those beastly thorn bushes, you know. I have been for a walk beyond Karnak, in the fields, and—and——"

The carefully prepared little story broke down completely, for it was easy to see that the listener's attention had wandered.

She was reading the passenger list of a tourist steamer that was due to arrive at Luxor the next day, and there, among the names, was that of a certain Lord Arthur Bertram, whom she had met on the P. and O. boat between Marseilles and Port Said, and with whom she had had a brief but most promising flirtation.

So Lord Arthur was coming up to Luxor. How delightful it would be to see him again! Mrs. Jacobs' heart beat quickly with joyful anticipation, and she turned to Cholmondely with sparkling eyes and smiling lips.

"I'm very sorry about your poor hand, but I

expect it will be all right again in a day or two. I am going to have a rest now, it is so hot. You must dine with me this evening, and then we can have a nice long talk."

For a minute, as he listened to the lightly spoken words, George's resolution wavered, and his terrible fears and intentions seemed to become absurd and unreal. The hotel veranda, with its groups of tourists and white-robed native servants, looked delightfully natural and commonplace, and he felt his hopes and his courage revive beneath the spell of Mrs. Jacobs' glance and smile. Then he looked down at his bandaged hand.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "and thank you very much, but I've had to change all my plans. I am leaving Luxor to-day, and go down to Cairo by the evening train."

George Cholmondely died suddenly soon after his arrival in Cairo.

He was staying at an hotel at the time, but very few of the visitors there knew him even by sight, for he had kept aloof from everyone, and had joined in none of the amusements that were afoot.

He had, it is true, spoken to one or two men in the smoke-room, and there was a general impression abroad that he was out of health and a martyr to neuralgia. These facts accounted for the young man's depression and unsociability, and explained the sad circumstances of his death.

There was, of course, as was only natural, a certain amount of gossip. People wondered

whether Mr. Cholmondely had been quite right in his head, hinted at an unfortunate love affair, and talked learnedly about the dangers of some drugs, and the necessity for more stringent laws regarding their sale. However, the excitement soon died away, and the tragedy was forgotten.

Derwent was away from Cairo when George's death took place, and, even if he had been there, it is doubtful whether he would have connected the event with Luxor, or even have remembered the incident of Toto's rescue.

As it was, nobody gave a second thought to the scar on the dead man's hand—Cholmondely had repeated the story of the thorn bush at Karnak—or saw any significance in the untouched glass of water that was found on the table at his elbow, side by side with an empty laudanum bottle.

Mrs. Montague Jacobs was very much shocked when she heard the news of poor George Cholmondely's death. She even shed a few tears at the remembrance of his devotion and of the pleasant hours which they had spent together, but it must be owned that her grief was far more bitter and unrestrained when, that same day, Toto was run over by a carriage near the Luxor Hotel and killed on the spot.

She felt then that Fate had been merciless to her indeed, and, as she lay face downwards on a couch in her room, she told herself that she would never forget George, and that the loss of her darling Toto had broken her heart.

There on the dressing-table was the little angel's silver bangle, and beside it lay the bow of violet ribbon which he had been wearing at the time of the disaster, and which exactly matched the trimming of her own muslin gown.

It was all too sad, too cruel, too pathetic, and the woman's tears flowed anew as she thought of the charms and graces of her dead favourite; but before long she remembered that it was getting late, and she must really make an effort to regain her composure and take steps to remove the traces of sorrow from her eyes and cheeks.

She got up, and with deft fingers touched her face with colour and re-arranged the elaborate waves of her red hair. It would never do to look pale and dishevelled this afternoon, for her friend Lord Arthur Bertram was coming to tea with her in the shady garden.

He had been in Luxor for some days now, and had been most pleasant and attentive. The woman felt quite positive that he intended to propose to her at the earliest opportunity.

Mrs. Jacobs put on a black dress for her tea-party, but she was not quite certain herself if it were donned in honour of George Cholmondely or of her darling Toto.

However, that did not really matter, for it was a beautiful dress and most becoming. She stood for a moment in front of the mirror in her room, and realized with satisfaction that she was looking her very best.

It certainly had been a terrible and trying day, she reflected.

Poor George, how sad it all was! And yet, very likely he would have been jealous if he had seen her with Lord Arthur, and she never could bear to wound anyone's feelings.

Sweet little Toto, too; had he lived, it would have been necessary for him to go into quarantine for six months before returning to England, and that would have been very troublesome and very expensive.

At four o'clock Mrs. Jacobs swept gracefully down the broad staircase into the hall. Lord Arthur was waiting for her there, and she advanced to meet him with shining eyes and her sweetest and most plaintive smile.

After all, she said to herself, as she held out her hand in greeting, perhaps everything had only happened for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

IV

THE MIXED MARRIAGE

"MY dear girl, it is quite out of the question, but you don't understand how things are out here. You can't marry the man—you simply can't, and I should advise you to tell him so, and to put an end to the whole thing as quickly as possible."

Little Mrs. Smith tried her best to speak strongly and resolutely, but there was a quiver in her voice and anxiety in her blue eyes, as she glanced up at the handsome, obstinate face of the girl at her side.

Lil Davis shrugged her shoulders and sniffed disdainfully.

"I really can't see why on earth you are making such a silly fuss," she said. "We are properly engaged, and of course I shall marry him. I should like to know what possible objection you can have to Mr. Antonius?"

"Objection!" Mary Smith echoed the word. "If you don't see the objections yourself, Lil, it is rather difficult to explain. He's a native—and, well, English girls don't usually wish to marry black men."

The other woman coloured hotly and her eyes gleamed.

"My dear Mary, you are perfectly ridiculous. Black, indeed! Why, he is not half so black as dozens of Spaniards and Italians, and I like dark people much better than fair ones. Mr. Antonius is a perfect gentleman, and I should have thought that you who call yourself a lady——"

"I don't," murmured Mary, but Miss Davis took no notice of the interruption.

"—You, who call yourself a lady, ought to be above saying such uncharitable things. What does it matter if a man is rather—dark. He is just the same underneath his skin. At least, that is what I have been taught," she added loftily. "And I suppose you have read the Bible and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the same as me."

The last words of this speech suggested a new argument to Mrs. Smith. She caught at it eagerly.

"Then there's the question of religion, Lil. Think of that. What would your people at home say if they knew that you were going to marry a Mahommedan?"

Lil tossed her yellow head. "But I'm not," she declared. "That's where you are making a mistake. Mr. Antonius is a Copt, whatever that may be. I don't know, but it's a Christian of sorts. Anyhow, I don't care what my people say. I'm of age, and can please myself. Besides, Mary, I don't think you are the one to talk. Your husband is a Roman Catholic, and I'm quite

sure that Pa and Ma would just as soon that I married a Turk as a Papist."

Mary sighed. She felt that, probably, this was quite true, but even now she would not give up the struggle. She had lived in Cairo for more than a year and had learned a great deal during that time.

It seemed to her that the proposed marriage must lead not only to disillusionment but to inevitable disaster and misery.

The two women were sitting together in the gaily-decorated saloon of one of the cheaper Cairo hotels. It was a blatant room, with gaudy scarlet and yellow hangings on the walls, coarsely-woven mats underfoot, and a profusion of inferior brass-work and mushrebyeh carving. There were broad divans, artificial flowers in Japanese jars, and a litter of newspapers on a low table.

Mrs. Smith was a pretty little woman with soft eyes and a refined face. She was the daughter of a penniless clergyman, and had married Jim Smith, who was a clerk in one of the big Cairo banks.

A few weeks previously, on the voyage out to Port Said, she had met and become acquainted with Lil Davis, a pretty, vulgar girl of two or three and twenty, with yellow hair, a fresh, clear complexion, and an imposing figure.

Miss Davis was the daughter of a grocer in a Midland country town. She had been apprenticed to a milliner, but had thrown up this post in order to become maid-companion to a rich American

widow who was going out to Egypt for the winter.

On board the *Moldavia* everything had been most satisfactory and delightful, but, when once Egypt was reached, affairs assumed a very different aspect.

Lil found that her position as companion was completely merged in that of lady's maid, and that she was expected to brush dresses, wave hair, and pack innumerable trunks and hat-boxes.

She gave her mistress notice after a week at Mena House, and then came into Cairo, established herself at a cheap hotel, and announced her intention of having a good time before it was necessary for her to return to England and business.

Mrs. Van Bryden had been very generous to her unsatisfactory maid-companion, and, in addition to paying her passage home and giving her two months' wages, she had presented her with a five-pound note, a handsome gold watch and chain, and two or three scarcely-worn costumes.

Lil Davis enjoyed her stay in Cairo immensely, and made many friends at the hotel. Among them were a number of dark-eyed, red-tarbushed young Egyptians, and several times Mary had been scandalized at the sight of the girl driving in an open carriage or sauntering through the Esbekieh Gardens with one of these native gentlemen.

To-day she had proudly exhibited a cheap but effective sapphire ring, and had announced that

she was engaged to Mr. Antonius and that the marriage was to take place in a few weeks.

Mrs. Smith had done her best to persuade Lil to change her mind, but the girl would not listen to a word of advice or warning. She laughed at Mary's serious face and derided her arguments. Finally she lost her temper completely and became openly insolent and contemptuous.

"I don't care what you say or what you think, so it is waste of time for you to scold and lecture. Mr. Antonius is a very handsome gentleman, and he simply adores me. I shall be quite the lady, I can tell you that, and I don't want none of your interference and none of your silly airs and graces neither."

She flounced out of her seat as she spoke, and the vulgar voice grew shrill with anger. Mary glanced round the room uneasily, and it was a relief when a couple of men strolled in and the irate young lady was obliged to modulate her strident tones.

The next moment Mrs. Smith found herself being introduced to a stout man with a sallow complexion, thick lips, and dark eyes heavily fringed with black lashes. He wore a crimson tarbush on his sleek head, and there was a sudden gleam of white teeth when he smiled.

"This is my fiancé, Mr. Antonius," Lil announced in her sweetest and most ladylike manner, and with a beaming glance at the young man. "Tony, darling, let me introduce you to my greatest friend, Mrs. Smith."

Miss Davis married her Egyptian lover and went to live in one of the new suburbs outside Cairo. Mrs. Smith did not see her for more than a year.

She went to pay a duty call at the little villa, it is true, but Mrs. Antonius was out and the visit was never returned. Mary gave her husband a graphic description of the shabby house, where, as she said, the garden was as bare as the palm of her hand, the servant looked as if he had never been washed, and the villa as if it had not been painted outside or dusted within for years. She had waited for ten minutes or so in a dingy sitting-room while the boy went to see if his mistress was at home.

After that nothing was seen or heard of Lil for a long time, and then, late one afternoon, Mary burst into the flat at Giseh where she and her husband lived, with an exciting story on her lips. It was a very hot afternoon in April, and Mary was going home to England the next day for four months. Jim Smith was to stay in Egypt, but he was going to a cheap hotel for the summer and the flat was to be shut up.

The young man was packing books into a tin box when his wife returned from a shopping expedition in Cairo.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "whom do you think I have seen? But you will never guess. Lil, Lil Antonius! And it was really awful. I never saw anyone so much changed in my whole life."

She stopped, picked up a newspaper, and fanned herself vigorously.

"What's up with her?" inquired Smith, but without any great interest in his voice. He had never cared much for Miss Davis, and was not eager for a renewal of the friendship between her and his wife.

"I don't know," went on Mary, "but she looked really dreadful. Her face was white and her eyes dull and staring. She had lost all her good looks, and all her pretty colour. It was in the chemist's shop I met her,—the one near Shepherd's,—and, do you know, I believe that she either drinks or takes drugs—morphia, you know, or opium, or something of that sort."

"Why should you think so?" asked Jim, without looking up from his work.

Mary settled herself comfortably in a chair and went on with her story.

"It was her whole appearance, Jim, and everything. You know how smart she used to be, and particular about her clothes. Well, to-day she had a white blouse on that was actually dirty, and she was wearing a lot of jewellery, just as she used to do. She had no gloves and her hair looked as if it were dusty. Can you imagine it? And when I went up to her she stared at me as if she had never seen me in her life before."

"Sounds as if she was a bit dotty," remarked Jim, standing up and stretching his arms.

"Well, perhaps she may be; there was the queerest look in her eyes. And then she snatched up the thing she had bought, a little bottle—I am certain it was some drug—and tried to slip away

out of the shop. Of course I would not let her go like that."

"What did you do then?"

"Oh, I caught hold of her sleeve, and said how glad I was to see her and all that. I asked her to come and see me, when I get back here, and gave her my card. She looked so dull and miserable, as if she did not take the least interest in anything. And then I asked her if she were coming into Cairo to-morrow to see the procession when the Duke drives through. She said, 'No, I shan't be there'; and I tried to persuade her to come, and told her what a pretty sight it would be, and about the flags and the decorations. 'We don't have a Royal Prince here every day,' I said, and then the chemist spoke to me, and while I was choosing a sponge-bag and a comb, she pulled herself away, and, without saying goodbye or anything, went off out of the shop."

"Well?"

"I ran to the door when I saw she had gone, and there she was, some way off, with her hat crooked and her dress trailing on the dirty pavement as if it were too much trouble to hold it up."

Mary's voice broke a little. It was evident that the meeting with her old friend had worried and upset her.

"I never saw such a change," she repeated. "Oh, Jim, I wonder if that horrible black husband is unkind to her, and I wonder if we shall ever see her again."

After she had left Mrs. Smith in the chemist's shop, Lil Antonius wandered aimlessly along the street for a time, brushing up against the natives on the crowded pavement, and allowing the frayed edge of her skirt to sweep the ground.

Many of her former friend's surmises had been quite correct, and, certainly, few people would have recognized, in this slovenly, grey-faced woman, the girl who had sat in the gaudy drawing-room of the "Cleopatra Hotel" and who had talked so gaily and confidently of her approaching marriage.

The experiment had been a failure, a miserable, absolute failure, and when Lil once realized this, and discovered how absurd had been her dreams of amusement and social success, she seemed to lose all interest in life and ceased to care about her appearance, her health, or even her own comfort.

She and her husband had not a thought in sympathy nor an idea in common, and Antonius soon tired of his wife when her beauty began to fade and her gaiety and vivacity to disappear.

He was not, it is true, actively cruel to the girl, but he allowed her no amusements, no pocket-money, and no companions. Lil had read the *Arabian Nights*, and had expected to be treated as a petted and spoiled favourite, but she soon found that there was to be nothing of Eastern luxury and romance in her dreary and monotonous life in the little shabby villa.

She grew to loathe her husband after a time, and the touch of his hands, the side-long, furtive

glances of his black-lashed eyes, and the glint of his teeth were alike horrible to her.

Lil was only allowed one acquaintance by Antonius, and that was a certain Madame Rosario, who, it was rumoured, had been a ballet-dancer or a café-chantant singer in Paris long ago.

Madame was an immensely stout woman with sleek, black hair and patches of rouge on her sallow cheeks; and, although Lil was not a particularly refined or prudish girl, she often felt that the Frenchwoman's vulgarities jarred upon her nerves and set her teeth on edge.

Monsieur Rosario was a friend of Antonius' and often came to the little suburban villa. On these occasions the Egyptian generally insisted upon Lil going to Cairo to visit Madame. She ceased to rebel before long, and, indeed, it would have been useless, for Antonius' will was law, and he was hated as well as feared by his English wife. She grew accustomed to Madame Rosario, and although the woman's stories often brought the hot colour into her cheeks, the visits were a welcome relaxation and a means of escape from her dreary, loveless home.

Occasionally when she returned from Cairo, she found other men as well as Rosario with her husband, and sometimes he would call her into the room and make her entertain his friends. There were several natives, two or three Greeks, and a Pole with an unpronounceable name who were constantly at the villa.

On this particular April day, Antonius had told his wife to go and spend the afternoon and evening with Madame Rosario, and she had set out for Cairo with this intention.

After meeting Mary Smith, however, her mood changed, and the thought of the dingy room, where the windows were never opened and where there was always a strong smell of patchouli, became suddenly unbearable. No, she could not stand Madame to-day, at any price, that was what Lil said to herself as she left the chemist's shop, and so, instead of turning towards Bulak, she made her way to the terminus and got into a tram. She would go straight home, and slip into the house and up to her own room. Her head was aching terribly, and the meeting with Mary had awakened a dull misery and resentment in her heart.

She was wretched, utterly wretched and hopeless, but at least she could rest and forget her pain and weariness for a time. She slid her hand into her pocket and touched the little bottle filled with white tablets that she had just bought. There was one alleviation left to her, and some day, perhaps, if her life grew quite unbearable, she would take an overdose of the medicine—four of the tablets instead of two—and so put an end to her sufferings and her loneliness for ever.

Mary had been right in her guess as to the reason of Lil's changed face and demeanour. The girl had begun to drug herself, soon after her marriage, at a time when she was maddened

with neuralgia, and she had never attempted—nor indeed desired—to break away from the fatal habit.

The sun had set before the tram left Cairo, and it was quite dark when Lil Antonius got out of the car and dragged herself wearily along a stretch of sandy road and through the arid garden with which the villa was surrounded.

It was a dismal place enough—Mrs. Smith had not exaggerated when she described it to her husband—a small, square house, coloured a sickly pink, with a green-painted veranda in front, and green shutters to the windows. A straggling bougainvillea trailed half over the veranda, and a couple of gum trees drooped their silvery pendent leaves and ragged strips of loose bark above the house.

In the bare, sun-baked garden, a few hibiscus bushes and geraniums grew in shallow, cracked trenches. Two or three dilapidated wicker chairs and a rickety table stood in the untidy veranda.

Lil's head was throbbing so agonizingly, and her limbs were so stiff, when the house was reached, that she felt that it would be impossible for her to walk another step. It had been her intention to go straight into the house and upstairs, so that her husband might not know of her return, but even this extra exertion seemed to be beyond her powers. She sank down exhausted in one of the chairs and leaned her heavy head back against the wall of the house.

On the other side of the thin, flimsy wall was the sitting-room that Antonius called his office, and from it came a murmur of voices. There was an open window within a few yards of the place where the tired woman had seated herself.

At first Lil heard the confused buzz of conversation and nothing else, but, after a few minutes, when she had revived a little, words and sentences began to disentangle themselves.

She lifted her head suddenly, and listened with a curious, strained eagerness. Then, very slowly and cautiously, she raised herself from her seat and crept along the wall until she was immediately outside the window. It was open, but the wooden Venetian shutters were fastened across it. With stealthy fingers she moved one of the slats and peered into the lighted room.

She could see the whole interior plainly, but was herself invisible. Even had this not been the case, the occupants of the apartment were far too intent on their conversation to notice the presence of an eavesdropper.

There were four men there, sitting round a deal table, on which stood a lamp with a crooked green shade. The table was littered with papers, and among them lay a small revolver.

Antonius had his back to the open window, and opposite him was the husband of Madame. A keen-faced, sallow Egyptian, and a Pole, with wild black eyes, were on either side. All the men were habitués of the house. They were talking together in French, and Lil, who had

learned a great deal during the months of her intimacy with Madame Rosario, could understand everything that was said. As she crouched there, outside the lighted room, her face paled and a great horror came into her eyes.

Once her husband took up the revolver and showed it to his comrades. As she watched him, a shudder ran through the woman's limbs and her hands seemed to grow chilly as if with sudden cold.

A great change came over Lil Antonius as she stood there, an intentional and relentless spy, and she managed to shake off her lethargy for the time, at any rate, and to summon her wits so that she might be able to deal with this unexpected crisis which had arisen.

A few minutes ago she would have said that she cared for nothing in the whole world, and that loyalty, honour, and patriotism were empty words to her, but now, as she realized what was the scheme that was being discussed and perfected before her eyes, the deadly apathy seemed to fall away like a discarded garment, and old instincts, old pride, and old affections revived within her.

She felt that she loathed her alien husband as she had never loathed him before, and she swore, with set teeth and clenched hands, that, at all costs, she would circumvent him and overthrow his fiendish plot.

Antonius was the leader in the mischief that was afoot, there could be no doubt on that

point, and, as she watched and listened, the conspirator's wife made her own plans and wove her own webs for his discomfiture.

At last, after what seemed like an endless period of waiting, the discussion came to an end, and the men pushed back their chairs from the table.

The three accomplices bade farewell to their host, and the listener heard a rendezvous made for the following morning. Then she slid back again into the dark shadow beyond the window, and waited, while they left the house, and disappeared, one by one, through the garden and out into the road.

A moment later a handbell tinkled in the sitting-room, and a native servant almost brushed against Lil as he passed through the veranda.

Antonius ordered coffee to be brought to him, in a harsh, strident voice that was distinctly audible to his wife's ears.

The boy dawdled away to obey the order, and, when he had passed her again, Lil slipped along the veranda in the same direction, and waited near the open front door of the villa. She was standing there, as if she had but just returned from Cairo, when the Arab reappeared with the coffee on a brass tray in his hand.

Lil accosted him in the faulty Arabic which she had picked up during her stay in Egypt.

"I want my cloak, Achmed; go upstairs and fetch it. Put the coffee down here. Go at once."

The man obeyed, setting his tray on a table at the woman's side, and disappearing into the house.

Lil already had the little bottle which she had bought that afternoon, open in her hand, and, when she was alone, she set about her work without delay.

It did not take her a moment to shake some of the tablets out on to her palm, and then she hesitated. Two was the dose which she usually took herself. It would be a very strong dose for anyone not accustomed to the drug. Three would be an overdose—and four——

She held four tablets in her fingers for a moment, and then slipped two into the brass coffee-pot and put the others back again into the little phial.

When the boy returned she was leaning against the wall in exactly the same attitude as that in which he had left her. She took the cloak from his hands.

"Take in the coffee," she said, "and then you can go. We shall not want anything more to-night." The man assented, carried the tray into the house and returned almost immediately. Lil watched as he moved away to his own quarters, which were separated from the rest of the building.

When the coast was clear, she returned to her post of observation at the window, and watched her husband while he sorted the papers on the table and drained one tiny cup after another of the strong, thick coffee.

She did not breathe freely until she had seen him pour out the last drop from the brass pot, and then she waited again, motionless and yet impatient, with her limbs tense, and with an expression of strained eagerness on her pale face.

It was not very long before the drug began to have its effect. Antonius paused in his work, and drew his hand slowly across his heavy eyes. His movements became slow, and he leaned his elbow on the table and rested his forehead on his hand.

Then gradually the man's eyes closed, he tried to rouse himself but without success, his head fell forward among the scattered papers and he breathed heavily through set teeth.

Even then it was some minutes before Lil entered the room, and when she was there she moved softly as if the sleeper might awaken and discover her at her work.

She collected all the papers together and put them into the wide pocket of her cloak. One document she had to drag from under her husband's elbow, and, to her horror, his head rolled aside and he muttered unintelligible words in a thick, husky voice. For a moment she stood motionless, as if frozen, and then she went on with her task more quickly and nervously than before.

The windows had to be closed and the shutters fastened on the outside, the lamp extinguished and the revolver taken from its place on the table and then the doors of the sitting-room and

of the house itself had to be locked and the keys removed.

When all was done, and the drugged man a prisoner in the dark, silent villa, Lil leaned up against the wall for a minute, faint and breathless with terror and anxiety.

She recovered her self-control with an effort, and, gathering her skirts tightly round her, so that they should make no rustling sound, she ran lightly past the outbuilding to which Achmed had betaken himself, down the path, and out into the road.

"I will go to Mary," she had said to herself again and again, as she went about her work in the villa, "I will go to Mary; she will know what must be done."

There was a tram just starting when Lil reached the terminus, she stumbled into it, and sank down exhausted in one of the corner seats.

Mary Smith and her husband were sitting together late that evening, going over all the arrangements for the former's journey on the morrow.

Mary's eyes were tear-stained, for she hated the thought of leaving her husband, and she spoke hurriedly as if trying to distract her own thoughts.

Everything was ready, the flat dismantled and the furniture covered. Out in the corridor the boxes were strapped in preparation for an early start.

Jim had looked through the green packet of tickets for the twentieth time, and Mary had

given him countless directions for his own health and comfort during her absence.

"I can't bear to leave you, dear, but I suppose it is the best thing to do, and I shall come out again in September. Mind you write every week, and don't forget to have your tennis racket mended. I have put the socks in the corner of your bag, and—and—oh, yes, you have given me plenty of money to last till I get home, and how much ought I to give the steward on board ship?"

She was talking against time, for all these questions had been discussed before, and Jim was repeating his directions about necessary tips, when the electric bell at the entrance of the flat tinkled sharply.

The next moment a small sleepy Arab boy ushered Lil Antonius into the room.

Smith and his wife started to their feet in amazement.

"Lil, what is it? Has anything happened? What is the matter?" cried Mary, divining, and quite correctly, that only disaster could explain this unexpected visit.

Jim, who was a quiet man, with observant blue eyes, pulled forward a chair for the guest.

Lil, however, although she was trembling from head to foot, took no notice of his action.

She stood upright, near the table, and, without a word of preliminary explanation, plunged into her story.

Her eyes were ablaze with a wild, feverish

light, and there was a hectic flush in her cheeks. A terrible and unnatural excitement seemed, for the time, to have taken possession of her.

"I have come to tell you, and you must see about it and arrange everything. There is a plan —a plot, to murder the Prince when he comes here to-morrow. I—I have just found out—they will shoot him, at the corner, by the bridge. It is all arranged. I—I have brought—this."

She dragged the revolver out of her pocket and flung it down, with an unintentionally melodramatic gesture, on to the table.

It fell with a clang among the green covered packet of Cook's tickets, the little lunch basket, and the other simple preparations for the morrow's journey, and lay there like a menace, a presage of crime, of murder, and of death. Mary shrank back in her chair and an expression of fear came into her gentle eyes.

Smith leaned forward on to the table. All the boyishness had suddenly gone out of his face, and it had taken on the quiet self-reliance and decision which even quite young faces often wear in those lands where white men belong to the ruling race, and where the honour of one's country and the prestige of one's nation have to be considered.

"Tell us everything," he said simply. "Begin at the beginning. It will be all right. I will see about it. Don't be afraid."

"They have settled it all," Lil went on. "I—I heard them. The papers are here, in my pocket."

She drew them out, and as she did so the keys of the villa clashed down on to the floor. Smith picked them up and laid them beside the revolver.

"It is to be done to-morrow. On the way to Gizereh—at about four o'clock—they will meet in the morning, early, and—and then they will decide who is to fire the shot. There are four of them, and—and——"

"Who is arranging it?" demanded Smith, and his voice was quite quiet and collected. "Don't be excited. Who is in the plot, and how do you know about it?"

"My husband!" cried Lil. "It is he, don't you understand? He is at the bottom of it all. I —I overheard this evening. It is my husband."

There was such hatred, such absolute loathing in the woman's face and voice, that Mary, who had come close to her friend and laid her hand on her arm, shrank away horror-struck.

The idea that any woman could be so utterly without love for her husband—even if he were black—was inexpressibly shocking to conventional, simple-minded Mary Smith, and Lil's attitude was a revelation, and a very terrible one, to her.

For her own part, even if Jim had been the greatest of criminals, and had conspired to assassinate the King, Mary knew that she would have been faithful to him through thick and thin, and would have died herself sooner than give him up to justice.

She felt suddenly afraid of Lil, whom, until now, she had rather despised, but Jim did not stop to search for motives or to analyse conditions.

This was a serious business, and it must be sifted to the bottom without delay. He went on relentlessly with his cross-examination.

They were a strange trio, there in the little shabby flat, and the more strange, perhaps, because, under ordinary circumstances, they were all such very commonplace and unromantic people.

Jim Smith, the bank clerk, with his smooth, close-cropped hair and cheap, ready-made tweed suit, Mary, his pretty, insignificant wife, and Lil Antonius, who formerly had been only a handsome, vulgar girl, but who now had a touch of real passion and tragedy in her face and bearing.

Their everyday, hum-drum life had been swept away, and drama, grim and realistic, had taken its place.

They were, all three of them, face to face with a crisis, not only in their own affairs but in the destiny of nations, and, as Lil told her story and Jim asked his questions, they held the complicated threads of history in their hands.

"Your husband, yes, Antonius, and where is he now? What is he doing?"

"He is at the villa; I left him there. When the other men had gone, I went into the house, and I—I put some—some of these into his coffee." She opened her hand as she spoke and laid the phial of white tablets on to the table.

The husband and wife glanced at it and then at each other with questioning eyes. Lil seemed to be able to read their thoughts.

She laughed aloud, but there was no merriment in her harsh laughter.

"Oh, don't be afraid!" she cried jeeringly. "I haven't murdered him. Perhaps it would have been a good thing if I had. No, I gave him a good dose of this,"—she flicked at the bottle; "I knew just how much to give, and then, when he was asleep—sound asleep, I took away the papers and the pistol and locked up the house and came here. These are the keys; there will be plenty of time to get there before he wakes."

Again Mary shuddered involuntarily. Jim got up and began to collect the papers together. Then he took out a pencil and notebook.

"Tell me the address exactly," he said, "and the names of the other men—yes, and the place where they are to meet to-morrow."

Lil answered the questions mechanically. Her excitement and energy seemed to be dying away rapidly, now that the crisis was over as far as she was concerned, and the responsibility shifted to other shoulders. The bright flush of colour faded from her cheeks and her eyes resumed their dull, listless stare.

When he had obtained the necessary information, Smith put his notebook into his pocket and crammed the papers and revolver into a small hand-bag.

"There is no time to be lost," he said gravely.

"I shall go to the Agency at once." He was already on his way to the door, and then an idea flashed into his mind and he turned back.

"Mrs. Antonius, what shall you do now? Have you any friends in Cairo?"

Lil was standing by the table, playing with the little bottle; she shrugged her shoulders wearily, without looking up.

"No, I have no friends, and I don't know where I shall go or what I shall do. And I don't care either. What does it matter? What does anything matter, nowadays?"

Jim came back into the room. Mary leaned forward on a sudden impulse and touched Lil's hand softly.

"You will stay here to-night, dear," she said, "and then, perhaps, to-morrow you will be able to go home. Something may be arranged."

She went on to comfort her friend, but the gentle words had quite an unexpected effect. Lil Antonius snatched away her hand with a violent movement. The colour came back into her face and her eyes blazed.

"No," she cried, "no, no, I will never go back, never, never! I would rather die first, and"—she laughed bitterly—"if I went back I should die, that's a sure thing. He would kill me if he got the chance, and, if not him, it would be one of the others. They're not men to stick at anything, I can tell you that; and when they find out——" She stopped, but there was an ominous meaning in the broken sentence. Smith and his

wife understood, and glanced at each other with troubled eyes.

Jim was eager to get away and to make his report to the authorities; but, clearly, this matter of the would-be assassin's wife was one that would have to be arranged.

Once again he began to cross-examine Lil Antonius.

"You have money?" he said quickly. "Can you arrange to leave Cairo?"

The woman put her hand into her pocket and drew out a flimsy little purse. She emptied its contents on to the table. There were four piastres. She shrugged her shoulders again.

"There, that's every farthing I have in the world, every piastre. He was not generous, but don't you bother. It will be all right; I shall go now." She held out her hand to pick up the bottle of tablets, but Mary had been too quick for her, and the phial was already clasped tightly in her eager fingers.

"No, you shall not, Lil, you shall not," she cried vehemently. "We will arrange. I have an idea. Jim"—she turned to her husband. The bottle of poison was still in one hand, and, with the other, she pointed to the packet of tickets—"Jim, it will be hot here in the summer, but—but I love warm weather."

Her eyes were full of pleading as they met those of the young man. He seemed to be able to read her thoughts, and, after a moment's hesitation, nodded reassuringly.

"Mrs. Antonius," he said, "I think we can manage something. Would you like to leave Egypt at once, to-morrow morning, and to go to England?"

And then, for the first time, a faint gleam of hope flashed into Lil's weary eyes.

"To England?" she echoed. "To England, yes; but how, how?"

Jim picked up the green case.

"We have all the tickets here, railway and boat, to Liverpool. My wife had meant to go, but she—we have changed our minds, and—it would be a pity to waste the tickets; you can have them instead. Stay here to-night with Mary, and leave first thing to-morrow morning."

Lil drew a long breath.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice that was hoarse with a strange, overwhelming emotion. "Thank you. It shall only be a loan, of course. My people will send you back the money."

She almost snatched up the tickets as she spoke, with a passionate gesture, and held the packet, as if it were a priceless treasure, against her breast.

Practical Mary looked down at the four coins on the table, and then drew a purse slowly out of her pocket.

"You will want money too," she said. "There will be expenses; tips and things on board ship, and the fare from Liverpool."

Jim's face clouded. He had not thought of this, but, of course, Mary was right. On the

other hand, the five pounds which was in the little purse meant a great deal to the Smiths, for in consequence of the change in their plans the flat would have to be kept going and extra money spent.

It was a difficult position altogether, and then Lil Antonius herself came to the assistance of her generous friends. She slipped the long gold chain, which had been Mrs. Van Bryden's parting present, over her head, and laid it down in front of Mary.

"See here," she said. "This is worth a lot, and there is a place in the bazaar where they will buy jewellery. You would get a couple of pounds for it, at least, and this——" Her fingers were busy with the fastening of a little pearl brooch that held the tumbled lace at her throat. She placed it with the chain, and then dragged off her sapphire engagement ring and two or three jingling bracelets.

"You ought to get four or five pounds for all these things. Will you take them, please, and give me the money?"

"Yes, dear," said Mary simply, and Jim, with a sigh of relief, picked up the bag that contained the revolver and the packet of seditious papers.

"This shall go too," added Lil, and there was a ring of triumph in her weary voice. As she spoke she drew off her gold wedding-ring and laid it on the top of the glittering pile of trinkets.

V

THE AMETHYST NECKLACE

"In other worlds I loved you, long ago.
Love that hath no beginning hath no end."

ALFRED NOYES

MADELEINE FARRAR was a very pretty and a very charming girl, graceful, accomplished, sweet-tempered, and as good as gold; but she was decidedly matter-of-fact and unimaginative, and quite the last person in the world that one would expect to have strange or supernatural experiences.

It was about four years ago that the Farrars went out to Egypt, and travelled up the Nile from Cairo to Aswàn on a dahabeah. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, Madeleine, Fred Carthew (to whom she was engaged), and Dorothy Drayson. The latter was a penniless niece of Mrs. Farrar's, and she had been invited to go for the Nile trip because it was considered that she would be a delightful companion for Madeleine.

Altogether, they were a very ordinary set of people, and had only come out to Egypt for the sake of Mr. Farrar's rheumatism, and because they

were tired of the Riviera. They did not care in the least for the scenery of the country or for its antiquities. Mr. Farrar visited every temple and tomb because he considered it the correct thing to do, and his wife was one of those women who call the Sphinx nice, the Pyramids pretty, and the donkey-boys interesting. As for the three younger members of the party, Madeleine, who was indolent, liked sitting on the deck of the dahabeah and sketching the green fields, blue river, and red evening skies; while Carthew and Miss Drayson enjoyed the rides and the bazaars, and hoped that they would be able to get some decent tennis at Aswàn.

Madeleine and Fred Carthew had been engaged for more than three years, and the marriage would be a most suitable one in every way; but, although they were very fond of each other, the glamour and romance of it all had begun to wear off a little, and they were both inclined to treat their betrothal very much as a matter of course.

Madeleine was quite happy with her books and her needlework. She did not expect—or wish—Fred to be an assiduous or demonstrative lover, and it never occurred to her to be jealous when the young man embarked on an interesting and harmless flirtation with red-haired Miss Drayson. She and Fred understood each other perfectly, and of course it was his duty to amuse Dorothy and to do his best to give her a good time.

Dorothy had a delightful time during that Nile voyage, for she loved bargains, and used to spend

hours in narrow bazaars and quaint native shops, buying beads, scraps of embroidery, silver trinkets, and more or less spurious antiquities.

Carthew was nearly always the girl's companion on these excursions, and one day, at Luxor, when he had been buying a number of trifles for her, his conscience smote him, and he made up his mind to purchase a present—and a really good present, too—for his fiancée. It would never do for poor Madeleine to think herself neglected, he said to himself. So he went into one of the largest shops in the town, and, after endless barterings, returned to the dahabeah with a very beautiful and very expensive offering.

It was a necklace, and the thirty or so amethysts of which it was formed were each carved into the shape of a scarab. Some of the stones were small and some nearly half an inch in length, but the markings and cartouches on all were clearly cut, and each amethyst was of a different shade of purple. The beads were threaded on silk, and the fastening was a quaint tassel and loop of twisted gold wire. There could be no doubt but that the ornament was a genuine antique.

"Here's something for you, old girl," Carthew said as he dropped the little parcel into Madeleine's lap, and then he watched with a complacent smile as she unfolded the green tissue paper wrappings and disclosed the necklace.

The girl's delight in her new treasure was unbounded, and she was quite enthusiastic over its

beauties. "It is lovely. I never saw such an exquisite thing. Thank you so much, Fred; you ought not to have bought me such a splendid present."

She clasped the ornament round her throat as she spoke, and then suddenly a strange thought flitted through her mind: "Why had Fred brought her this gift to-day? And had he also given Dorothy the new silver bangle studded with lumps of turquoise that she was wearing?"

Madeleine paused for an instant, with her fingers on the clasp of the necklace and with a curious, suspicious expression on her calm, Madonna-like face, and then her mother's voice broke in on her reverie.

"Let me see it, dearest. Do you remember the string of amethysts that I looked at in the Cairo bazaar? These are far better ones. Fred, you are an extravagant young man."

She stretched out her hand, and Madeleine put the purple beads into it. "Yes," she said, turning to her lover with a gentle smile, "I remember that necklace at Cohen's quite well. Thank you again, Fred dear. You know that amethysts are my favourite stones."

Madeleine did not put on the necklace again after her mother's inspection, for it was scarcely a suitable ornament to wear with a linen dress. All the afternoon she lay in her long chair on deck watching Carthew and Dorothy play piquet together. The loose silver bangle slipped up and down the young girl's slender wrist as she dealt

and played the cards; but now the thought that it might have been Fred's gift did not trouble Miss Farrar in the least. She only noticed that the blue stones were almost the same colour as Dolly's black-lashed eyes, and wondered whether she might not give her cousin a little turquoise brooch of her own that the girl had often admired and coveted.

That evening Madeleine put on a violet dress and clasped the new necklace round her throat. "Dear Fred, it was good of him to give me this," she said to herself as she glanced at the scarabs, and yet, all through the evening that followed, it was not the thought of her lover's goodness that was uppermost in the girl's mind.

Her brain seemed to be in a turmoil, and strange, horrible thoughts and suspicions chased each other through her mind.

A new sensation, which she hardly recognized as jealousy, had taken possession of her. She watched Dorothy with furtive eyes, and seemed to be able to read a new meaning into the younger girl's every word and gesture.

She had never noticed how often Dorothy and Fred glanced at each other during dinner, and how they had little jokes and understandings in common. Why did Fred offer to crack Dorothy's nuts and peel her orange? And surely it was unnecessary for him to wrap the dainty tinselled shawl with such tender care round her bare shoulders.

Madeleine's eyes gleamed angrily, and the hot

colour flamed into her cheeks. The shawl itself was a new possession, and probably it, as well as the bracelet, had been a present from Carthew.

"I suppose he thought that it was time he gave me something," she said to herself, and her hands fidgeted nervously with the purple jewels that, long ago, had encircled the dusky throat of some Egyptian beauty. "I wonder that he did not give this to Dorothy too."

The clasp of the necklace came undone with a snap under the pressure of the hot, restless fingers, and then, suddenly, as if by magic, the feverish light died out of the girl's eyes and her cheeks grew cool and pale. She got up from her seat and stood leaning against the rail of the deck, with the string of beads hanging loosely in her hands.

What did it all mean—this depression and irritability of which she had been conscious all the evening, and which was so utterly foreign to her whole nature? Was she going to be ill? Or could it be that there was any reason for her absurd jealousy and annoyance?

"Poor little Dolly, what an idiot I am," she said to herself, and then she crossed the deck and, stooping, kissed her cousin's soft cheek. "Good-night, dear. I am tired. It has been so hot to-day; I think that I shall go to bed at once."

When she reached her cabin, Madeleine stood for some time with the scarab necklace in her hand. What a wonderful thing it was, and how she loved Fred for having given it to her. She

pressed it to her lips with a shy, girlish gesture, and, before she fell asleep, clasped it once more round her throat.

That night, for the first time in her life, Madeleine Farrar had a strange and inexplicable dream.

She thought that she was in a garden—a garden that was quite different from any place that she had ever seen before, and yet, in the fashion of dreams, everything in it seemed quite natural and familiar. She knew, too, that the garden was in Egypt.

It was a beautiful, shady spot. Palms rustled overhead, and the air was full of the resonant, unceasing murmur of insects and the sound of running water. Kites wheeled in circles against the vivid blue of the sky, and crested hoopoes tripped hither and thither in the sunshine.

There were paths in the garden, bordered with small trees growing in green painted pots, and on either side were brilliantly coloured flowers. In the distance, down one of the straight formal paths, could be seen a summer-house with a pylon-shaped gateway. The walls of the buildings were gaily painted, and flags and streamers drooped heavily in the windless air.

Madeleine, in her dream, wandered slowly down one of the long paths. Her dress was of some thin, transparent material,—she blushed crimson with shame when, next day, she tried to recall the details of that costume, but, at the time, it all seemed to be perfectly natural and common-

place,—her feet were bare, and she could feel the warmth of marble pavement as she walked. Her hair brushed against her shoulders, and in one hand she carried a great blue water-lily.

All these things the dreamer remembered afterwards, but in her dream they passed unnoticed, for her mind then was full of a wonderful ecstasy, in which, however, there was a strange vague taint of fear and pain.

She hurried along the pathway with swift, eager steps, and, as she ran, she realized that she was happy because she was on her way to meet someone whom she loved.

At last her destination was reached. It was a great marble-edged pool in which flowering reeds and lotus-lilies grew together. There was a thicket of bushes and blossoming shrubs round the tank. Blue dragon-flies flitted across the water, and a kingfisher darted backwards and forwards with the sun gleaming on its green and azure wings.

Madeleine seated herself on the edge of the pond and leaned over the water. She saw her face and figure reflected as clearly as if she were looking into a mirror, and still everything seemed natural, although, instead of her own oval face and smooth waving hair, she saw a dusky countenance, with red, ardent lips, and dark, inscrutable eyes. Coming low down over the forehead and sweeping in a curled mass on either side of the face was a dense cloud of black hair in which blue flowers were entwined. Round the slender olive-hued

throat there was a necklace—a necklace of purple scarab beads.

For some minutes the girl sat there gazing at her own reflection, and then, at the sound of an approaching footstep, she rose hastily and hid herself among the flowering bushes. Her heart was beating quickly, and her breath came in soft pants through her parted lips.

She was conscious of a great happiness, for she knew that her lover was coming to her, and that in another moment she should see him and feel his arms around her. And then, suddenly, a new sound broke the dreamy stillness of the garden—the sound of voices; and as she listened the joy and love faded away out of her heart, and their place was taken by fear, misery, and a wild passion of hatred.

She parted the tangled flower-stalks and peered eagerly through their close strands.

A man was coming slowly down the pathway, and with him was a girl.

They came hand in hand, and the girl's head was raised, so that her eyes could look upwards into those of her companion.

Madeleine could never recall the face of the man in her dream,—she only knew that she loved him with all her heart and soul,—but the other she could see distinctly. A slim, light-footed creature she was, with filmy blue robes and a great spray of violet larkspur in her hand. The cheeks were pale, the lips red and full, and the eyes looked too large and brilliant for the small, heart-shaped

face. The cloud of hair which brushed the bare shoulders gleamed like burnished copper, and a wreath of purple flowers drooped backwards from the ruddy tresses.

When they came near to the pool the man bent over his red-haired companion, and their lips met in a long, close kiss.

As Madeleine watched, a wild, uncontrollable passion of rage and jealousy shook her from head to foot. She darted forward, a fierce cry broke from her lips, and she awoke to find that it was midnight, that her heart was beating with suffocating throbs, and that the touch of the amethyst beads felt like the pressure of cold, cruel fingers on her throat.

She tore off the necklace, and flung it violently away into the darkness of the cabin.

The next morning Miss Farrar was out on deck early, and as she stood leaning against the rail, and looking out across the dreamy, sunlit reaches of the great river, she wondered whether, perhaps, she had had a touch of fever, which would account both for the dream itself and also for the perplexing sensations of which she had been conscious on the previous evening.

Her mood yesterday had been a horrible one, for she had hated everyone and everything, and even poor little Dorothy had come in for a share of her rancour. What could it have meant? And was it possible that, in some mysterious manner, the scarab necklace had been connected with her strange experience?

The girl's face clouded and a little shiver ran through her limbs as she recalled the uncontrollable impulse which had prompted her to tear off the necklace on first awakening; and then she bit her lip, and, turning away from the rail, began to pace briskly up and down the deck. She was a sensible woman, and had always prided herself on her intelligence and lack of superstition. The mere idea of anything that savoured of the occult and the mysterious was repellent to her whole nature.

"I'm getting perfectly idiotic," she said to herself angrily, and then she went down to her cabin, and, picking up the scarab necklace, fastened it round her throat with resolute fingers.

She returned to the deck again, and, as she emerged into the sunshine, her face changed. Carthew and Dorothy Drayson were standing side by side at the rail.

The day that followed was one of the most miserable that Madeleine had ever spent, for she felt as if she were possessed by some terrible controlling influence that made her brain whirl and the blood course with mad, unnatural swiftness through her veins.

Outwardly everything was as usual. It was a very hot day, and the dahabeah steamed on up the river through a fairy-like world of golden haze and blue shimmering water.

Mrs. Farrar dozed over her letter-writing, Mr. Farrar studied a guide-book, and Carthew played piquet with Miss Drayson.

A casual observer would have said that there was nothing to mar the tranquillity and happiness of the scene, but to Madeleine the situation seemed to be full of hideous possibilities, and even the warm noontide air to be heavy with menace and danger.

All through the long morning she sat watching her cousin and her betrothed, while her embroidery and tangle of coloured silks lay unheeded on her lap.

Her eyes gleamed fiercely from between half-closed lids, her lips twitched, and her restless hands were dry and burning.

She might have been some woman of the old world, some creature reincarnated from the days of violent emotions and wild, primitive passions—she might, indeed, have been the very same dark-eyed Egyptian girl who had lived and loved and hated, who had waited in a shadowy garden, and who had worn a necklace of scarab beads two thousand years ago.

Madeleine hated Dorothy Drayson. On that point she was quite certain now, and the realization was a horrible one, for she had never hated anyone before in all the course of her placid, sheltered life.

Yes, she hated Dorothy, and, at the same time, she loved Fred Carthew with a strange fervour that was quite a different thing to the cool, steady affection with which until now she had regarded him, and she was jealous of every word which he spoke to the younger girl, and of every careless glance which he cast in her direction.

Hitherto Miss Farrar had always considered her cousin to be gentle, charming, and kind-hearted, but now she realized that she was deceitful and designing, an unprincipled flirt, who was trying to steal away Fred's heart, and she wondered whether the young man could see through the wiles of the detestable little minx, or if he were consciously encouraging her and responding to her advances.

In the afternoon, when the two men were smoking on the lower deck and Dorothy had gone down to her cabin to rest, Madeleine fell asleep, for she was exhausted with the violence of her own emotions and with the struggle to control her features.

It was very hot and airless on the deck of the dahabeah, and the girl's face looked flushed and agitated as she lay there. She moved restlessly from time to time, and her hot fingers clenched and unclenched themselves spasmodically. Every now and then she dragged at the amethyst necklace as if longing to free her throat from its pressure.

Perhaps she really had a touch of fever that day, or perhaps—who knows?—there may have been some malign and supernatural influence at work which made her dream again, even as she had dreamed in her cabin on the previous night.

Madeleine thought that she was in a temple, standing under a colonnade which surrounded a great open court. She was watching from behind a pillar—as she had watched among the lotus

flowers and the papyrus; but now, instead of a lily, she held a long, keen-edged knife in her hand.

As before in the shady garden, she was waiting —waiting for someone to come; but there was no happiness in her heart to-day, only hatred, fierce, wild jealousy, and thwarted love.

Long afterwards, when she remembered that dream, the girl would shudder at the thought of the hideous turmoil of frantic rage and longing for revenge which had surged in the breast of that eager, relentless watcher, and she had wondered how she could have had the power to imagine anything so horrible and so utterly alien to her own nature.

Once, as she waited, the woman drew the fingers of her left hand along the blade of the knife, as if to test its sharpness, and then she slid her supple body farther into the shadow of the pillar, and stood peering out furtively from the gloom into the sunlit court, where men and women were standing in groups or pacing on, with garlands or baskets of fruit in their hands, into the dusky inner halls of the temple.

The great building was one which Madeleine had never seen before, but in her dream she seemed to know it well, and even the strange dresses of the people and the brilliantly coloured pictures on pillars and walls were familiar to her eyes.

It was sunset time, the long shadows of the pylons lay black across the court, and through

the narrow entrance could be seen a vivid upright picture of green fields and crimson sky.

Every moment more and more people thronged into the temple. The strains of music were mingled with the sound of chanting voices, and the warm air was heavy and fragrant with the scent of flowers.

The woman behind the pillar moistened her parched lips with her tongue, and her bare foot beat impatiently upon the stone pavement.

Would he never come? And then, all at once, her eyes caught sight of a man's dark head among the crowd, and near it there was a gleam of ruddy hair and the graceful swirl of blue, transparent drapery.

She sprang forward with a cry, and, hiding the knife in the folds of her dress, tried to force her way through the multitude in the direction of her quarry.

She must reach him. That was the only desire of which she was conscious; but the crowd pushed her this way and that, and all her efforts were in vain. She struggled on breathlessly, and then an arresting hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice was saying something in her ear.

She woke with a start and a stifled scream, and found that Dorothy Drayson was standing at her side, with a smile on her face and the afternoon sunlight gleaming on her red-gold hair.

"Wake up, dear; it's four o'clock, and tea is ready. We are just getting to Edfou, and there will be time for us to go and see the temple before it gets dark."

Madeleine sprang to her feet and shook off her cousin's gentle hand. "What do you want?" she cried vehemently. "Why do you speak to me?" And then she recovered herself with a great effort, and hurried away along the deck. Dorothy watched her with blue eyes full of wonder and concern. Was Madeleine ill, she asked herself, or had something happened to annoy and upset her?

After tea that evening, Fred Carthew and the two girls went ashore to visit the temple of Edfou, and then a new shock and a new terror were in store for poor haunted Madeleine.

She was very silent as they rode along the dusty pathway, where the black-robed women, with water-jars on their heads, stood aside to let them pass, while bright-eyed children ran beside the donkeys and held out their tiny hands for baksheesh.

"What on earth is the matter with Madeleine?" Carthew asked Dorothy. "She looks ill, and she answered so strangely when I offered to carry her camera."

"I can't think what it is," was the answer. "She has seemed funny all day long, and, well, it seems a silly thing to say, but I feel as if she hated me to-day, and could not bear to speak to me or look at me."

"Oh, that must be nonsense, of course," the young man replied; but there was an uneasy expression on his face as he watched the slender, graceful figure of his fiancée who was riding ahead

along the narrow pathway. It was unlike Madeleine to be quick-tempered or discourteous, and he felt sure that there must be something seriously amiss.

The sun was just setting when they reached the temple, rode down the steep, sandy slope, and made their way through the barricade at the entrance. Carthew and Dorothy at once decided that they must climb one of the pylon towers in order to see the view from the top, and, if possible, to take a photograph. They started off, with the dragoman in attendance, and Madeleine, who had refused curtly to accompany them, was left alone in the great open court.

There was a dazed expression on her pale face, and she shivered even there, in the warm sunshine of the temple enclosure, where all the summer heat of thousands of years seems to have been stored.

It was the building of her dream! Although she had never been to Edfou before, nor even, as far as she could remember, seen a picture of the place, every column and every outline was familiar, and she made her way, with unerring footsteps, to the very pillar where—was it to-day, or was it thousands of years ago?—the Egyptian woman had watched and waited.

She glanced at the surface of the column with shrinking, terrified eyes.

"There was a frog, and a bee, and a Key of Life," she muttered; and then she caught her breath with a gasp, for there, before her eyes and

under her searching finger-tips, were the well-remembered hieroglyphics, the strange symbols which she had unknowingly learned by heart during the long vigil of her dream.

Instinctively she shrank, once again, into the shadow of the colonnade. There it all was, just as it had been before. This building was not ruined like the temples of Thebes, but perfect, with its walls, its roofs, and its great doorways. The brilliant colours had faded, it is true, and there were no waving flags or crowds of strangely-dressed worshippers, but here was the court, the pylons, with their narrow glimpse of the outside world, and the pictured gods and goddesses. There was the red sunset sky, there were the wheeling kites and fluttering pigeons, there was the dim entrance to the inner chambers, and there—her heart gave a sudden suffocating throb and her brain seemed to whirl dizzily—there were the two people, the man whom she loved and the woman—the red-haired woman—whom she hated, coming towards her across the courtyard.

As they rode back, through the gathering twilight, to the dahabeah, Madeleine's face was even more gloomy than it had been before, and her manner more strange and repellent.

She met Dorothy's timid advances with an averted shoulder or with sarcastic words, and at last the younger girl gave up in despair the attempt to propitiate her cousin.

She stopped her donkey, and waited for Carthew, who had lingered behind near the

temple to bargain with some natives for a Sudanese knife that had caught his fancy.

Dorothy's blue eyes smarted with unshed tears and she felt sore and hurt, but she chattered brightly to Fred and did her best to conceal her discomfiture.

What could be the matter with Madeleine? And what on earth had she—Dorothy—done to deserve such treatment?

Was it possible that her cousin was annoyed with her because she was friendly with Carthew? But then, until yesterday, she had always done her best to encourage the intimacy and to throw them together.

It was disgusting to be suspected of disloyalty; and, conscious of her own honesty of purpose and blamelessness in the matter, Dorothy coloured and bit her lip angrily.

The girl was only eighteen and quite heart-whole, but there was a spice of mischief and coquetry in her nature. She told herself that it would be rather fun if, for once, she were to try her 'prentice hand at a little real flirtation with Fred, and so punish foolish Madeleine and give her some reason for her ridiculous jealousy.

Carthew exhibited his new purchase proudly when he reached the dahabeah, and Madeleine, who was sitting a little apart, eyed the dagger with hungry glances. After the others had left the saloon, she picked it up, and ran her finger along the keen blade.

"Yes, it is sharp, quite sharp." Her lips drew

back from her teeth in a wide smile, and then, looking up, she caught sight of her face in a mirror that was hanging on the wall.

She dropped the knife with a clang on to the deck, and stood staring aghast at her own reflection, for the face which she saw, with its narrowed, gleaming eyes and cruel mouth, was the face that had looked up at her from the clear depths of the lotus-filled pool.

What could it mean? What new horror was this? Were she and the terrible woman of her dreams identical in feature and expression as well as in character, in personality, in thought—and in desire?

"It is ridiculous, impossible," the girl told herself, with a shudder. "I must be out of my mind, or still dreaming." She picked up the dagger, laid it on the table, and hurried away from the saloon without casting another glance in the direction of the looking-glass.

That evening Madeleine looked handsomer than she had ever done in her life before, but there was something so strange and abnormal in her whole appearance and demeanour, that even her parents, who were not observant people, noticed the change in their daughter.

The girl's eyes blazed with a wonderful, unnatural light, her lips were crimson, and there was a vivid and most becoming colour in her usually pale cheeks. She had dressed hurriedly and carelessly—for she had not dared to stand in front of the little mirror in her cabin—and her

dark hair hung in a loose ruffled mass across her forehead.

There was a wild and unusual air about her whole appearance, and even her costume seemed, somehow, to be different and bizarre.

She wore a black dress, gleaming with sequins, a violet gauze scarf that she had bought in Cairo hung from her shoulders, and the purple scarab necklace shone, with dull, barbaric lustre, on her white throat.

It was quite evident that Madeleine was not herself to-night, but was in a strangely excited and irritable condition. She was never quiet for a moment, but moved about restlessly, shivered now and then, as if with sudden cold, and was positively insolent in her manner to Dorothy Drayson.

Mrs. Farrar watched her daughter with anxious eyes, and once or twice ventured to expostulate when the girl said something more than usually outrageous, but Madeleine would hardly speak to her, and after dinner she threw herself down into a long chair and stared—or rather glared—with fierce, brooding eyes at Fred Carthew and Dorothy.

As to Dorothy, she was feeling annoyed and restless, for there seemed to be a spirit of unrest abroad that evening, and she did not hesitate to put her foolish little plan into execution.

"Madeleine was perfectly hateful," she told herself, with a shrug of her slender shoulders, and then she glanced up at Carthew with her most

charming smile. "Isn't it a lovely evening?" she said. "Do you know, Mr. Carthew, you promised, ages ago, that you would teach me the names of all the stars. I am not certain of any of them except Orion, and I want to learn so much."

"Oh, all right," answered Carthew, "we will have a go at them to-night, when the moon has gone down. I say, Madeleine," turning to his fiancée, "will you be on deck at half-past eleven too and have a lesson in astronomy?"

The young man spoke lightly, but Madeleine flashed round upon him with a face that was pale as ashes and convulsed with anger.

"No, thank you," she muttered, in a low, harsh whisper, and there was something horribly vindictive in her voice and in her glittering eyes. "No, thank you. I have no wish to interfere with your plans, or with Dorothy's. I am tired, and shall go to bed at once."

She sprang to her feet as she spoke, and, without saying good-night to anyone, swept away across the deck. In the cabin she paused for a minute, and stood looking down at the Sudanese knife which still lay on the table where Carthew had left it.

She stretched out her hand towards the weapon with a stealthy gesture, and drew it back again, but, just at that moment of hesitation, Dorothy's clear girlish laugh rang out on the soft night air.

Then Madeleine snatched up the dagger, muffled it closely in the folds of her scarf, and went on to her own cabin.

"Dear Lena seems very unwell this evening, and—and peculiar," said Mrs. Farrar to her husband. "I'm afraid that this dry climate does not agree with her, or, perhaps, she is feverish. What do you think, my dear? She certainly looked flushed and was—well, a little quick-tempered at dinner. I think I will go down and see how she is."

Mr. Farrar glanced up from his book on Egyptian antiquities.

"Oh, the girl will be all right," he said easily; "it's been a bit hot to-day, or, perhaps, she and Fred may have a little quarrel of some sort. Don't bother yourself. A good night's rest will put everything right. I should leave the child alone if I were you."

Madeleine, meanwhile, had flung herself face down, fully dressed as she was, on the narrow bed in her cabin.

Her head ached violently now, her eyes were burning, and her brain was in a mad swirl of horrible thoughts, and vague, ghastly suspicions.

She was racked with jealousy and filled with a dreadful sense of injury and a passionate longing for revenge. It seemed as if all the dark powers of sin and of shame and of terror had been let loose upon her, and as if she had no strength and no desire to combat the evil or to curb her own emotions.

The girl's whole attitude, as she lay there, was typical of unbridled rage and misery, and, just in the same way, perhaps, some Egyptian woman,

deserted and betrayed, had flung herself down in the utter abandonment of resentment and despair. Some woman who had loved a dark-eyed man and hated a red-haired maiden, who had waited in a garden and lurked among the dusky colonnades of Edfou temple, and who had raved and wept and schemed and longed to be revenged upon her successful rival—two thousand years ago.

The scarab necklace was clasped round Madeleine's throat and the long, keen-edged knife lay on the table at her side.

After a time the girl fell into an uneasy sleep, and then, again, a dream came to her.

She was on a boat this time, and it was night. The sky was deeply blue and the stars were reflected vividly in the smooth water. There was a soft breeze blowing, but it was too light to do more than flap the heavy painted sail against the mast.

The woman was standing in the black shadow of the sail with a knife in her hand. Her thin draperies clung to her limbs, and, when she leaned forward, she could feel the cool touch of the amethyst beads against her neck.

At a little distance two people were standing close together, leaning on the high bulwark that ran along the deck of the ship. The woman's red hair looked dark in the dim light, but her slender, supple figure and the poise of her companion's head were unmistakable.

Unmistakable, too, was the clear, ringing sound of the girl's laughter when, a moment later, it rang out on the silence.

The watcher drew her breath with a low hissing noise through her set teeth.

After a minute or two, the man, unconscious of the glaring hostile eyes, slipped his arm around the woman's waist and bent over her; she raised her head, and their lips met in a long, fervent kiss.

The words which they said to each other were audible, and the expression of rapt happiness on their faces could be clearly seen in the starlight.

And then, swiftly and silently, the other woman glided forward, out of the shadows, with the knife raised in her steady, relentless hand. She paused for a moment, tense and rigid, and then, with a cry, sprang forward and plunged her knife into the girl's white shoulder. The blood gushed out, and dripped red, through the red-gold hair.

It was a horrible dream, a terrible, realistic dream, and, when Madeleine awoke, the scream of the Egyptian murderess was still on her lips, and her right hand was clenched as if she still held the dagger in her fierce grasp.

She stood up, and looked vaguely about her—a wild figure, with her crumpled evening dress, disordered hair, and pale, convulsed face. Indeed it was difficult to recognize the usually calm and self-possessed Madeleine Farrar, for this girl's dilated eyes gleamed with a frantic and almost insane light, her lips were parted and her whole demeanour was expressive of uncontrolled and uncontrollable passion. The scarab necklace rose and fell quickly with her uneven breaths.

She waited for a moment, stiff and upright, but there was nothing of hesitancy or of indecision in the pause. It was like the strained, stark stillness of a tiger before its final spring forward on to its prey. Then she gathered the folds of her scarf closely about her breast and shoulders, picked up the knife, and went out of the cabin, along the narrow passage, up the companion-way, and out on to the open starlit deck.

Carthew and Dorothy Drayson were standing together at the rail looking up at the blue, spangled sky. Their position and attitudes were almost identical with those of the lovers in Madeleine's dream.

She stood watching them with burning, eager eyes. The knife was held ready beneath the folds of her purple scarf.

The two star-gazers talked on in low, confidential tones, quite unconscious of the figure in their rear, and of the danger that was so imminent. The dark head and the ruddy one were very near together, and Fred's hand touched Dorothy's as it rested on the wooden rail.

Little Miss Drayson had enjoyed herself immensely this evening, and she flattered herself that her mischievous scheme had been successful and that her flirtation had been quite a grown-up affair.

It was all perfectly harmless, she told herself, and to-morrow they would go back to their old footing and forget the whole episode; but, in the meantime, it was delightful and exciting to see

the growing admiration in Carthew's eyes, and to feel that she was acting and speaking like an experienced woman of the world.

The young girl's long-lashed blue eyes and smiling lips were very charming out there in the starlight, and Fred Carthew was not proof against their allurement. Besides, as was natural enough, he had been surprised and annoyed at the extraordinary behaviour of his betrothed.

Madeleine was offended about something, he supposed, and, probably, by to-morrow she would have recovered her temper. He was very fond of her, of course, and would be ready to make friends with her directly she wished for a reconciliation, but, in the meantime—in the meantime Dorothy was a very pretty little girl and a charming companion for a starlight *tête-à-tête*.

And then the end of the episode came very quickly. Dorothy lifted her head to say something to Carthew, and, with a sudden impulse, the young man stooped and kissed the rosy, upturned face.

Madeleine saw the gesture, and sprang forward, with her right arm raised, and with the sharp knife ready for the downward plunge.

In another moment the tragedy would have been complete, but Dorothy, with all her foolishness and recklessness, had not bargained for anything so definite as this caress.

She recoiled sharply as the man's lips touched her cheek, and this swift action probably saved her life, for Madeleine started back too, and, with the violence of her movement, the clasp of the

scarab necklace was loosened and the ornament fell with a little clash on to the deck.

The owner stooped down, snatched it up, and flung both it and the dagger overboard into the smooth, dark waters of the Nile.

Then all the life and power seemed to desert her as if by magic. The fierce excitement died away out of her face, and she leaned, white and breathless, against the rail.

It had all happened very quickly. Neither Carthew nor Dorothy had seen anything of Madeleine's approach, for Dorothy's flushed face was buried in her hands and Fred had drawn away rather sulkily when he found that his advances were not meeting with any response.

The first notice that they had of the presence of a third person was the sound of a heavy splash into the river. Then they both turned quickly and faced the new-comer.

"What is it, Madeleine?" Carthew asked hurriedly. "Why are you here? Is anything the matter?"

Madeleine did not answer for a moment. Her face was drawn and there was a great horror in her wide eyes.

She looked as if she had just passed through some terrible experience or were recovering from a great shock.

"No," she said at last. She spoke vaguely, and there were pauses between the words. "No, there is—nothing the matter. I—I could not sleep—well, so—so I came on deck again. I—I

have dropped a—a—I have dropped something overboard."

Carthew glanced carelessly over the rail.

"Well, I hope it was not anything very valuable," he said. "Come, it is getting late. We had better all go below."

"Yes," said Madeleine. She looked round apprehensively as if nervous and not quite certain of her whereabouts. "Yes, we will go. Come, Dolly dear, it—it is very cold."

She slipped her hand through the younger girl's arm, and the two went together towards the companion.

The next afternoon Aswàn was reached and there the voyage of the dahabeah came to an end. It had been intended to go on to Wadi Halfa, but Madeleine declared that she was tired of Egypt and wanted to get back to Europe as soon as possible.

Her parents were quite ready to agree to this change of plans, for they were uneasy about the girl, and quite certain that the climate did not agree with her. Miss Drayson accompanied the Farrars back to Cairo, but Carthew went on to Khartoum and the Blue Nile.

There was a reason for this break-up of the party, for before leaving Aswàn Madeleine had an interview with Carthew and told him that she wished their engagement to come to an end. She gave no explanation of this decision, and hardly seemed to listen to the young man's fluent apologies and excuses.

"No, Fred, I can never marry you," she said quietly, again and again, and nothing could shake her resolution.

"You mean that you don't care for me, I suppose," Carthew exclaimed angrily at last, for the marriage would have been a very advantageous one for him, and it was natural that he should be annoyed at the turn of events. "You have never cared for me, and have been wanting an excuse to throw me over."

Madeleine did not answer, and only stood looking out at the blue river and golden stretches of desert with dreamy, unseeing eyes.

She still loved Carthew, indeed she loved him better by far than she had done before the day when he gave her the amethyst necklace, for something of the fervour and passion of the woman of her dreams seemed still to linger in her heart.

Outwardly she was herself again to-day, calm, even-tempered, and sensible, but there was still a trace of fear and pain in her eyes. She knew that her self-possession was only a mask, and that down in the hidden depths of her nature there were strange, unknown forces, primitive passions, and terrible possibilities of hatred and misery and crime.

She loved Carthew, and would willingly have married him, but the experiences of the last few days stood in the way.

She could not trust him and she could not trust herself, so she dared not take the risk.

VI

THE SPHINX BY MOONLIGHT

"Ease after toyle, port after stormy seas,
Night after day, death after life doth greatly please."
SPENSER

MRS. ESMOND had asked me to have tea with her that afternoon in the hall at Mena House, and, at about half-past four, when I had finished my game of tennis, I entered the hotel by the side door and looked round for my hostess.

She was a plain, dowdy, little woman of five or six and thirty, and we had made friends down on the croquet lawn that morning, as we sat together under the eucalyptus trees and watched a tournament.

She had informed me that she and her husband —whom I had not yet seen—had come out to Egypt for the winter, that she had few friends in Cairo, disliked the climate and the scenery, and did not take the least interest in mosques, pyramids, bazaars, or antiquities.

Our conversation had not been an exciting one, and when Mrs. Esmond went on to ask me to

have tea with her, I was sorry not to be able to think of any excuse for refusing the invitation.

It is always cool and dark in the big hall at Mena, and, coming as I did from the blinding glare of the asphalt tennis court, it was impossible, at first, to see anything, but, after a time, as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I caught sight of the little woman sitting on a couch with a low tea-table at her side.

I crossed the carpeted floor swiftly and noiselessly in my indiarubber-soled shoes, and was just going to address my hostess when her attitude and expression struck me as being so strange that the conventional words of greeting died away on my lips.

The hall is a wide, Oriental-looking apartment with pillars and archways dividing it into what might almost be considered separate rooms. It is further divided by wooden screens of carved mushrebyeh work into various little nooks and cosy corners. It was in one of these latter that I found Mrs. Esmond, and she was crouching on a settee with her face pale and haggard and with her head pressed against the carved tracery of the partition.

It was evident that she was listening intently to something and had not noticed my approach. As I paused near her she looked up suddenly and laid a finger on her lips. The gesture commanded silence, and there was that in the small, agonized face which enforced obedience.

I sat down quietly in a low chair, and it was

then, for the first time, that I heard the murmur of voices on the other side of the screen, and realized that I was listening to a private—a very private—conversation.

The position of an eavesdropper is never a pleasant one, and my impulse was, naturally, to move or to make some sound which should warn the speakers of my presence, but Mrs. Esmond seemed to be able to read my thoughts and to divine my intention. She stretched out her hand, and the thin, hot fingers gripped my wrist while her eyes held mine with an odd, compelling gaze. It was as if she were silently imploring my acquiescence, and, although I did not understand the situation in the least, and hated the rôle which I was called upon to play, I sat there, as if mesmerized, an unwilling and uncomfortable listener, for what seemed like hours, and must really, I suppose, have been at least twenty minutes.

There were two people, a man and a woman, on the other side of the partition. I could see their figures dimly through the open woodwork, for they were standing near a fire, and the ruddy flames flickered brightly now and again. The man I did not know, but the woman I recognized by the colour of her pale blue dress and by a gleam of yellow hair. She was a certain Miss Bowen, a very pretty, refined-looking girl, who had only arrived at the hotel that morning, and who had been greeted as an old friend by Mrs. Esmond.

It was evident that a conversation of some importance was going on, for the voices of the speakers were low and earnest and their sentences short and disjointed. The man spoke in a husky whisper, while every now and then there came a break and a quiver into the woman's tones that showed her agitation and the intensity of her emotions.

It was a speech of the girl's that I heard first, but, bewildered and discomfited as I was, I could, of course, only guess at its meaning and subject.

"There's no good in raking it all up again, Dick. It's over and done with, now, long ago, and nothing can ever make any difference. If I had dreamed that you and Maude would be here, I should, of course, never have come to Mena."

"But I must know the truth, Rose; I must understand," the man's voice broke in quickly. "You say that—that you cared for me. Then why did you treat me so cruelly? Why would not you speak to me or listen to me that evening at Crowsmere?"

"Oh, Dick, please go away and leave me alone. Think of Maude. It's not fair to her, and—and it's not fair to—to me." She broke down with a pitiful little sob. The other went on eagerly—

"Maude would not care, and she will never know. For this once—I have never seen you since that evening—for this once, and for the sake of old times, we must speak to each other, and find out the truth."

The fire flared and burnt brightly for a moment.

I could see by its light on her hair that the girl was bending forward over the blaze.

"I have something to say to you, Rose. Something I should have said years ago, if you had cared to listen. You never gave me a chance, but I will say it now. It was all a mistake, my marriage with Maude and everything, but it was not my doing. I have tried to forget. I have, honestly, and it's no use."

"What do you mean, Dick?" The words were spoken in a whisper, but, in the dead silence which reigned on both sides of the screen, every syllable was distinctly audible.

"We had ridden home together in the dusk," the man went on. "Do you remember the tall fox-gloves, Rose, and the smell of the dead leaves in the beech-wood? I could not tell you then that I loved you, the others were just behind, but I felt that you understood without my saying anything. When we got home, I wrote you a note. I did not put your name at the beginning of it. 'My dearest,' that is what I said. I asked you to be my wife, and I said that I could not wait even an hour for my answer. I sent you a bunch of roses, red roses, your name flower. Oh, it was a silly trick, an old hackneyed dodge, but I thought it clever and original that night. I asked you to wear some of my roses at dinner, if—if you cared, and to let that be the answer."

"Oh, Dick, and—and——"

"Well, there's not much more to tell. My man, Vickers, was drunk—I found it out afterwards,

—and my writing is always pretty bad. Miss Brown and Miss Bowen, the names are alike, there's not a very great deal of difference, is there? Only a matter of two letters. The fool took my letter to Maude's room, and she came down to dinner with the red roses in her dress."

"Ah!" the low sound was a gasping sigh more than an exclamation, and I could see that the girl had raised her blonde head and was facing the speaker.

"You can imagine how I felt then, and how I cursed Vickers. All through dinner I was thinking about it and wondering how I could put things straight. It was a regular penny novelette situation, but I never intended to behave like a quixotic idiot and sacrifice everything. It was a mistake, and must be explained, but I was disgusted at my carelessness in having trusted my note to Vickers, and I was annoyed with Maude. I had never been more than decently civil to her, and it seemed to me that she ought to have seen that the letter was meant for some one else. Well, I determined that I would speak to you first, and then, when I had got your answer, go to Maude and tell her the whole story."

The man's voice stopped, and for a moment there was a dead silence. Mrs. Esmond was lying huddled up against the screen and her face was hidden. The situation was a horrible one, but I could not speak nor move now. The chance had gone by, for it would have been cruel and

wicked to let those two know, at this juncture, that their words were being overheard.

I longed to muffle my ears with my hands, but dreaded lest the slightest sound or rustle should betray the presence of an intruder.

The girl's voice broke the stillness after a time.

"I do not blame Maude in the least. She had your note and the roses. It was not her fault."

"I went out on to the terrace after dinner," the other went on. "You were usually there, do you remember? Maude was in the conservatory, but I pretended not to see her. I found you at once, and—and—but there is no need for me to tell you what happened; you know how you treated me, how you refused to listen to a word, how you laughed and made fun of everything. You said that you had forgotten all about our ride home through the twilight, and as good as told me that you meant to marry young Vincent Dane."

He paused there, as if expecting an answer, but none came.

"I had heard that you were a flirt and quite heartless, but I had never believed it. I believed it then. What else could I think? You had led me on, and made me care for you, and you had never meant anything all the time. I was not much of a match, of course, but it maddened me to think that you had always intended to chuck me over when it came to the point. I left you there, on the terrace. I did not care what

happened. You were still laughing, and I went back to Maude in the conservatory."

The man's voice was full of rage and wounded pride. It was evident that he still felt the bitterness of that long-past mortification. I heard a soft rustle as if the girl moved a step nearer to him, and then she said in a low whisper—

"You must not get angry, Dick. It will do no good. Nothing ever can do any good. It has all been a miserable mistake."

"A mistake, on my part, yes, but what of you? Tell me, Rose. We may as well have all the explanations together. Why did you laugh? Why did you treat me so abominably? What did you mean by it all?"

"What did I mean? Oh, Dick, can't you see? Can't you understand? I was angry too. I thought that it was I that had been treated abominably. I have always thought so till to-day—till now—and it all happened five years ago."

"What do you mean?"

"Maude came to my room that evening before dinner. We had been friends for more than a year; since we met at Bournemouth. She was wearing your roses in her dress, and—and seemed so happy. She told me about your letter, and—and asked me to be one of her bridesmaids."

There was a long silence then, a silence that seemed as if it would never end. The man spoke at last, in a strange, hoarse voice.

"I see, I understand, and what are we to do now?"

"Nothing," was the softly spoken answer, "nothing. It is too late, five years too late, Dick, and we must think of Maude. I am only staying here for a week with Mrs. Lawless, but—but——"

She moved away from the screen, and threw herself into a chair on the other side of the fireplace. I could hear the sound of her sobs. He followed her, and for a minute or two they talked to each other in such low voices that we could not hear what was said.

I got up, meaning to slip away towards the garden door, but at that moment the man came near to the screen again.

"Erskine has asked me to go shooting. I will arrange to go. We shall leave here early to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, Dick," was the answer. "And—and—goodbye."

I did manage to cover my ears then, and so heard nothing of their farewells. When I dropped my hands again we were alone. I turned upon Mrs. Esmond fiercely.

"How could you do it?" I cried; "it was vulgar, hateful, indecent. To skulk behind a screen, like a couple of housemaids, and to listen to the secrets of strangers! I will never forgive myself, nor you, as long as I live."

I was in a towering rage, and felt almost inclined to shake the cowering little figure at my side, but just then an Arab servant turned up the electric light in the hall, and, at the same

time, Mrs. Esmond lifted her head. The angry words died away on my lips, for there was something that was arresting and terrifying in the sight of the small, miserable face, with its strange, ghastly pallor and the blue shadows round the pinched, quivering mouth.

She drew a long, gasping breath, and clutched at the costly laces on her breast, as if with a sudden spasm of pain. I thought that I had never seen anything so pathetic as the hopeless agony in her eyes.

"I am Maude," she said, and then she lifted her hands, and let them fall limply, with a gesture of utter weariness and despair, into her lap.

The next night it was full moon, and I resolved that I would do the correct thing and go to visit the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

There happened to be a dance at Mena, a fancy-dress affair, and I hoped that, in consequence of this superior attraction, I should have the desert and the moonlight to myself.

Ever since the previous afternoon I had been feeling depressed and uncomfortable, for the incident of the eavesdropping had set my teeth on edge, as it were, and dealt a blow at my self-respect from which it was impossible to recover immediately. It is true that I could hardly blame myself in the matter, but I bitterly resented the manner in which I had been dragged into the private lives of these absolute strangers, and made to be a witness of their sorrows and their emotions.

Mrs. Esmond had not appeared in public at all

during the day, and this was a great relief, for, although I pitied the poor woman sincerely, I did not feel at all in the mood for further confidences, and was only anxious to forget, as soon as possible, the distasteful part which had been thrust upon me.

This, however, did not prove to be an easy matter, for every one seemed to be ready to impart scraps of information about Mrs. Esmond, and one casual acquaintance after another dilated upon the subjects of her wealth, her weak heart, her ill-breeding, and the good-looking young husband who had, doubtless, married her for her money, and was now repenting his foolishness at leisure.

I did my best to appear uninterested, and to turn the conversation into new channels whenever the name of Esmond was mentioned, but it was difficult, after what had happened, to disassociate my thoughts from these people and their affairs. I could not help watching yellow-haired Miss Bowen furtively over the back of my novel more than once during the day; and was disgusted to find myself blushing like a self-conscious schoolgirl when Major Erskine introduced a tall, sunburnt man to me as his companion for the shooting trip to the Fayoum.

"I think that I know your wife," was the only remark that I could find to make, and as I spoke I wondered whether Captain Esmond had looked less disagreeable during his interview with Miss Bowen, and whether those stern, tightly-closed lips could possibly have given utterance to the impassioned speeches which I had overheard.

Altogether the day had been a thoroughly unpleasant one, and it was not until late in the evening, when I was fairly started on my ride, with no companions save the donkey-boy and my taciturn German maid, Gretchen, that my spirits began to revive a little, and my nerves and my temper to recover from the shocks which they had received.

The moon was already high when we left the hotel, and in its wonderful radiance everything could be seen quite clearly. The stars looked like tiny pin-pricks in the pale sky. As I had expected, the dance had proved to be an irresistible attraction, and we met no noisy tourists nor insolent dragomans as we mounted the curving road, crossed the rocky plateau between the great Pyramid and the little jerry-built tombs, and descended the steep, narrow pathway that leads to the level plain and the Sphinx.

It was delightful out there in the moonlight and the silence, and the fresh, dry wind blowing against our faces as we rode along was infinitely soothing and refreshing. I began to realize a little what modern novelists and poets mean when they talk about the "Voice of the Desert" and the "Call of the Wild," and I wished—almost—that we were really making a journey into the heart of the Sahara, and that all the difficulties and annoyances and conventions of civilized life were being left behind us for ever.

We dismounted at some little distance from the Sphinx, and leaving Gretchen and the donkey-

boys together, I strolled slowly across the intervening space of sand, and stood in front of the great stone image, gazing earnestly at its strange, scarred face, and trying—not very successfully—to sum up the noble and elevating thoughts which are supposed to be suitable to the occasion.

I moved a little at last, meaning to sit down and rest before starting on the homeward ride, and it was then that I noticed for the first time that I was not alone with the Sphinx. A small, black-shrouded figure was sitting about twenty feet away from me, huddled up on the sand slope, with her veil wrapped round her, and with her face turned towards the moonlit, shimmering plain. She looked exactly like an Arab woman, in her clinging draperies; but as I came nearer she turned slightly, and then, to my amazement, I saw that it was Mrs. Esmond, wearing a black evening dress, and with a Spanish lace scarf twisted, mantilla-wise, round her head.

The small face seemed to be startlingly white and drawn as it peered up at me from between the black, drooping folds.

"Mrs. Esmond!" I gasped. "Mrs. Esmond, what are you doing here?"

She stared at me without answering, and I saw that she was holding something in her tightly-clenched hand. An intuition—or, perhaps, it was only her silence and the strangeness of her whole manner and demeanour—seemed to tell me that something was wrong.

"You have come out to see the moonlight, I

suppose. It is a wonderful sight, isn't it? One never really knows how impressive the Sphinx is, if one sees her only by daylight. Where is your donkey, and the boy? When you are ready, we will ride home together."

She shrank away from me, and her eyes met mine with a curious, intent gaze.

"No," she said at last, "I have no donkey here. I am alone; I walked."

"You walked!" I echoed the word with amazement. "And alone? But it was very foolish of you, and rash. You will be tired to death. Come, it is getting late. We must start back at once. You shall ride my donkey, or my maid's. We are both strong. A walk will do neither of us any harm."

I laid my hand gently on her arm. It was quite evident that she was in an excited and overwrought condition, and that it would be well to get her back to the hotel without loss of time.

She wrenched herself away with a violent movement, and, turning, faced me.

"No," she cried, with fierce vehemence. "No, no; I will not come. Why do you stay here? Can't you see that I want to be left alone? Go away; you shall go. It is hateful, detestable, to be worried and pestered, and—and followed like this."

Her voice was hoarse, and it came in short, breathless gasps. Her thin shoulders trembled with agitation. The words and manner were insolent in the extreme, but it would have been

quite absurd to take offence. The woman, for the time at least, was clearly not responsible for what she said or did. I could not help wondering, as those desperate eyes met mine, whether she were really mad, and I wished that Gretchen and the boys had been within sight and earshot. Then suddenly, with a complete change of mood, Mrs. Esmond dropped her face into her hands and burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

"What is the matter?" I whispered, drawing nearer and touching her arm. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" Her voice rose into a wail as she repeated the words. "Everything is the matter. I wish that I was dead—yes, that is the truth. O God, I wish that I was dead."

There was something so tragic and hopeless, and yet at the same time so sincere, in her tones that I did not attempt to combat the assertion. A moment later she broke out into a flood of rapid and almost incoherent speech.

"Yes, I wish I was dead. And you—you heard it all; you must understand. My husband and — and Rose, they have loved each other always, and I—I—but you know, you heard."

"Yes, I heard," I answered, and I suppose that my resentment showed in my voice. Mrs. Esmond read my thoughts, and a dull, ugly blush crept up into her cheeks.

"You are angry," she said. "You blame me, but I could not help it. I had to hear. Oh, I know what you think. It was hateful of me to

listen, hateful and vulgar. Well, what if it was? I don't care. I am only a common, vulgar woman. My father was a builder, quite in a small way, and my mother was a cook. You can't expect me to be much of a lady, can you? But I love Dick, even if I am common. I love him better than anyone or anything in the whole world."

Again there was the impressive ring of absolute truth and of tragedy in the words.

"Yes, I love him, and I wish that I was dead."

She rocked herself backwards and forwards in the extremity of her misery—a strange, desolate little figure against the pallid background of the moonlit sandbank. I wondered what on earth I could do to soothe or to comfort her.

Before very long she began to speak again.

"I suppose you think that I was a brute to marry Dick, and an idiot, but I never knew that it was all a mistake. So many men had proposed to me because of my money, and I only thought that he was another. I did not care. I meant to make him happy. I wanted to give him everything and to let him do exactly as he liked. Of course I knew that he did not love me—I was not quite a fool; but I never thought that there was anyone else. I never dreamed of that, and—and all the time it was Rose."

"Yes, I see."

"Oh, I am not blaming her. It was not her fault, but she was twelve years younger than me, and pretty. I hate her. I know that it is wicked

of me, but I don't care. I hate her, I hate her, and I wish I was dead!"

She broke down completely for a minute, and then went on speaking in a husky whisper. Her eyes looked large and hollow as they stared up into my face,

"If I was dead—when I am dead, you see, everything will be all right. Dick can marry Rose. She is as poor as a church mouse, but I have left him every penny of my money. They will be happy together. It is the only thing to do, the only thing."

"What do you mean?" I said, a faint suspicion of her intention beginning to force its way into my mind. She opened her right hand for an instant, and showed me a little, dark blue bottle with an orange-coloured label.

"It is very quick," she muttered, "and—and I believe that it—it does not hurt—much. No one will ever know how I did it, and no one will care. It is the best, the only thing to do."

I fairly gasped with horror, but she did not take any notice of my consternation.

"I am ill, you know. There is something wrong with my heart. At least that is what the doctors say. A man in London said that I might die at any moment, that any exertion would kill me. But he was wrong, utterly wrong. I hurried up the hill to the Pyramids, part of the way I ran, and you see that it has not done me any harm. I thought that it might kill me, I hoped that it would, and then I need not have used this."

She opened her hand again for a moment.

"It made me feel a little sick and faint, but that was all. Mrs. Manners, you must see that it will be better for—for every one—when I am dead."

For a minute I am ashamed to say that I almost hesitated.

It may have been the weird, magical influence of the Sphinx that prompted me, or it may have been the dry desert air with its suggestions of lawless liberty and of wild lives lived far away from conventions and civilization in the fierce, blazing heart of the dark continent.

It has been said that "East of Suez" "there ain't no Ten Commandments," but surely in Africa, at least, the boundary line of morality might be set much farther to the west. I told myself recklessly that Mrs. Esmond was right, that her life was her own, and that neither I nor anyone else had the right to thwart her nor to interfere with her plans. If she lived, there would be nothing before her in the future but ill-health, discontent, and jealous misery, while her death would undoubtedly mean peace and happiness for her husband and for Rose Bowen. Why should not this unhappy woman be allowed to arrange this matter of life—and—death in her own way? Why should I interfere?

And then, suddenly, the pendulum of my mind seemed to swing back again, and I realized the full horror and the impossibility of the course which I had in contemplation.

"You shall not do it!" I cried passionately. "You shall not do it! Give the bottle to me this instant. You are mad, wicked, absurd, and to-morrow you will be ashamed of this folly and this melodramatic nonsense."

I sprang up as I spoke, leaned over Mrs. Esmond, and, with a swift movement, wrenched the little phial out of her hand.

The woman stared at me blankly for a moment, startled by my vehemence and by the unexpectedness of my attack. Then she too started to her feet, and, flinging herself upon me with a fierce, inarticulate cry, struggled desperately in her eagerness to regain possession of her deadly treasure.

It was a strange duel that we fought out there in the moonlight, on the edge of the desert, and under the calm, inscrutable eyes of the Sphinx—a duel in which, for one of us, the prize and not the penalty was death. Mrs. Esmond's wild fury, however, did not last for very long. She seemed suddenly to realize the uselessness of her efforts and her own physical weakness, and then she changed her tactics and pleaded with pathetic earnestness for pity, for mercy, and for the bottle of poison.

"Give it back to me. Please give it back. You cannot be so cruel. You know, you understand. It is not much to ask of you. Please, please, give it back."

"You shall not have it!" I cried, and my voice was the more harsh and my manner the more

decided because I was fighting, not only against her determination, but against my own inclinations and convictions as well. "You shall not have it," and then, disengaging myself from her clinging hands, I managed to drag the cork out of the bottle and to pour its contents in a little dark stream on to the white sand. I flung the bottle itself far away into the shadows, and turned to confront my opponent in the full expectation of a fresh outburst of rage, abuse, and reproach.

To my surprise, however, all her excitement and energy seemed to have evaporated now that she had met with defeat.

She stood for a moment, looking utterly bewildered and exhausted, and then threw herself down on to the ground and bowed her face over her clenched hands.

As I watched her and noticed the strained misery of her face, and the hopeless dejection of her attitude, I felt as if, instead of having saved her life, I had been guilty of some act of horrible cruelty and injustice. It was with a strange sense of shame and an awkward self-consciousness that, at last, having given her a few minutes in which to recover her composure, I drew near to the crouching figure again and laid my hand timidly on the trembling shoulder.

"It is getting late," I said, "and—and very cold. It is time for us to go back to the hotel."

Mrs. Esmond rose to her feet, slowly and heavily, as if every movement were an effort, and began to follow me across the sand slope.

Before we had gone many steps, she stopped, and stood looking up at the Sphinx, as if she were trying to read the secret which lies behind that strange, impassive face,—the face, where, although the features are almost entirely obliterated, expression and character still linger mysteriously,—the face which has looked out with disdain, with sympathy, with amusement,—or perhaps only with indifference,—upon the joys and the sorrows, the passions and the struggles, the loves and hatreds and disappointments of seven thousand years.

In a few moments Mrs. Esmond turned towards me.

"After all," she said, with a weary little shrug of her shoulders and a smile that was infinitely sad and pathetic, "after all, nothing makes very much difference, does it? Whatever I do, it will all be just the same a hundred years hence."

Late the next evening I was with Mrs. Esmond in her private sitting-room at the hotel. She had taken a great fancy to me, or at all events looked upon me as a sympathetic confidante, and we had spent most of the day together.

After what had happened I could not help feeling to a certain extent responsible for the poor little woman, and, although she was terribly dull and uninteresting, it was impossible to treat her unkindly or to repulse her overtures.

The sitting-room was one of the best, and, as my hostess did not hesitate to inform me, the most expensive in the hotel. With its wide

balcony and exquisite view of the Pyramids and the moonlit desert, it was a decided improvement on the crowded and noisy hall.

We had spent a very peaceful, if monotonous, evening, and while I yawned over a strip of embroidery Mrs. Esmond had related at great length the history of her engagement and marriage, and had enlarged upon her devotion to her husband, her prospects of future misery, and the extent of her former affection and present hatred of Miss Rose Bowen.

At about eleven o'clock the stream of reminiscence and regret began at last to run dry, and my companion wandered out on to the balcony.

I was sitting just inside the room, sorting my silks and patterns, and wondering when it would be allowable to announce that it was bed-time and so bring this interminable evening to an end.

Suddenly Mrs. Esmond gave a sharp little cry of surprise or dismay, and, dropping my work, I looked up and saw that she was leaning far out over the wooden veranda railing and staring up sideways at the front of the hotel.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Look! it is Rose Bowen's room!" and then she came hurriedly through the open window, brushed past me without a word, and ran out of the room.

I sprang up, and going on to the balcony, leaned out as Mrs. Esmond had done. From an open window, some way to the side, and on an upper story, there drifted a thin wreath of

blue smoke. On the glass of the open casement I could see the flickering reflection of a light—or a fire—within the room.

It did not take me long to realize the significance of what I saw.

"Fire!" I gasped, "fire!" and the next moment I, too, was out of the sitting-room and hurrying along the corridors and up the flights of stairs that led to the second story.

Mrs. Esmond reached Miss Bowen's room some minutes before I arrived there, and she must have given the alarm as she ran, for a throng of frightened chamber-maids and Arab servants were jostling one another in the doorway and chattering excitedly as they tried to peer into the apartment.

When, at last, I succeeded in pushing my way through the crowd, the danger was already over. The mosquito curtains were lying in a smouldering heap on the floor, and there was an overturned jug and a widening pool of water near the window. The air was full of smoke and heavy with the acrid smell of burning. A guttering candle and an open novel showed how the mischief had arisen.

Rose Bowen, with her eyes still heavy with sleep and her golden hair loose on her shoulders, was bending over a couch on which lay the motionless figure of Mrs. Esmond. She looked up eagerly as I approached.

"What is it?" I asked. "What has happened? Is she hurt?"

"She has fainted, I think," the girl whispered. "She woke me, and saved my life, but—but now she has—has fainted. Will some one bring water, please, and—and brandy? She will be all right, of course, in a few minutes."

"Yes, she will be all right," I repeated slowly, —for there was a ghastly pallor on the small face, and blue shadows had gathered round the lips.

I knew that I was speaking the truth.

VII

THE WARNING

"AND to-morrow we go away," said Ethel Gifford, with a sigh. "This is our last evening, our very last, on the dahabeah. To-morrow we go north, and in three days we shall have left Egypt altogether. Oh dear, how sad it seems, to be sure; and I expect, Norah, that you are quite as sorry as I am."

"No," replied the other girl quietly, "no, I am not sorry to go. I am glad."

"Glad!" Ethel sat upright in her deck-chair and stared at her friend, Norah Abercromby, with wide, amazed eyes. "Glad to leave this lovely place, and the boat, and the Nile, and everything? Oh, Norah, you cannot mean it! Why should you be glad?"

Miss Abercromby did not say anything for a few moments. She was standing by the deck rail of the dahabeah, leaning against it, with her chin resting on her clasped hands. In her white evening dress and filmy scarf she looked a fragile and unearthly figure there in the clear moonlight. When at last she moved and turned towards

Ethel, her face was almost as white as her gown.

"It is because I am afraid," she said, and her voice trembled a little as she spoke. "Yes, that is the reason why I am glad that we are leaving Egypt. I am afraid."

"Afraid!" Once again Ethel echoed her friend's last word. She leaned back against her cushions, and there was a scornful smile on her pretty lips. "Why, my dear girl, what on earth is there to be afraid of? Is it burglars, or ghosts, or wild beasts, or earthquakes? Really, Norah, I am surprised at you. I should never have thought that you were a nervous person."

"I don't think that I am, as a rule," said the other, with some hesitation. "I used not to be a coward at home, but out here it is different." She shivered suddenly, although the night was sultry and windless, and drew the thin scarf more closely round her shoulders. "It is the people that frighten me, the Arabs. You have heard all these rumours and stories,—the newspapers are full of them nowadays,—and it is horrible to think what would happen if—if there were trouble."

This time Ethel laughed out loud.

"Oh, my dear," she cried merrily, "how silly you are. Trouble! Why, people have talked about trouble out here for years and years, and it never comes. I don't believe that there is a word of truth in all these stories. Yes, you may shrug your shoulders if you like, but lots of men—and men who know the East, too—think the same as I

do. There's Captain Mervyn, for one. Only this afternoon, at tea-time, he was saying that this fuss about sedition and the rest of it is utter nonsense. And you will have to give up being nervous, Norah; for I have quite decided that we will all come out here again next winter, and go up to Wadi Halfa and Khartoum."

The two girls were alone on the upper deck of a large dahabeah that was moored against the Nile bank a few miles north of Luxor.

It was a little after ten o'clock. The other women of the party—Mrs. Mervyn and Lady Gifford, Ethel's mother—had already gone to bed, and their maids were busily employed in packing for the next morning's departure. Sir Alfred Gifford was dozing in the cabin over his pipe and an assortment of English newspapers, while Captain Mervyn and young Jim Danvers had ridden into Luxor after dinner, as there was a dance at one of the big hotels. From the bows of the dahabeah could be heard the soft thrumming of a native musical instrument, and every now and then a harsh voice sang a few words of a strange, wild song.

It was an exquisite evening, and there was a full moon, which hung like a great lamp high in the clear, transparent sky. Above the palm trees, on the east bank of the river, could be seen the great ruins of Karnak temple. Nearer at hand there was the flicker of lights in a native village. To the west, across the water, the rocky hills of Thebes stood out, almost as distinctly

as if it had been noonday, beyond the level plains.

The whole scene was one of absolute peace and harmony, and the snatches of quaint melody, or the distant barking of watch-dogs, only seemed to accentuate the loneliness and the silence.

On the bank of the river some of the crew of the dahabeah were gathered round a little fire. The smoke drifted slowly across the water, and the red light flickered on the dark faces and muffled figures of the men. They were talking eagerly together, and glimpses could be caught every now and then of their bright eyes, flashing teeth, and gesticulating hands.

After a little time, Norah Abercromby left her place at the rail and seated herself by Ethel's side.

"I know that you think me foolish, dear," she said, "but—but I can't help it. Have you ever thought of how little we know, we in this dahabeah, about the natives and what is really happening amongst them? Captain Mervyn says that it is all nonsense, and that there is nothing wrong; but how can he know? He cannot speak a word of Arabic, nor can your father, nor Jim Danvers. How can we tell what these people around us are thinking about, or talking about, or scheming about? The men on the bank there,"—she pointed out into the darkness,—"see how interested they all seem to be. And then Abdullah, I don't trust him a bit, although, of course, he is a splendid dragoman. I don't trust any of them, and—and —I'm afraid."

Ethel did not laugh this time. Perhaps she was beginning to catch the infection of the other's fears. Norah went on speaking.

"I have never said anything about all this before; but now it is our last evening, and I cannot pretend that I am sorry to leave Egypt, or that I want to come out here again next winter. You must not think too hardly of me, Ethel. I don't believe, truly I don't, that I should really be a coward if it came to the point; and—and perhaps it is not all my fault. I have reasons for knowing what trouble in a place like this would mean, reasons for being afraid."

"What do you mean?" Ethel's face was full of eager interest as she leaned forward and laid her hand on the other girl's bare arm.

Norah's dark eyes were fixed once more with a strange, watchful interest on the bank, the group of chattering Arabs, and the distant village. It seemed to be an effort to her to bring her thoughts back again to Ethel and to her questions.

"I will tell you about it, if you like," she said at last; "it is a very sad story, a terrible story, but it will make you understand what I mean. It is an old story too, dear, for it happened in India ages and ages ago, at the time of the Mutiny."

"Yes," whispered the other, with a little shiver of anticipation. "Go on, tell me."

"My grandmother was out in India with her husband. They were at a small station. My mother was quite a baby at the time, and had

been sent home to England before the Mutiny broke out; but the eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, a very beautiful girl, had just left school and joined her father and mother in India."

The speaker paused for a moment, and then went on more slowly—

"My grandfather would not believe that there could be any trouble or danger. He was like Captain Mervyn, and he did not take precautions. When the 'Rising' came, he was the first man to be killed. My grandmother and her daughter—Rose was the girl's name—escaped. A servant was faithful to them, and he helped. For days they wandered about in the jungle. At last the native left them in a deserted hut, and went away to get food. He was away for a long time. When he came back to the hut, he was followed by a band of sepoys. They killed him outside the door."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"The two women inside saw what happened. Can't you picture it, Ethel—their terror and despair? They barricaded themselves into the hut, but they knew all the time that it would no use. The men did not attack them at once, for they could not tell how many people there might be inside; and then, by a wonderful chance, some English soldiers came and beat back the sepoys just as they were tearing down the door."

"Oh, Norah, what a terrible story! But it was all right in the end—they were both saved."

Norah went on speaking in a low, hesitating voice. There was an expression of horror in her eyes, and they were looking, not at her companion, but out over the peaceful, moonlit country.

"The mother was alive—the daughter, Rose, was dead."

"Dead! The sepoys had killed her? The rescue came too late?"

Then Norah turned to Ethel and their eyes met.

"No; it was her mother that killed her. She did it when the natives began to break into the hut."

"Ah!" Ethel's face was pale too now in the white glare of the moonlight, and a long shudder shook her from head to foot.

"My grandmother only lived for a few days after that. They said that the exposure and the hardships had been too much for her. It is a horrible story, dear. I have only known it for a little time myself. Three months ago I was looking through some old letters, and I found out all about it. It has haunted me ever since we have been in Egypt. You understand now why I am afraid. Things like that have happened. They may happen again."

Ethel Gifford glanced nervously over her shoulder, as if expecting to see some lurking horror in the gloom of the deck. Norah put her arm reassuringly round the younger girl's waist.

"It's all right," she said. "Perhaps it was unkind of me to tell you the story, but I hated to have you think that I was a coward. And there is

nothing to frighten you here, darling. To-morrow we go away. This is our last evening."

Ethel could not get to sleep for a long time that night, and, during what seemed to be endless weary hours, she lay on the narrow bed in her cabin staring with watchful eyes into the darkness, and thinking of the story which had been told to her out there on the moonlit deck.

All her careless bravery had gone now, and she was full of apprehension and misgivings. She knew that she too would be happier when they were safely on board the mail steamer, with the low shores of Egypt fading away into the dim, dreamy haze of the southern distance.

It was all true, that Norah Abercromby had said, the girl reflected. What did they, any of them, know of the Arabs—of their thoughts, their ambitions, and their intentions? And yet, here they were, on this unprotected dahabeah, isolated from the town of Luxor, but near to the villages; here they were, nine Europeans—of whom six were women—and a crew of twenty or more native Egyptians.

She tried to comfort herself with the thought of Captain Mervyn and his disbelief in the existence of any disaffection or unrest; but somehow, after hearing Norah's story, there was no satisfaction in these memories, and the man's scepticism seemed to savour more of blind foolhardiness than of courage and wisdom.

At last, after tossing to and fro for a long time, the girl fell into a troubled, uneasy sleep; but it

seemed to her that she had hardly really lost consciousness when she was aroused by the sound of a low knocking at the door of her cabin. She sprang up and unfastened it with trembling fingers. There on the threshold stood Norah, still in her evening gown, and with her face very pale and anxious.

"Ethel," she whispered, "I want you to come up on deck. I am sure that there is something the matter."

Ethel caught up her soft blue dressing-gown and thrust her arms into the sleeves. She did not wait to put on her slippers, but ran out barefoot, and joined her friend on the upper deck.

Norah was leaning over the rail, as she had leaned earlier in the evening, but now her face was turned in the direction of Luxor.

"Look!" she said, "look!" And as Ethel's eyes followed the pointing finger, she saw that the southern sky was aflame with a rosy, dancing light.

"It's a fire!" she cried, "a fire in Luxor! I wonder what it can be. Do you think that it is one of the hotels?"

"There is more than one fire," was the low-spoken, anxious rejoinder. "See that glare to the left, and the other there; and, yes, a third, close to the river. And—and, listen, Ethel! Do you hear all that noise in the village?"

Ethel listened. Norah was right: the night seemed to be alive with a distant murmur, as of disturbed bees. Shouts and cries could be heard

coming from the direction of the clusters of native huts near Karnak. The dogs were barking more loudly and incessantly than ever. Lights flashed hither and thither between the trees.

It was evident that others besides themselves had noticed the red glare in the sky and the prevailing excitement. A number of the sailors of the dahabeah were standing on the bank looking towards the town, while others were huddled together in watchful attitudes on the lower deck. One man was standing on the bank in a scarlet tarbush, and he was talking in a low, vehement voice, and gesticulating fiercely as he talked. Presently he left the group and came quickly across the gangway on to the dahabeah. As the light of a lantern which was hanging by the gangway fell on to his face, the girls could see the features distinctly. It was the dragoman, Abdullah.

Ethel clutched Norah's arm. "Something has happened," she whispered. "Do you think that they mean to attack us? Oh, I am sure, quite sure, that the natives have risen."

The girl, as she spoke, felt positive of the truth of her words.

Her brain was in a whirl, and yet, at the same time, her senses were singularly alert and acute. Everything that was happening seemed vivid and yet unreal. "It is a dream," she said to herself, "a nightmare. I shall wake up soon, and find that I have been dreaming." She shut her eyes for an instant, and, with a conscious effort, tried

to dispel the illusions which enwrapped her; but when she opened them again, she was still out on the moonlit deck of the dahabeah, and the sky was still ruddy with the ominous glare of fire.

"You must not be frightened," Norah said quietly; "perhaps, after all, there is nothing wrong. I wonder whether Captain Mervyn and Jim have got back from Luxor."

At this moment, as if in answer to her words, there was a soft, hurried step on the deck behind them, and, turning, they were confronted by Mrs. Mervyn. She, like Ethel, was in her dressing-gown, and her golden hair hung in two long plaits on either side of her pretty, agitated face.

"What is the matter?" she said. "Why are you out here? I am worried about my husband. He and Jim Danvers have not come back."

Norah put her arm protectingly round the trembling little figure.

All her own fears seemed to have disappeared now, and there was a brave, steadfast light in her dark eyes.

"Perhaps it is nothing," she said again. "But, Ethel, you may as well go and rouse your father. Tell him that there is a fire in Luxor, and—and that the others have not come back."

The girl turned away obediently, and went slowly towards the companion that led down to the lower deck. As she did so a sudden noise of shouting and movement broke out quite near at hand. There was the rattle of small hoofs on the hard pathway, and, looking back, she saw Captain

Mervyn throw himself off his donkey and dash down the steep bank and across the gangway. He shouted commands to the Arab sailors as he came. The man's head was bare, his hair and clothes were dishevelled, and one arm hung limply at his side. There was a cut on his forehead, and the blood from it had trickled down his face.

"There is a row on," he gasped, in answer to the eager inquiries of his wife and Norah, "a devil of a row, in Luxor. The natives! it is the natives!" He ran hurriedly down the companion, brushing against Ethel as he went, and entered his own cabin. When he reappeared he carried a revolver in his hand.

Sir Alfred Gifford—a strange, incongruous figure in pink pyjamas, with an expression of utter bewilderment on his rosy face—had now joined the group. Ethel found herself wondering, foolishly, why she had forgotten to put on her slippers. As she stumbled across the deck again, it seemed to her that her long dressing-gown and lace-trimmed night-dress caught her feet and impeded her progress.

"It is a dream," she said to herself, "a silly, horrible dream;" but the red flare of distant fires was still in her eyes, and the din of strident voices and hurrying footsteps was still in her ears.

Sir Alfred and Mervyn were talking together in low tones when she reached them, and the words "Murder," "Poor Danvers," "Fire and treachery" could be distinguished; but there was no time now for detailed explanations, no time for preparations, no time for thoughts of defence.

It was evident, from the movements of the Arabs on the bank, that some new excitement was afoot; and soon, in the clear moonlight, a crowd could be seen coming quickly across the fields from the native village. It was a noisy crowd, a turbulent crowd, a crowd of pushing, shouting, hurrying figures. Some of them carried torches, and others brandished sticks and weapons in their hands. The red wavering light shone and flickered on dark, frantic faces, on turbaned heads, and on the gleaming blades of knives.

At the approach of the mob, the sailors fled back on to the dahabeah, and attempted to drag the gang-plank after them; but it was easy to see that all efforts at resistance would be useless. The numbers of the assailants were overwhelming, and in a few moments they were surging over the steep mud-bank, plunging into the dark water, and flinging themselves with mad fury upon the vessel.

There were old men among the throng, with thin, fanatical faces; bright-eyed, smooth-cheeked boys; and stalwart, half-naked savages, fresh from their work at the shadoofs on the river-bank. It seemed to Ethel, as she watched them, that there was a weapon in every hand, open hostility in every face, and a curse in every mouth.

When the first head appeared above the rail Captain Mervyn discharged his revolver full into the fierce, vindictive face; but as the man fell back another took his place, and another and another, in what seemed to be a never-ending procession.

They climbed on board, clinging desperately to

ropes and stanchions. They pushed and crowded each other on the narrow gang-plank, swarmed over the decks, and flung themselves into the saloons and cabins.

The two Englishmen were powerless to do anything against the attacking hordes, and although they fought desperately, in a minute or two they were completely overwhelmed.

In the first rush and confusion Ethel saw her father struggling in the grip of a huge Arab, while a second brandished a knife above his head. In another part of the deck Mervyn was doing his utmost to protect his wife and Norah Abercromby. The former clung wildly to his arm, but she was torn away and flung roughly to one side.

Ethel heard her cry of agony and caught a momentary glimpse of the white, convulsed face and gleaming plaits of hair. And then suddenly the thought of her mother in the cabin below flashed into the girl's mind, and she managed somehow to push her way through the howling mob and to reach the top of the companion.

There, however, the clinging folds of her long dress once again entangled themselves round her feet and seemed to drag her back with an irresistible force, so that, struggle as she might, it was impossible for her to descend the stairs. "Mother, mother!" she tried to scream, but no sound came from her dry lips. She could not move and she could not speak, but she could see the whole length of the corridor, and she could see the door of her mother's room.

A man was there, a native in a blue dress, with a white turban on his head and a dark cloak hanging from his shoulders. He was pushing with all his strength at the door. After a moment it gave way, and then a wild shriek, in the shrill voice of Louise, the French maid, rang out. The man entered the cabin. When he came out again there were dark streaks on his blue dress, and a pearl necklace—a necklace which Lady Gifford had always worn—dangled from his blood-stained fingers.

"It is a dream," Ethel said to herself. "In a little while I shall awake."

Up till now the girl herself had not been attacked; but as the man with the pearl necklace came up the companion he caught sight of her cowering, dumb and motionless, against the wall. He stopped and thrust the jewels into the loose folds at his breast. Then he stripped off his rough woollen cloak, muffled her in it tightly, flung her with a jerk half over his shoulder, and carried her down the stairs and out on to the lower deck.

Ethel was dazed, blinded, and nearly suffocated with the heavy, evil-smelling folds of the garment in which she was wrapped; but she knew, as well as if she had been able to see, that the man was taking her across the gang-plank, up the steep muddy bank, and along the field path in the direction of the native village.

Presently she was set down roughly on to her feet, and heard the sound of an opening door.

Then she was seized again, the cloak was torn from her, and she was flung forward into a close, dusty interior. The door was slammed, and there was the grating noise of stiff bolts being dragged into place.

For a little while the girl lay where she had been thrown, stunned and breathless, and then suddenly a hand touched her in the darkness. She sprang to her feet with a wild scream of terror, but a voice—a voice that she knew—whispered, "Ethel." In another moment she was gasping and sobbing in Norah Abercromby's arms.

It was a dark shed into which the two girls had been thrust—a stable, evidently; for as their eyes became accustomed to the murky gloom, they could make out a heap of fodder in one corner, a manger with a raised step beneath it, and a halter hanging from a ring in the mud wall. There was no window, but the bright moonlight filtered in through chinks and gaps in the walls and roof. The air was heavy and stifling, and from somewhere near at hand came the weird, long-drawn howls of a pariah dog.

For a few minutes the mere presence of her friend was a comfort to Ethel, but before long, as they clung together in the hot darkness, she began to realize the full horror of their position.

"What can we do?" she whispered anxiously. But although the other pressed her hand and held her more closely, she had no hope or reassurance to offer.

"We can do nothing, Ethel," she said at last, in a low, lifeless voice. "We cannot escape, for the door is fastened, and there is a man outside. Bend your head, and you will be able to see his feet under the door."

Ethel obeyed. Yes, it was quite true; she could see distinctly the dark silhouette of bare feet beneath the ill-fitting door. They were prisoners, and closely guarded. Escape was impossible.

After a moment Norah spoke again.

"We cannot get away," she said; "it would be useless, quite useless, to try. But—but—there is one thing that we can do."

"Yes," faltered Ethel, "yes?"

"I have something here," the other went on. "Feel, in my right hand. It is Captain Mervyn's revolver. I—I picked it up after he—after he—— Ethel, do you remember the story that I told you last night?"

"Yes," whispered her companion, "I remember."

"We must do the same thing that—that she did, but we will wait till the last moment, the very last. Someone may come from Luxor to help us; they cannot all have been killed. But—but—if no one comes—— It is the only thing, Ethel dear—the only possible thing for us to do."

"Yes, I understand."

"We will wait until the Arabs open that door, and then—— The revolver is loaded. I will shoot you first and then myself."

"Yes, Norah, I see."

"I will be the one to do it, dear. I am older and stronger than you. It would not do to—to fail, at the last. Kiss me, Ethel, and forgive me. It is the only thing to be done."

For a little time longer the two girls waited in silence. Every now and then they heard a movement, as their guardian shuffled his feet in the sand or altered his position. At last there was the sound of approaching steps, and then a loud knocking at the door.

"It is time, Ethel," whispered Norah. "Don't cry, darling; it is the only thing for us to do."

And then there was another knock, a louder one than before, and with a great start Ethel awoke, to find that it was broad daylight, that her pillow was wet with tears, and that Janet, her Scotch maid, was waiting with her early morning tea outside the cabin door.

"I knocked three times, miss," remarked Janet, as she entered. "You must have been quite tired out after your long ride yesterday afternoon."

"No, there's nothing the matter—really nothing," said Ethel a few minutes later, for Janet would not be put off without some explanation of her young mistress's pale face and heavy, dark-rimmed eyes. "I am quite well, but I had a dream,—a strange, horrible dream,—and I am glad, yes, I am very glad, that we are going away from Egypt."

"A dream!" Janet paused with a hair-brush in her hand. "A bad dream! Well, you must tell me all about it one of these days, miss. Dreams

are queer things, to be sure. Some of them have meanings. Water, now—that means a sea journey; and a snake is an enemy. Then other dreams are different. They have no meanings, but are just forecasts, as it were, warnings, to tell us of things that are perhaps going to happen."

Ethel got up from her seat, and going to the door of the cabin, opened it and stood looking out across the level green fields to the palm groves, the ruined pylons of Karnak temple, and the brown mud houses of the native village. It was all sunlit, peaceful, and exquisite in the early morning light; but, as she gazed, there was a strange, uneasy expression in the girl's eyes.

"Some dreams are forecasts," she whispered to herself, "warnings, to tell us of things that are perhaps going to happen."

VIII

MISS MARKHAM ELOPES

GEORGE HARVEY proposed to the Canadian girl, Hattie Markham, one warm December evening, as they were riding home in the crimson afterglow, across the desert.

Hattie was spending the winter at Aswàn with her chaperon, Mrs. P. W. Binks, and was having a most delightful time. She was not in the least like the typical transatlantic young lady, for she did not speak with a twang, and she was not particularly pretty, particularly smart, nor particularly rich. She was, however, a thoroughly nice girl, clever, sweet-tempered, and good at games. She had a clear, sunburnt complexion, a slender, graceful figure, brown eyes, and the most charming smile in the world.

Young George Harvey, who was something or another on the Dam, and who had nothing, practically, but his pay, his prospects, his brains, and a rather absurd amount of pride, fell in love with Miss Markham almost at first sight, when he saw her playing tennis in the middle of the day on one of the glaring asphalt courts at the

Cataract Hotel, and it was only a fortnight later that he asked her to be his wife.

"I know that I am not half good enough for you, of course, and I have not much to offer you at present. But I mean to get on, and—and I love you, dear, and will do my best to make you happy."

Hattie glanced up at the square, boyish face doubtfully. She and George had been very good friends for a fortnight—but a fortnight is only fourteen days, after all. It had never occurred to her to picture him as a possible husband.

The idea was an unfamiliar one, and she felt that she must have time to think it over before coming to a decision.

"We should be badly off at first," Harvey went on; "but that would not last for long. Besides, you are not the sort of girl to care much about fuss and luxuries. We might have a little cottage in the country, or a flat, and I have always thought that a caravan would be awfully jolly for a summer holiday."

Hattie turned her head away, and an amused little smile curved her lips.

She was not an heiress by any means, or even very well off—but still she had quite a comfortable income of her own.

She did not look an expensive girl, for she always dressed simply, while her chaperon was a very smart and fashionable-looking lady indeed. Many people in the hotel thought that it was Mrs. Binks who paid the bills, and that Miss Markham was her humble companion.

Evidently George Harvey was under this delusion now, and Hattie determined that, at present, there was no need for him to be undeceived.

His next words made her very glad that she had come to this decision.

"Of course, if you had been one of those disgustingly rich American girls, I should never have thought of—of this. I loathe heiresses, and nothing would induce me to marry one; but, as it is—— Miss Markham—Hattie—what do you say? Have I a chance? Could you ever—care for me?"

The young man's voice shook a little, and there was an eager light in his eyes, that were as clear and dark as those of the girl that rode beside him.

Hattie still hesitated, but the idea did not seem so strange now as it had done a few minutes ago. George was young, certainly, barely four-and-twenty, — only two years her senior,—and he was ridiculously boyish, in some ways; but still—— She glanced round at him, and their eyes met.

"I have a little money of my own, you know," she began diffidently; but the other interrupted her, with a laugh.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Enough to pay for your own clothes, I suppose; I don't object to that." He eyed her plain but well-cut and expensive coat and skirt with ignorant approval. "I'm quite sure you don't spend much on your

things, for you never go in for frills and furbelows and ruches. I am making three hundred a year now, and it will be more soon, so we should be able to get along splendidly."

"Yes, I have enough to pay for my clothes," the girl said quietly. "But I can't answer you to-day, Mr. Harvey. You have taken me by surprise, you see, and I must have a little time to think it all over. Speak to me again about this in a week, and then I shall know my own mind."

The donkey-boys were a long way behind, and it was getting dark.

The whole world seemed to be aflame with the rosy radiance of the afterglow. On one side there was a glimpse of the Nile—blood-red under the ruddy sky—and in front glittered the lights in the windows and verandas of the great hotel.

George stooped forward—the donkeys were very close together—and taking his companion's hand, he raised it to his lips and kissed the soft, sunburnt fingers.

"I will ask you again in a week," he said, and then, for a little while, they rode on together hand in hand.

As they neared Aswàn Harvey began to talk of his hopes, his prospects and his ambitions, and the girl listened with a newly awakened interest to the glowing descriptions of hard work, success, fame, and of the wonderful appointments which might be obtained in India, South Africa, or the Far East.

The young man was by nature very silent and reserved, and until now there had been little in his manner or speech to tell her of what he had in his mind.

She really had been taken completely by surprise when he proposed to her, but gradually, as she listened to the eager, confident words and looked up now and then at the strong, self-reliant face, her heart began to beat more quickly than was its wont, and she realized that, had George pressed for his answer again, she might have been induced to give up all ideas of the probationary week.

It was late when they reached the hotel, but Hattie lingered for a minute at the post office in the hall. A mail was in and there was a letter for her from Canada. The girl was an orphan, without many near relations, so her correspondence was not, as a rule, of any vital interest or importance to her. She tore open the envelope of her letter carelessly as she strolled along the corridor to her room.

The missive was not a long one, but it told Hattie a startling and quite unexpected piece of news.

An old man, her great-uncle, was dying in Quebec, he could not possibly live more than a few days, and on his death-bed he had altered his will, disinherited an unsatisfactory nephew, and left the whole of his enormous fortune to his dear niece, Harriet Millicent Markham.

That was the tidings contained in the letter, and

when the girl had grasped the truth she sat down on the edge of her white mosquito-netted bed with a pale and dismayed face.

She was an heiress! In a day or two she would be what George Harvey called "disgustingly rich," and he had declared that nothing would ever induce him to marry a woman with money of her own.

He had touched on this topic more than once during the homeward ride, and Hattie had wondered what he would say when he realized the extent of her modest little fortune.

It would be easy to explain matters and to pacify him, she had said to herself,—if necessary, even, it would have been quite easy to spend the entire income on her own dress,—but now the aspect of affairs had changed completely.

She would be almost, if not quite a millionaire, and the existence of millions cannot be ignored or concealed.

"If he hears of it he will never ask me to marry him again." The girl said this to herself, and she knew that it was the literal truth. She knew, too, with a sudden shock of realization, that she loved George, and that if anything were to come between them now her heart would be broken and her life spoilt.

Hattie was a very straightforward, clear-sighted girl, and she did not attempt to deceive herself or to shut her eyes to the possibilities of the future. She unfolded the letter, which was from an aunt who was her nearest relation in

the world, and read it through for the second time.

"Poor uncle cannot live more than a few days longer. When it is over, I will write to you again, and also to Mrs. Binks. Perhaps it would be a good plan for you to leave Egypt and come right home."

Hattie glanced at the postmark and made a rapid calculation.

There would be another letter in three days and the news of her uncle's death would, almost certainly, reach her then. It would at the same time reach Mrs. P. W. Binks, who had the reputation of being the greatest gossip in North America.

Long before the week of probation came to an end, every one in Aswàn, if not every one in Egypt, would have heard the news of Miss Markham's newly acquired riches, and when it came to George Harvey's ears he would consider himself bound, as an honourable man, to draw back, leave his proposal unrepeated, and retire out of her life altogether.

Hattie did not go down to dinner that evening, but she stood for a long time at the open window of her room, looking out at the wonderful, moonlit panorama of silver river, ebony-black rocks, and golden sand, while the dry desert wind, blowing straight from the heart of Africa, fanned her cheeks.

It was very quiet and peaceful, but the contrast between the old world and the new, between modern civilization and the savage liberty of the

wilderness, were forced upon the mind of the observer with a violence that was almost disconcerting.

Behind was the great, fashionable hotel, replete with all the inventions and luxuries of twentieth-century life, and in front was the Nile, with all the magic and ancient wisdom that its name implies, and the desert, symbol for all time of lawlessness and wild freedom.

From across the water came the weird, rhythmic creaking of a *sakieh*, incessant and plaintive, as it has sounded through the green length of Egypt for hundreds and thousands of years; and far away, down in the hall of the hotel, the strident voice of a gramophone was shouting the latest popular song.

The girl felt as if she were a link between the two worlds which confronted each other at such close quarters, and there, with her face to the desert, she told herself that she would throw convention aside and take the threads of destiny into her own hands.

Why should her life—and George's too—her cheeks flushed softly there in the moonlight as she murmured the Christian name to herself,—why should both their lives be ruined for the sake of the opinions of society and for some stupid, artificial rules of etiquette?

If she did not think and act for herself now, George would go away—ostensibly to make his fortune, perhaps—before claiming her as his wife, and all their best years would be wasted.

A fortune takes a very long time to make, in the usual course of events, and how absurd and unnecessary it all seemed, when she had enough money of her own to enable dozens of young couples to live in comfort and luxury.

Happiness was too good a thing to be thrown away lightly, and what did pride and honour and self-respect matter when love, the greatest thing in the world, was at stake?

As she looked out, with dreamy eyes, at the moonlit wilderness, Hattie seemed to be able to see more clearly and to understand more fully than she had ever done before.

The customs and conventions of society suddenly became very trivial and ridiculous, while the real things—the things that mattered—assumed their proper places and dimensions in the great scheme of life.

It was a desperate position in which the girl found herself, and desperate measures must needs be taken. She considered everything, and weighed everything with a calm deliberation which, at another time and under other conditions, would have seemed to her quite impossible and almost indecent.

When, at last, she turned her back upon the open window, and upon the blue and gold and silver that go to make up an Egyptian night, all her plans for the future were complete.

"I wonder if it is leap year?" she murmured, with a whimsical little smile, and then she sat down and wrote a note to George Harvey, saying

that she wished to speak to him on the following day.

It was early in the afternoon when the young engineer came over to Aswàn, and Hattie Markham met him in the hall of the hotel.

There was a certain amount of latitude granted to Hattie as a Colonial, and no one pretended to be shocked when she led the young man through the blazing sunlight of the garden and into one of the little arbours beyond the lawn.

There were a couple of comfortable chairs in the arbour, and a thick network of creepers and loofah vines made a pleasant green shade overhead.

Away in the hot distance shimmered a dazzling strip of blue Nile, and beyond was the black and vivid orange colour of the Nubian desert.

Nearer at hand some indigo-clad gardeners were employed in making the croquet lawn into a morass, and two strange long-legged birds strutted hither and thither among the flowers and screamed at each other in savage, strident voices.

It was half-past two, the hottest hour of the tropical winter day, and, for the present, George and Hattie had the garden to themselves.

The young American girl plunged into her subject at once. She spoke quite clearly and without any affectation or hesitancy.

"I want to tell you," she said, "that there is no need, after all, for you to wait a week. I have made up my mind, and it is only fair to let you know at once. My answer is 'Yes.'"

She raised her quiet, serious eyes to the young man's face and dropped them again before the expression which she saw there.

"You—you care for me?" George said, and there was a strange husky stammer in his voice. Hattie realized then that her lover was a man, and not the mere boy that she had been inclined to think him.

He threw himself down upon his knees at her side, and hid his face for a moment in the soft white muslin of her dress.

She touched the dark, close-cropped head with gentle, caressing fingers. "Yes, I—care," she answered, and for a little while they talked together in broken whispers on the wonderful subjects of their love and their happiness. After a time, however, the girl remembered the difficulties which still had to be encountered, and contrived to guide the conversation into more practical and prosaic channels.

It was necessary, absolutely necessary, that there should be a definite engagement between them—an engagement which could be announced publicly, and from which George, even with his rigid ideas of pride and honour, and his determination not to marry an heiress, would not be able to escape.

"You take things rather for granted, dear," Hattie murmured, with a smile and a most becoming blush. "Do you know that you have not asked me to marry you yet, nor even mentioned an engagement ring?"

These omissions were quickly rectified, and a few moments later Miss Markham, with the rosy colour still in her cheeks, and with a quaint little agate signet ring on the third finger of her left hand, was listening while Harvey told her that, even if she had not written to him, he should have come over to Aswàn that afternoon.

"I had a letter from Ceylon this morning, it came at the same time as yours, and really it is the most wonderful bit of luck. A man I know there has offered me a job. It will be quite a good thing and decent pay. I made up my mind at once that I must tell you about it, and ask you to—to let me off that week."

The blush deepened in Hattie's face. There had been no need, then, for her to write the note and take the first step. She wondered if George had thought her conduct forward and unmaidenly, but one glance at the eager, boyish face brought reassurance. They loved each other, that was the only thing that mattered, and she listened quietly while the young man went on with his story.

An appointment had been offered to him in Colombo, a good appointment, and one which it would be foolish to refuse, but, in order to secure it, Harvey would be obliged to leave Egypt and go out to the East immediately.

"I must start at once, in three days; but now that—that we understand each other, it does not matter so much, does it? I shall be making quite a good income, and there will be no need

for us to wait very long. You will stick to me, dear, won't you? And we can write to each other by every mail."

"Yes, I will stick to you, George," answered Hattie. She was leaning forward in her chair now, and her face had paled suddenly.

She had realized all in a moment what this news meant, and failure and disaster seemed to be very near at hand.

With George at the other side of the world even the most definite of engagements might not be sufficient to hold him, for she felt positive that when he heard of her horrible money he would consider himself bound in honour to release her from her promise.

She would meet with nothing but opposition, too, from her Canadian friends and relations; and then was not India the land of fevers and sunstrokes, of countless dangers and of sudden death?

Hattie shivered out there in the blazing sunshine, and glanced at her lover's confident face with scared eyes.

If it had really been necessary for him to leave her—if he had been a soldier, for instance, called to fight for his country—she would have let him go cheerfully and bravely, but, as it was, nothing important or heroic was at stake.

It was only a question of money, and she was not going to allow everything to be sacrificed for pride and prejudice.

George Harvey certainly had a very firm

mouth and a very obstinate chin, and Hattie found herself wondering vaguely whether it would be possible to spend £30,000 a year on dress.

She smiled at her own thoughts, and then, while the young man went on to describe his future prospects at length and in detail, a wild and yet possible scheme formed itself gradually in her mind.

She was a clever girl, and in spite of her youth and inexperience she knew how men should be managed, and that is the one thing in the world which every woman ought to know.

Young men of four-and-twenty do not, as a rule, welcome advice and suggestions, even from those most dear to them, but Hattie contrived to make George believe that the romantic plan of an elopement and a marriage in Cairo was entirely his own idea. She even managed to demur, in the most natural manner possible, when he proposed that they should leave Aswàn in disguise on the night of the great annual fancy ball.

Hattie's brown eyes danced merrily when this last arrangement was finally decided upon, and she agreed with delight when George suggested—and this really was his own thought—that they should go to the dance as native women, and travel down to Luxor in these costumes.

"It is good of you to agree to it all, Hattie, you really are a darling," George said. All his reserve and gravity had disappeared now, and his face was alight with boyish eagerness and love of adventure. "We could never get away

from a place like this, where every one knows everybody, except in disguise. It will be a jolly lark. What would old Mother Binks say if she knew what was up? But you won't have to be a lady companion much longer, thank goodness."

Hattie smiled demurely.

"It will be fun," she agreed. "Oh, George, think of it, two native women! I must be one of the little brown sort, and you a big black one with a white *yashmak*. Won't it be simply heavenly? And, after all, why should not we do as we like? A marriage has been arranged—that is what you say in your English newspapers—well, we are going to arrange our marriage for ourselves, in our own way, and if it is rather an unusual way, we are both over twenty-one, and no one has any right to interfere."

By four o'clock, when they strolled up to the hotel for tea, everything was satisfactorily settled. George knew a man in Cairo who would arrange about the wedding and procure whatever corresponded to a special licence, Mrs. Binks was safely in bed with sciatica and would not be up for a week, the ball was to take place in three days' time, they would leave at daybreak on Wednesday morning, catch the early train to Luxor, and George would go straight on to Cairo.

"You must stay for a few hours in Luxor and have a rest," the young man decreed, "and then go on to Cairo in the evening by the *train de luxe*. I shall get there first, and will see about

everything. Then, when you come, we will go straight to the church,—oh, Hattie, my dear good girl, what a time we are going to have!—and the boat for Ceylon leaves Port Said on Thursday evening."

Hattie acquiesced in all these plans. She had made a few private calculations, and had decided that the next mail from America would not reach Aswàn till Thursday afternoon. By that time she would be Mrs. George Harvey, and a man cannot divorce his wife because, after marriage, she inherits a fortune.

That evening, when George had returned to Shellal, the girl went back to the garden, meaning to sit and think quietly about her future plans, but on her arrival she found that the arbour had another occupant.

Miss Muriel Beauchamp was sitting at her ease in one of the cane chairs, and as Miss Beauchamp was the one person in the hotel whom Hattie cordially disliked, she strolled on, intending to make her way to a seat at the end of the lawn.

Miss Beauchamp, however, called her back.

"Oh, Miss Markham, one moment; I was hoping to see you. I have a—a little confession to make."

Hattie stopped.

"A confession?" she repeated. "I don't understand."

Muriel Beauchamp smiled self-consciously and hung her head. She was a pretty girl, in a doll-like style, with a pink-and-white complexion,

fluffy hair and shrewd grey eyes with long black lashes.

"Oh, I am so ashamed," she said, "but you must forgive me. I was here this afternoon, my chair is just outside, and—and I must have fallen asleep. When I awoke, you and Mr. Harvey were talking, and it was not my fault, but—but I overheard what you were saying."

Hattie coloured painfully.

"How long were you there?" she faltered. It was horrible to think that all her conversation with George had been overheard.

Muriel smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, I did not hear much," she said; "nothing to matter, but, well, I know all about your perfectly delicious little plan."

"Our plan!"

"Yes, darling, to run away, in disguise, and get married. I do think it so clever of you, and so brave."

The other girl breathed more freely. Apparently the eavesdropper had only been present during the latter part of the momentous interview. It remained, therefore, to accept Miss Beauchamp's fervent apologies and to forget the incident.

"Why did not you let us know you were there?" she asked bluntly. "But it does not really matter. Of course we can trust you not to say anything about our—our plans."

She was turning away, but Miss Beauchamp stopped her again.

"Wait, darling," she murmured, in her soft, caressing voice that was such a strange contrast to the cold, calculating eyes. "Wait; we must talk this over together. I am older than you"—she was, by some six or seven years—"and perhaps a little wiser. Of course I sympathize with you, oh, so much, but it may be my duty—my painful duty—to stop this charming, but perhaps rather mad and reckless, plan from being carried out."

Hattie sat down in the chair opposite Miss Beauchamp and waited quietly for further developments. She was a clever girl, and, just then, a very determined one.

"You shall not prevent it," she said simply, after a pause.

"We have quite made up our minds, and you must swear, on your word of honour, to say nothing."

Muriel did not answer for a moment. Apparently she was thinking deeply. She glanced at Hattie's simple white dress with its delicate inset lace and touches of hand-embroidery, and then her eyes wandered up to the string of pearls that encircled the dainty lace collar band.

"Supposing I say nothing," she whispered, "I wonder whether you would be grateful to poor little me? As you are going away, perhaps you might give me something as a—a keepsake."

"A keepsake?"

"Yes, or would it be better to call it a thank-offering?"

"I see," said Hattie, and her voice was very

cold and stern. "I understand; you will keep our secret if I pay you to hold your tongue. That is what you mean."

"Oh, don't be so unkind, dearest; what are you thinking of? It is not a question of payment, but—but——"

"But of blackmail," finished the other, with a scornful curl of the lips. "Well, what is it you want—as a little keepsake?"

Miss Beauchamp changed her tactics completely then, and leaned back in her chair with a defiant laugh.

"You can call it blackmail, if you like," she said. "I never can see that there is any harm in it. If one picks up a piece of jewellery or money in the street, one sells it or gets a reward. Why should not it be the same with other things? I have picked up a little secret. Will you give me a reward, or shall I sell it to—say, Mrs. P. W. Binks?"

Hattie's steady, honest eyes did not flinch.

"Tell me what you want?" she said, and a greedy, cunning expression came into the other girl's pretty face.

"I want your pearl necklace. It is real, I suppose, and mine,"—she twitched at her own throat,—"mine is only imitation."

Hattie raised her hands to the clasp of her necklace, and then, as a sudden thought struck her, dropped them again into her lap.

"You shall have the pearls," she said, "if you say nothing. I will send them to you from Cairo."

Muriel's face fell.

"Oh, but why——" she began. The other interrupted her curtly.

"In case, after all, you should decide that it was your duty—your painful duty—to betray us," she said, and then, without another word, she got up from her seat, turned her back upon the pretty little blackmailer, and strolled up to the hotel.

The fancy-dress ball at the Cataract Hotel was always a brilliant affair, but this year it was even more crowded and more successful than usual.

Never had such gorgeous and such original costumes been seen in Upper Egypt, and never had the prizes offered for those costumes been so valuable and so desirable.

There were crusaders present—in real mail armour—fairies, cooks, Red Indians, kings and queens, monks and nuns, witches and court ladies. Peasants from every nation in Europe chatted amicably with Undines, Carmens, Puritans, Pharaohs, and demons. Besides these there were, of course, any number of Jews, Turks, Moors, negroes, and several most realistic Bishareen Arabs with white clothes, black faces, frizzed hair, and countless strings of coloured beads.

Among the native costumes there were many dancers in the efficient disguise of yashmak, veil and trailing draperies, and it was noticed that two of these black-clad women waltzed together again and again.

The American girl looked very small and quaint with her kohl-edged eyes peering from either side of the strange nose ornament of the Egyptians, and George Harvey, with a white yashmak covering the lower half of his face, was a stalwart, brawny negress to the life.

Hattie was rather quiet and nervous during the early part of the evening, for she had had a terrible fright just before dinner, and, for a time, all her carefully-laid plans had been in jeopardy.

This is what had happened.

She went up to her room about six o'clock to dress for the ball, and, as she switched on the electric light at the door, she started back with an involuntary cry of horror and dismay. There, on the table in front of her, was lying a black-edged envelope.

She picked it up and glanced at it hurriedly. Yes, the stamp was a Canadian one, and the post-mark was Quebec.

The girl's face grew pale, for she realized exactly what it was that had happened.

Her old uncle was dead, and this letter had caught an earlier mail than she had thought possible. It brought tidings of the great inheritance to her, and, what was of more importance, the same post would have brought the same news to Mrs. P. W. Binks.

At any moment now the information might be imparted to one of that lady's numerous cronies, and then it would spread like wild-fire through the hotel.

George would hear, and there would come fuss, trouble, opposition, and, perhaps, disaster.

Hattie quite realized that, if the truth were once known, it would be impossible for the romantic flight to take place. Harvey would never consent to elope with an heiress, and, anyhow, she could not force him into such an intolerable position, or allow him to appear before the eyes of the world as a blackguard and an unscrupulous fortune-hunter.

She tore the envelope of her letter open, and then hesitated, thrust it unread into her pocket, and, turning, hurried along the corridor to her chaperon's room.

Mrs. Binks was still in bed, and Miss Gordon-King, the second most famous gossip in Egypt, was sitting with her. The two ladies had their heads close together over a new and most interesting piece of scandal when Hattie arrived upon the scene.

She entered the room softly, and glanced about with bright, eager eyes.

Yes, it was all right, she was in time; the maid had fetched the letters from the office, and they were lying on a table near the door.

Hattie picked them up with well-feigned carelessness.

"Here are your letters, dear," she said. "I am so glad that you are better. I will go now, as you have Miss Gordon-King, but later on, when I am dressed, I will come in and see you again."

She tripped across the room and laid two perfectly innocuous missives—one from Cairo and the other from Paris—on the counterpane.

There were now two black-edged envelopes in her own pocket.

Miss Markham went straight from Mrs. Binks' room to that of Muriel Beauchamp, for the affair of the letters had frightened her, and she determined to take steps to prevent another accident of the same sort from taking place.

Miss Beauchamp was the only person who could be employed as a confederate in this very delicate matter. She was discovered sitting at her dressing-table attired as a lady of the eighteenth century, and engaged in putting the finishing touches to her complexion. She rose to greet the new-comer with a powder-puff still between her dainty fingers.

"I have come to say good-bye," said Hattie, "and to tell you that the pearl necklace shall be posted to you from Cairo. Now, there is something else you can do, and if you agree I will give you my diamond ear-rings as well."

The girl spoke bluntly, and did not make any attempt to gloss over her meaning. Muriel's eyes glittered greedily.

"You know that I will do anything to help you, dear——" she began with effusion. The other interrupted her.

"It is another little piece of—dirty work; but perhaps you will not mind that." Hattie loathed her present task, and despised her confederate.

She could not keep the scorn out of her voice, and a shamed crimson stained her own cheeks. "I want you to fetch Mrs. Binks' letters from the office to-morrow,—say that I asked you to do it, —and, if there are any from America, keep them back till Thursday. Do you understand? it is very important."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand; and the earrings——"

"Shall be sent to you from Cairo—directly I get there, with the other—keepsake."

When she was alone again, Muriel stood for some minutes with the powder-puff still in her hand and with a pensive expression on her pretty, painted face. It was evident that Miss Markham was a young person of some importance, and very rich—otherwise she would not scatter bribes in the shape of pearl necklaces and diamond earrings with such a lavish hand—and it was evident, too, that this elopement was something more than a foolish, romantic escapade.

Miss Beauchamp wondered whether, to-morrow morning, it would be a good plan to go with the story to Mrs. P. W. Binks, but, after mature consideration, she decided this point in the negative.

The runaways might easily be stopped by telegraph, and then what would happen about the promised jewels?

"Perhaps Miss Markham—or Mrs. Harvey—may be a useful friend to me in the future, if I play my cards nicely." The girl smiled to herself at the

thought, and then she went down to the ball with a light heart, and won a first prize for her fancy dress.

Later on, when the story of the heiress and the clandestine marriage was public property, Muriel boasted proudly of her share in the affair, and proclaimed herself the bosom friend and confidante of its heroine.

"Oh, dear me, yes, I knew all about it beforehand; the dear things told me themselves. It was all so romantic. Hattie and I were great friends, you know, and I helped them with all their little plans."

The American girl went up to her room some time before the ball came to an end, for she still had a few last preparations to make.

When everything was done she sat down at the open window with a sigh of relief.

It was necessary to delay the discovery of her flight for as long a time as possible, so, with this end in view, she had flung back the bedclothes, hidden her sun-hat and riding-whip, and arranged dressing-gown and slippers in the most carefully careless manner. She felt quite confident that when the chambermaid entered the room she would think that its occupant had gone out for her usual morning ride; and, as Mrs. Binks was ill, it might be quite late in the day before the true state of affairs would become known.

Of course, everything depended upon Miss Beauchamp's silence, but Hattie had little anxiety on this score.

The girl looked a very quaint, incongruous figure as she waited there in the luxuriously-furnished bedroom, for her disguise was a complete one. The neat travelling dress was concealed beneath flowing, dingy draperies, her face was stained brown above the black yashmak, and, to make the realism perfect, her hands, and even her slender, bare feet, were coloured to match.

Hat, shoes, stockings, veil, and gloves were packed away in a large and very native-looking bundle, which also contained her little dressing-case, some jewellery done up in a neat packet, and two black-edged envelopes.

Nothing had been forgotten, and Hattie's heart beat quickly with excitement and happiness as she waited for her lover to come and fetch her away.

At four o'clock, when the moon had set and the dawn had not yet begun to break, two native women might have been seen—had there been any observers or any light—making their stealthy way through the grounds of the Cataract Hotel and down the road. One of them carried a couple of large and heavy bundles.

"If you walk in the middle of the road, where it's dusty, darling," remarked the tall one, in a low voice, "you won't find it quite so beastly hard for your poor little feet."

At daybreak the same two women were squatting in true Eastern fashion on the platform of the railway station, and, when the train appeared, they took their places in a third-class carriage.

The fugitives had left the later details of their adventure very much to chance, and had made no plans as to how Hattie, who did not know a word of Arabic, should manage if anyone accosted her, or as to when and where the disguises should be discarded.

Luck, however, favoured them at every point, for the train was not crowded and it stopped at every station. There was no difficulty, therefore, in moving from one carriage to another.

When Luxor was reached, two English people, a man and a girl, stepped out of a first-class compartment, and waited for the train to Cairo. The girl's cheeks were rather noticeably sunburnt, and her brown eyes looked as if they had been put in with a dirty finger.

The young man had pulled his grey felt hat low down over his eyes, for the black stain was very stubborn, and even cold cream and eau-de-Cologne had not proved quite effectual in its removal.

George carried a leather bag in his hand, and there was a neat dressing-case in the carriage that was waiting to take Hattie to one of the quieter of the Luxor hotels.

The disguises and the large cotton handkerchiefs in which the bundles had been wrapped were lying beside the railway line somewhere between Edfou and Esneh.

"Has not it been lovely and haven't we managed everything splendidly?" said Hattie, as she bade goodbye to George. "I wonder what they are all

doing at Aswàn, and mind you are on the platform in Cairo to meet me to-morrow morning."

She waved her hand and smiled merrily, but, when the train had disappeared, her face grew serious and thoughtful. She knew better than her young lover how much depended upon the success of this seemingly rather foolish and unnecessary escapade.

Everything went well, however, and the next day's programme was carried out in the most satisfactory manner. As Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey drove away from the church, after their wedding, they stopped the carriage at the post office, as the bride had several things that she wanted to dispatch to Aswàn.

"You might buy me a few stamps, George," she said to her husband, and, while he was busy with this errand, she slipped into the box a black-edged envelope addressed to Mrs. P. W. Binks, a long explanatory and apologetic letter from herself to the same lady, and a little parcel for Miss Muriel Beauchamp.

Some six weeks later the newly-married couple went up from Colombo to Newera Elia for a few days' belated honeymoon. Letters had been forwarded by now from Egypt and from America, so George knew all that there was to be known about his wife's wealth.

He had insisted, however, upon spending a few months quietly in Ceylon before going home to assume the obnoxious rôle of a *nouveau riche*.

"It's an awful nuisance, but it can't be helped

now," he had said, when he first heard the news, and Hattie smiled quietly to herself.

She knew that she had been right, and that if she had not taken the management of affairs into her own hands, the marriage would, most likely, never have taken place at all.

George was becoming reconciled now to the idea of a steam yacht and motor-cars, but he still regretted the caravan in which he had proposed that summer holidays should be spent.

The first afternoon at Newera Elia was delightfully wet and chilly, quite like English weather, every one said, and George and Hattie spent it very comfortably by a fire in their own sitting-room.

They talked about Egypt, Aswàn, their elopement and their wedding, and the conversation wandered to the old uncle in Quebec and his bequest.

"I wonder what did happen to that first letter, telling you about his death?" said George. "People say that letters never get lost in the post, but they certainly do sometimes. This one may turn up some day, of course. It ought to have arrived before we left. By Jove, how our little plans would have been upset if it had."

"Supposing that it had not been lost, dear,"—Hattie was staring dreamily into the fire,—"what difference would it have made?"

"What difference?" George echoed the words. "Naturally it would have made all the difference in the world. You may bet your bottom dollar,

as you would say—and, by all accounts, it would have a pretty good pile on the top of it —you may bet your bottom dollar, my dear, that I would never have run away with a girl who had thirty thousand a year of her own."

A few minutes later, when George had gone out on to the veranda to see if the weather were improving, Hattie went to her dressing-case, unlocked it and took out a letter in a black-edged envelope.

She returned to her seat by the fire with the missive in her hand.

"Letters do get lost—sometimes," she murmured, with a tender, whimsical little smile, "but I'll bet my bottom dollar that this one never turns up again."

Then she tore the envelope and its contents into shreds and scattered them broadcast on the glowing embers.

IX

THE CUP OF COFFEE

MRS. BARNABY JONES, the greatest gossip in the hotel, peered over the veranda rail, through her tortoiseshell-handled lorgnettes, and then turned to her friend, Miss Birch, with a smile.

"My dear Louisa, do look. There's that girl sitting in the garden again with her donkey-boy. They are talking together most confidentially, and I do believe, yes, she actually is showing him her book of photographs."

Miss Birch leaned over the rail too, and nodded.

"Yes, it is Miss Gordon. Really! It is perfectly disgraceful. A common donkey-boy. I wonder that her mother allows it."

"Her mother!" Mrs. Barnaby Jones echoed the word with what, in a less aristocratic-looking old lady, would have been described as a sniff. "Her mother, why she is a semi-invalid and a weak fool into the bargain. The girl does exactly as she likes. It is Mr. Churchill that I am surprised at. He is engaged to Hester—more or less—I

hear, and he ought to see that she behaves herself properly."

There was a loud creak on the stone pavement as a chair was pushed back sharply, and then a serious, elderly-looking young man of about five or six-and-twenty, with smooth, fair hair and a single eyeglass, who had not been noticed by either of the ladies, laid down the *Morning Post*, which he had been reading, and strolled into the hotel.

"My dear, that was Mr. Churchill himself"—Mrs. Jones coloured and looked slightly abashed—"do you think that he could possibly have heard what we were saying?"

Miss Birch leaned back in her chair with a scornful smile.

"I really do not care a straw if he did," she said; "and as to his being engaged to Miss Gordon, well, I rather doubt whether there is any truth in that story. They are cousins, and were brought up together, and all that sort of thing, I know. Anyhow, the girl's conduct here is scandalous. Look, now, Mrs. Jones, you would think from the way that she is speaking, that Abdullah was her dearest friend."

The two women listened in silence, and Hester Gordon's clear, girlish voice could be heard distinctly.

"Well good-bye, Abdullah, I shall be ready to ride at half-past four, as usual. And I will certainly get one of my new photographs printed for you. Which do you like best? The one on a

camel, or the other, that Mr. Churchill took in the garden last week."

Mrs. Barnaby Jones and Miss Birch glanced at each other. The elder lady's mouth was pursed up disapprovingly, but Louise Birch's thin lips parted over her teeth in a spiteful smile.

The next moment Hester Gordon ran lightly up the steps into the veranda, and came forward in answer to Mrs. Jones' beckoning finger.

Hester was a pretty, graceful girl with fair hair, blue eyes, and a clear, sunburnt complexion. She and her mother had come out to Egypt partly because Mrs. Gordon was rather delicate after influenza, and partly because Herbert Churchill, to whom, as has been said, Hester was supposed to be engaged, had a temporary appointment in Cairo.

"It will be quite delightful to have dear Herbert to help us with things and to show us round," Mrs. Gordon had remarked, and Churchill, who was anxious for the vague understanding between himself and his cousin to become a definite engagement, would have been charmed to carry out his share in this programme. Hester, however, being a very independent young lady, did not wish, as she said, for a bear-leader, and insisted upon going her own way and doing exactly as she liked in everything.

She teased her grave and rather precise young lover unmercifully, called him by the obnoxious nicknames of Bert or 'Erb, and laughed at all his careful directions and admonitions.

In particular she resented his advice to her on the subject of her treatment of the natives, declaring that they were all most delightful people and that she should be as friendly with them as she pleased.

"You can behave like a slave-driver, Bertie, if you like," she said, "but really in these days it is most ridiculous. Many of the Arabs are very well educated and refined. I hope that I am above prejudices and old-fashioned ideas. Certainly I shall go for rides with Abdullah—he is a most superior boy, and I shall talk to him as much as ever I choose."

Churchill was not the only person in the hotel who thought Hester's conduct unwise, and this morning, Mrs. Barnaby Jones, who was a kindly and well-meaning woman at heart, determined that she would speak a word of warning.

"My dear Miss Gordon, I really do think that it is a little foolish of you to allow your dragoman—or your donkey-boy, is it?—to be so familiar. We do not consider it quite the thing out here, you know, for English women to talk much to their servants, and one must be careful."

Hester's soft lips set into a hard line for a moment, but she could not treat old Mrs. Barnaby Jones in the same off-hand manner as she did her long-suffering cousin.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, there is no need to bother, it is quite all right. Abdullah is an Arab, you know, and really he is a perfect gentleman in his manners and ideas. Why, he has a pedigree

that goes back for hundreds of years, or is it thousands? It would be absurd to treat him like an ordinary servant."

She glanced over the rail to where Abdullah was standing at the gate of the hotel.

Mrs. Jones followed the direction of the girl's eyes through her long-handled lorgnette.

"He may be a charming young man, my dear, and he is certainly very good-looking, but he is your servant for all that, and should be kept in his place. You would hardly speak to a chauffeur or a coachman at home in the way that you were talking to Abdullah just now."

"You would hardly promise your photograph to a coachman," added Miss Birch, "or perhaps—" she turned now towards Mrs. Jones—"Miss Gordon seems to be a very advanced young lady. These may be modern socialistic ideas."

Hester's eyes blazed angrily.

"There is no comparison between a Bedouin Arab and a common coachman," she declared, "or between England and Egypt. I find the natives here most interesting. We are going to have tea—no coffee—one day soon, with Mohammed, Mother's donkey-boy, and he has promised to introduce us to all his relations."

She turned away to find that Herbert Churchill was at her elbow. The two strolled together into the hotel.

"My dear girl," began the young man, as soon as they were alone, "it is out of the question for you to go to one of those Arab's houses. It is

not at all the thing for you to do, and I cannot allow it."

Hester was still smarting under Mrs. Jones' reproof, and she was in no mood for advice or further reprimand.

"You will not allow it! Really, Herbert, I think that you are going a little too far. This is entirely my own affair, and Mother's. We are both looking forward to Mohammed's tea-party immensely. Oh,"—with a burst of laughter,—"there is no need to be so very solemn about it. You ought to have been called 'Spencer' instead of 'Churchill,' if you had to have an aristocratic name. 'Herbert Spencer,' it would have suited you down to the ground."

"My dear Hester,"—the young man took no notice of his cousin's merriment, and there was a perturbed expression on his face,—"I am quite serious, I assure you. You do not understand in the least how to treat the natives, and, if you are not careful, you will have some trouble or unpleasantness."

"Oh, I am not at all anxious," was the airy answer, "and I consider that it is you who do not understand the natives." Hester turned away with an incredulous smile, and Churchill was left alone in the cool, dimly-lit hall of the hotel.

"I must speak to her mother," he said to himself, "and get her to put a stop to all this nonsense." He did not know that Hester had arranged for the visit to the house of Mohammed, the donkey-boy, to take place the very next day.

Miss Gordon laughed at her cousin's advice and ignored his prophecies, but it was not many hours before the unpleasant incident, which he had foretold, came to pass.

That afternoon the girl went for her usual evening ride through the fields and along the edge of the desert, and according to her usual custom, she allowed the donkey-boy, Abdullah, who was her only companion, to walk by her side and to talk to her about Arab habits and customs.

"I am getting quite an insight into native life," Hester often boasted; "perhaps, some day, I shall write a book." This evening, in spite of, or perhaps in consequence of, Churchill's warning, her interest was more marked and her questions more searching than they had ever been before.

Abdullah was a tall, handsome youth of about nineteen, who was just developing from a donkey-boy into a dragoman. He could speak English well, had a smattering of French, and knew a good deal about the surrounding country and its antiquities. He had already made one voyage up the Nile as servant to a rich American, and he hoped to be a full-blown guide by the next season.

Abdullah's handsome face and black eyes made him a favourite among the tourists, and Miss Gordon was not the only person who declared that he had charming manners and was clever, amusing, and trustworthy.

The young man had a certain amount of

intelligence, it is true, but he was insufferably conceited, and, as was perhaps only natural, had had his head completely turned by the attention and flattery which he had received.

"Are you married, Abdullah?" Hester asked, as she rode along through the crimson twilight. "And your wife? What is her name? Is she pretty?"

The young Arab's lips tightened for a moment at the indiscreet question, then he smiled broadly.

"Yes, lady, I married," he said. "And wife, she very pretty girl. Black eye, black hair, fine dress; but Abdullah, he think English lady more pretty than Arab woman. He love blue eye, white face, gold hair. Abdullah very good man, lady, he think you more beautiful than wife."

As he spoke the man drew a little nearer to the girl and slid his arm round her waist. He looked up sideways into her face, and there was a leer in his gleaming eyes and an insolent smile on his parted lips.

For a second Hester sat there in the saddle, stiff and upright, as if frozen by the shock into silence and immobility, then, with a sudden jerk, she wrenched herself free from the clasping arm.

Her face was pale and there was an ominous flash in her blue eyes.

"How dare you!" she cried, turning upon the Arab, and speaking in a low, strained voice. "How dare you touch me? How dare you speak to me?"

And then she raised her little flexible riding-whip and brought it down with all her strength on to the dark, shapely hand that lay upon her knee. The hand was withdrawn swiftly, but not before she had seen a red line of blood start out across the palm.

As Hester urged her donkey forward and galloped alone along the narrow path in the direction of the hotel, she carried with her a vague disquieting memory of a dark, furious face and a harsh voice muttering behind her in the gathering darkness.

Hester herself was full of a wild, unreasoning rage as she dismounted from her donkey and entered the hotel.

She was a very proud, self-reliant girl, and it was hateful to think that such a thing could have happened to her. She was angry with herself, with Abdullah, and with Herbert Churchill, whose warnings had proved to be so necessary.

"At any rate he shall never know about it," she said to herself, but with this resolve she made two others, and these were that, for the future, she would treat the Arabs with more discretion, and that she would never willingly see or speak to Abdullah again as long as she lived.

The next morning Mohammed appeared to take Miss Gordon for her morning ride, and he volunteered the information that Abdullah had gone up the Nile with a party, and that he would not be back for many days.

"I your servant now, Lady," Mohammed went

on, "and other lady she have new boy. This afternoon, five o'clock, you coming to house of Mohammed, have coffee, see mother."

Hester hesitated for a moment before answering. She had completely forgotten about the engagement, and, after her experience of yesterday, would gladly have made an excuse, especially as her mother had a bad cold and would not be able to accompany her on the expedition.

"I am afraid that I cannot come," she was beginning, and then the remembrance of Herbert's words, "I cannot allow you to go," flashed into her mind. After all, what harm could there be in going to see a little boy like Mohammed? And, if she did not go, Herbert would think that she had given up the plan in deference to his wishes. There was a strain of obstinacy and of recklessness in Miss Gordon's character, and now she told herself that she was not going to be ordered about by Herbert Churchill; and Mohammed that she would, of course, go to his house that afternoon.

Some people came out to lunch with the Gordons that day, and Hester, in her mother's absence, was obliged to entertain them. They stayed on until late in the afternoon, and it was nearly five o'clock before the girl was able to run upstairs and prepare for her expedition.

She was wearing a white dress, that was eminently suitable for a luncheon party, but hardly the thing for a donkey-ride, and there was a string of pearls round her neck while a couple

of very beautiful rings decked her slim, sunburnt fingers.

Hester generally did wear these rings,—one of which was a half-hoop of opals and the other a large turquoise in a quaint, old-fashioned setting,—for she said that they were safer on her hand than anywhere else. They were both valuable and noticeable, and were, in the opinion of many people in the hotel,—among others, Miss Birch,—quite inappropriate ornaments for a young girl of Miss Gordon's age.

Hester hurriedly changed her dress and put on her riding-hat and veil. When she gathered up her gloves and whip and ran downstairs she was still wearing her pearl necklace.

The donkey and boy were waiting patiently at the side door of the hotel. It was rather a dull, chilly evening, and there was a cold breeze from the north. Little Mohammed had muffled the scarf of his turban round his throat and chin so that his face was almost entirely hidden. He did not say anything when Hester mounted the donkey ; and they started off down the road and across the golf links.

The girl's heart misgave her a little now, at the eleventh hour, but her pride and stubborn will would not allow her to draw back or to alter her plans.

It was a bother having to go alone, of course, but still she was quite capable of taking care of herself, and she had always longed to see the inside of an Arab dwelling. Besides, not only

Herbert, but also Mrs. Barnaby Jones and Louisa Birch, had heard of her intention, and it would never do for them to think that she had heeded their foolish warnings or failed to carry out her resolve.

"We will go straight to your house, Mohammed," Hester said, as they drew near to the village. "It is getting late, and I shall only be able to stay for a few minutes."

"Yes, lady," muttered the boy, and then he led the donkey through several narrow, winding streets and drew up at last by a mud wall in which there was a rough wooden door. He knocked on this with his clenched fist and then turned and helped his mistress to dismount.

The young girl felt suddenly depressed and very lonely as she waited there in the deserted street, but in a moment the door opened, and an old woman with an extraordinarily wrinkled face appeared on the threshold.

"This my mother," said Mohammed, who had just finished tethering the donkey to an iron staple in the wall. Then he followed Hester through the door, and lingered for an instant to fasten it with a heavy wooden bolt on the inside.

They were now standing in a small enclosed yard with high walls on three sides and a squalid-looking mud-built house, or rather hovel, on the other. There were dried cakes of fuel on the roof of the house and along the edge of the walls; a small, meagre donkey, with a heavy load on its back, was standing in one corner; and near it was

a large heap of green fodder and a couple of lean brown goats. There was refuse everywhere, and the whole place looked indescribably untidy and dreary in the fading light.

Mohammed, however, did not give his guest much time to observe her surroundings. "This way, lady," he murmured in a husky whisper, pulling at the girl's dress with his small, grimy hand; and Hester followed him rather reluctantly into the dark interior of the house.

Before to-day she had had all sorts of wonderful visions of what an Arab dwelling would be like—visions in which memories of Aladdin, of a Bedouin tent, and of the Indian rooms at the Imperial Institute were inextricably blended together. She had pictured silken hangings, divans piled with cushions, and almond-eyed beauties with flowing robes and hookahs. It was only natural, of course, that the *ménage* of Mohammed, the donkey-boy, should be conducted on a more modest scale than these gorgeous dreams, but still she had expected a certain amount of Oriental luxury and picturesque interest.

As it was, disillusionment and bitter disappointment were in store for her; and the girl's heart sank as she glanced round and tried to accustom her eyes to the murky gloom and her lungs to the hot, stuffy air.

It was a bare, miserable place. Looking back upon it afterwards, Hester never could remember the details very clearly, but she had a vague impression of a low platform along one side of

the room, on which a ragged mat was spread; little windows, high up in the wall, with wooden gratings; and a dingy curtain screening a dark aperture that evidently led into an inner apartment.

There was no furniture except a rickety cane-bottomed chair, on which she seated herself, some water-jars and rough cooking-pots, and a low table, on which there stood a very dimly-burning and evil-smelling oil lamp, a small coffee cup, and a plate containing a few dusty Marie biscuits.

As Hester's sight became accustomed to the gloom, she discovered that there were several people in the room besides Mohammed and his mother, for a slender girl in a yellow dress, with large sulky eyes, came and stared at her, and there were two, if not three, dark muffled figures sitting grouped together on the low platform.

The English girl wished devoutly that she had never come to this dismal place, and she heaved a deep sigh of relief when at last the old woman came forward with a brass pot in her hand, and poured out the thick, dark liquid, which was the ostensible object of the visit, into the tiny china cup.

It only remained now to drink the coffee, bid farewell to her surly entertainers, give baksheesh, and take her departure from this hateful room, which seemed to become every moment more close and gloomy.

She picked up the cup and drank off its contents at a draught.

The coffee was sweet, sickly sweet, but it had an under taste of bitterness that was horrible and nauseating.

"What disgusting stuff," the girl said to herself, with an involuntary shudder; and she held up a protesting hand when the old woman leaned forward and refilled the little cup.

It seemed as if a peculiar hush had fallen upon that dark room, and Hester felt that all the natives present—the dirty, wrinkled crone, the young girl, the donkey-boy, and even those half-seen figures among the shadows—were watching her with keen and yet furtive eyes.

She was vaguely uneasy, although, as yet, nothing that was in the least alarming had happened; but she did her best to conceal her growing nervousness, and sat there, a dainty, incongruous figure, with the dim light flickering on her fair hair, on her hands, and on the lustrous pearls at her throat.

"I must go in a minute now, Mohammed," she said, trying to speak steadily; and, picking up the cup again, she took one more sip of the thick, bitter-sweet liquid.

And then a strange thing happened.

It was very hot and airless there, for the door out into the yard had been shut, and—thinking it all over later on—Hester told herself that the noisome, stifling heat, after the fresh desert air, accounted for everything.

She began suddenly to feel drowsy and inert, and, although she longed to get away, it seemed

as if any exertion or movement would be an impossibility.

Her eyelids drooped and her brain swam dizzily. The room seemed to be getting darker every moment. She saw, or fancied that she saw, figures coming forward and gliding hither and thither. There was the sound of stealthy footsteps, and the lamp was taken from the table and placed where its light did not fall upon her face.

The girl murmured something to herself, but she did not know what she was saying. She leaned back in her seat and shifted her heavy head from side to side until it found a resting-place against the rough wall.

All sorts of strange dreams drifted through her mind, and it was as if she could see invisible things with her dazed, half-closed eyes. She thought that she was flying through the air, and then falling suddenly to the earth; that Abdullah, who was really far away up the Nile, was standing at her side and watching her with dark, hostile eyes. She thought that hands—cold, dry hands, one of which was seamed with a disfiguring scar—were touching her fingers, and that harsh, muttering voices were sounding in her ears.

She woke with a start, and leaned forward breathing quickly, for it seemed to her that someone had been fumbling with the lace and pearls at her throat. She raised her hands quickly, and—was it a dream? Or did another hand really slide hurriedly away from between her fingers?

"Who's there? What is it?" she cried aloud;

and then, with a great effort, she managed to recall her wandering senses.

She bit her lips fiercely, and the sharp, momentary pain helped to clear her brain and to dispel the vague mist of fancy and delusion.

"What an idiot I am," she said to herself. "Why, I was half asleep. It must be time to go."

She stretched out her hand towards the cup of coffee, which the old woman, crouching on the ground at her feet, pushed forward; and then all at once a new thought, an explanation of the mystery, flashed into her mind.

She had been drugged. Something had been given to her, some narcotic, in the first cup of coffee, and for a moment or two she had been unconscious.

Perhaps it was the reaction from the stupor into which she had fallen, or it may have been the effect of the opiate upon her, but the girl's mind seemed suddenly to become abnormally alert and clear.

Her brain worked with lightning speed, and she realized exactly what had happened, what was happening, and what very well might happen if she allowed herself to lose consciousness again.

These natives had drugged her and had attempted to steal her pearl necklace. She had frustrated them, and they were watching her now, watching and waiting until she drank the second cup of coffee; then, doubtless, they would finish the work, and perhaps murder her into the

bargain, so that there might be no witness to the crime which had been committed.

It remained for her to use her wits and to find an escape from the threatening peril; and, whatever happened, she must not lose her presence of mind or allow her villainous hosts to perceive that she had fathomed their plot.

Hester picked up the little cup languidly and raised it to her lips. As she did so her eyes fell upon her bare hands, and she thought to herself, "How lucky it is that I am not wearing my rings to-day." Then, very slowly, she lowered the cup again, waited until the old woman's eyes were turned away, and emptied the drugged coffee on to the dark skirt of her dress.

The next moment she rose to her feet, meaning to walk swiftly out of the house. "Mohammed——" she began; and then, instantly, a hand was laid upon her wrist—not the hand of Mohammed—and she was pushed back into the chair. She glanced up, and saw that a tall figure, with a cloak pulled forward over head and face, was standing at her side. It was evident that the adventure was not at an end yet, and that escape would not prove to be an easy matter.

At this moment came an interruption. The sound of distant voices was heard, and there was a loud knocking on the wooden door that led into the enclosed yard.

Hester was leaning back against the wall, as if drowsiness had overcome her once more, but she

heard the noise of hurried movements near at hand, and a delicious breath of fresh air reached her as the house door was thrust open.

She ventured to unclose her eyes after a moment, and then she saw that she was alone, except for the women and Mohammed, and that the men were grouped together in the yard. One was holding the wooden door ajar and speaking to some person or persons outside.

The murmur of harsh voices that were evidently raised in dispute could be heard. Every now and then the door moved as if an attempt were being made to force it open.

The girl drooped her head to one side, closed her eyes, and breathed heavily. Every muscle was tense and every sense keenly active, but it was necessary that the watchers should believe that she was once more under the influence of the narcotic. The ruse had the desired effect, and when the blue eyes unclosed again, they saw that the occupants of the dark hovel had ceased to stare at their captive, and were intent upon the conflict that was in progress at the gate of the yard.

Hester waited and watched for an opportunity to make her escape.

And then, suddenly, a new sound smote upon her listening ears, a sound that pierced through the hot, stifling air of her prison, through the mysterious atmosphere of prevailing dread and danger, and through the sullen mutter of quarrelling voices.

It was the sound of a man's whistle, sweet, true, and clear, and the tune was—

"Way down upon the Swannee Ribber,
Long time ago."

Hester's heart gave a great throb of sheer joy and relief, for she recognized the clear notes instantly.

It was Herbert Churchill, her cousin and her lover, whistling his favourite, and indeed his only, tune, as he rode through the village.

She remembered now that he had been going to visit a newly discovered tomb that afternoon, and of course now he was on his way back to the hotel. If only she could get out of this horrible house and into the road, she would be safe.

There was no time any longer for delay or for caution. The girl sprang to her feet so quickly that her guardians, taken by surprise, were not able to stop her, and the next moment she was out of the dark room and in the middle of the dusty, refuse-littered yard.

In front of her was the mud wall, the half-open door, and three muffled and cloaked figures.

She paused for an instant, and then ran straight into the middle of the group. The men fell back, startled at her unexpected appearance, and at the same moment the door was pushed violently open from outside.

Hester had a vague impression of a scarred hand that tried to bar her way, of a familiar face

distorted with rage and malice as a cloak slipped backward, and of a native in the khaki uniform of the police thrusting his way into the yard.

She was never quite certain afterwards if these were real memories or only the fancies of her bewildered and over-excited imagination, and at the time she could not stop to notice details or to recognize faces.

She pushed through the crowd resolutely, wrenching her dress away from grasping fingers, shaking off a hand that was laid on her shoulder, and crouching breathlessly in a black, concealing patch of shadow. Then, through the dust and the gathering darkness, she caught sight of her donkey still tethered to the wall, and in a moment she had jerked the bridle loose, slipped her foot into the stirrup, and sprung upon the little animal's back.

The escape was only the work of a few minutes, and as Hester urged her donkey along the hard dusty track, the clear, shrill notes of Herbert's tune were borne back to her by the chilly evening breeze—

"All my life is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam."

There was a sharp clatter of small hoofs on the path, and Churchill reined in his donkey and turned round in the saddle.

"Hullo," he said, fixing his glass firmly in his eye, and peering at the new-comer, "you here, Hester? And alone? I say, is anything the matter?"

There was a moment's pause, and in it the girl made up her mind that she would not tell anyone about what had happened.

She had escaped, and no harm had been done, for the pearl necklace was still clasped safely round her throat. It would be horrible to have to submit to questions and sympathy, and to have a fuss and sensational inquiry made, when—after all was said and done—the adventure had been entirely due to her folly and her own obstinate recklessness.

She glanced down at her ringless hands and laughed.

"No; what should be the matter, Bert?" she answered. "But I have lost or mislaid my donkey-boy, little Mohammed. Will you escort me back to the hotel?"

Churchill looked at her keenly for a moment, for, in spite of her nonchalance and self-possession, he could see that she was nervous and agitated. There was a little tremor in the gay voice, and her face looked pale in the gathering twilight.

"You are quite sure you're all right?" he said; and the girl nodded and smiled in reply.

"Quite sure," she repeated; and the other did not ask her any further question, but he dismounted from his own donkey, handed it over to the boy, who had now joined them outside the village, and announced his intention of walking back to the hotel at his cousin's side.

"I'll walk," he said, laying his hand on the bridle of Miss Gordon's donkey; "Ferag can ride.

You look dead beat, Hetty, and we will take it easily. I expect you have ridden miles farther than you ought to have done, and you are tired to death."

The girl accepted this rebuke with unexpected meekness. It was such a relief to see Herbert and to feel that she was under his protection that she would have submitted even to a severe scolding with equanimity. Besides, she really was exhausted, and in no mood for argument or explanations.

Churchill noticed how her hands trembled, and he noticed, too, that she glanced over her shoulder every now and then, as if she were afraid of something that lurked behind her in the gloomy village.

He did not say anything, but after a time he slipped his arm gently round the girl's waist, and supported her as he walked beside the donkey. The action was exactly the same as Abdullah's of the previous evening, but now Hester did not make any objection. She turned her head slowly towards her cousin, and their eyes met.

Miss Birch was sitting in her usual place on the veranda when Hester came up the steps into the hotel. She summoned the girl to her side with an imperious gesture.

"Well, Miss Gordon, you are late this afternoon. I suppose you put off the visit to your donkey-boy's house, as you were alone?"

Hester stopped near the lady's chair. The colour had come back into her cheeks now, her

eyes were bright, and there was a smile on her lips.

"I am not alone," she said. "My cousin, Mr. Churchill, is with me; and certainly I did not put off Mohammed's party. I had coffee at his house —real Arab coffee—and—and it has been a most delightful and—and amusing afternoon."

She went on into the hotel and upstairs.

Hester's first thought when she reached her own room was of her rings, and she went straight across to the dressing-table. They were not there, however, nor were they in her little locked jewel-case, nor on the edge of the washing-stand, where, more than once, she had carelessly left them.

When she had searched every possible place, the girl sat down and wondered what would be the best thing to do in the matter.

She still felt a little dazed and bewildered, and found it difficult to remember exactly what she had done immediately before starting out on her ride.

The rings might have been taken from her room by one of the native servants during her absence, or perhaps they would still be found in some unlikely hiding-place. On the other hand, it was possible that they had been stolen from her in Mohammed's house. Hester shivered as the memory of cold groping fingers came back to her mind.

She got up and began to re-arrange the things on the toilet-table, which had been tossed heedlessly hither and thither in her hurried search.

The rings were gone, she told herself, and she must be resigned to the loss, for it would be useless to take any steps for their recovery. She could give no clear information at all; for, in addition to being uncertain as to whether they had been on her hands when she left the hotel, she had only the vaguest ideas as to the whereabouts of the native house and the identity of her hosts.

"I am not even sure that the boy was Mohammed," she murmured, "for his face was half covered up all the time; and as for the others——" She shivered again. Could she have dreamed of that scarred hand, or was it possible that Abdullah had been implicated in the affair, and that he had planned thus to have his revenge for the insult of the previous evening?

"Anyhow, it was all my own idiotic fault"—this was Hester's concluding reflection. "Perhaps my rings will turn up again still; and if not——" She glanced down at her bare hands and then up at her own face in the mirror with a happy little smile.

She and Herbert Churchill had come to a very satisfactory understanding with each other as they journeyed home across the twilit fields, and even if the rings did not turn up, there would soon be two others—one of them a plain gold band—to take the place of the lost trinkets.

"I shall not say anything about it," Hester decided. "They are lost: that is what people must be told, if they ask questions. Yes, they are lost, and that is the end of the whole story."

It was not quite the end of the story, however, although Hester never recovered her two favourite rings.

About a year later Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Churchill visited Egypt while they were on their honeymoon, and they motored out one afternoon to the hotel where the previous winter had been spent.

It was a windy day, and Hester was enveloped in a huge white veil. The natives, too, who were waiting about round the gate of the hotel had pulled their cloaks forward over their heads or muffled their throats and chins in the long scarves of their turbans.

While Herbert was speaking to the chauffeur one of the Arabs came up to Hester, who was standing a little apart under the shelter of a wall.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, in the long blue robes of a dragoman, but his face was almost entirely concealed.

"Very good scarab, lady," he said; "very fine. No charge for looking."

Something in the voice was familiar to Hester. She glanced up at the shrouded face and then down at the slim, dark hands that were holding out a green stone beetle for her inspection.

Across the palm of the left hand there was the pale seam of an old scar, and on the little finger gleamed a very beautiful ring.

It was a single large turquoise in a quaint, old-fashioned gold setting.

X

THE MARTYR

"Nothing is true or false in the infinite heart of the rose,
And the earth is a little dust that clings to our travelling feet."
ALFRED NOYES

IT was a very hot day in March when the Rev. John Bates and Fräulein Schmidt put on their white sun-hats, green veils, and blue spectacles, and with guide-books in their hands and cameras slung across their shoulders, crossed the gang-plank which led from the deck of the Nile steamer up to the wooden landing-stage.

The steamer had stopped for the day at one of the river-side towns of Upper Egypt. It was a town that is not very well known or often visited by tourists, and most of the passengers had started off on donkeys, with boys and dragomans in attendance, to inspect some lately discovered tombs.

Mr. Bates and Fräulein Schmidt, however, had elected to separate from the rest of the party, and to explore the town and its bazaars by themselves.

"I hate to be bothered with a dragoman," Mr.

Bates said to his companion. "They are thieves, every one of them, and perfectly useless. An Englishman can always find his way about a foreign town quite easily, even if he does not know the language; and as to the bazaars, why, the natives charge double if you have a guide with you, and you get cheated and worried by everyone all round."

"Ach, yes," agreed Fräulein Schmidt. She wanted to purchase some small souvenirs in the town for friends in Germany, and being a nursery governess, with but little money to spend, was grateful for any advice and assistance.

The Rev. John Bates was a Dissenting minister from Liverpool, with a thin, pale face, sloping shoulders, and the zeal, courage, and obstinacy of an early Christian martyr. He was consumptive, and had been sent out to Egypt for a month's tour by the orders of his doctor, and at the expense of his congregation, to see whether the dry air and warm climate would cure his diseased lungs.

The admiring flock had also presented their pastor with a very handsome gold watch and chain as a testimonial when he left England, and this he always wore. Suspended to the chain was a small silver cross that had been the parting gift of Miss Gibbon, the young lady—a school-mistress—to whom Bates was engaged. The minister did not altogether approve of the cross, for it seemed to him to savour strongly of popery and superstition. In Liverpool he would certainly

have hesitated to wear it, but out in Egypt things were very different.

Here the cross was opposed to the crescent, and its possession marked out the Christian from the unbeliever. Bates treasured Miss Gibbon's present accordingly, and glowed with pride and satisfaction when—as he fancied—hostile or contemptuous glances were cast in the direction of the little emblem.

John Bates was a thoroughly well-meaning and earnest young man, but he was ignorant, narrow, and terribly bigoted. He came of an old Calvinistic stock, and firmly believed that most people —if not all—who did not belong to his own particular sect would be damned eternally. Besides this, he was fiercely intolerant, spoke with equal bitterness of Romanists, Ritualists, and atheists, and had more than once, in former years, figured as an agitator and taken an active part in disturbances at churches where doctrines of which he did not approve were taught.

Of course, with these views, the man could see nothing that was good or worthy of respect in an alien religion; and, indeed, he did not differentiate in the least between the faith of Islam and the fetish worship of a West African swamp. There was no interest or beauty to him in the sight of the natives at prayer, with their faces turned towards Mecca, or in the voice of the *muezzin* calling to the faithful from the high mosque minaret.

In the eyes of the minister it was all black

wickedness and idolatry, and it never occurred to him to reflect that the ways of Heaven, although sure, are sometimes very slow; that there may be more ways than one of converting a great and dark continent; and that Mohammed may possibly have been, what his followers proudly call him, a prophet of God.

These ideas, or others akin to them, would have seemed terribly blasphemous to Mr. Bates, and he rebuked Fräulein Schmidt roundly when she ventured to say that the Arabs seemed to be a very religious people, and that, for her part, she could not see much difference between their morals and customs and those of the Old Testament saints and patriarchs.

"Abraham had two wives, and King Solomon, he had a great number—I forget how many it was," she remarked one day. "And then Jacob—— Ach! but he was a deceitful man, and told as many lies as any of these cheating dragomans."

"Fräulein!" Mr. Bates' fervent brown eyes positively glared at the little German through his spectacles. "You do not understand what you are saying. There is no comparison between these heathen natives and the Israelites, and besides, that was the time of the Old Dispensation, and it is most irreverent to speak of King Solomon in that flippant manner."

Fräulein Schmidt coloured painfully, and her blue eyes filled with tears. She was very foolish and sentimental, and she admired Mr. Bates and revered him with all her heart.

To her, his pale hatchet face, enthusiastic eyes, and narrow chest made up an ideal picture of manly beauty, and she likened him to one of the knights of the Holy Grail, or to an aureoled saint in the stained-glass window of a Gothic cathedral.

All his faults were admirable in her eyes, and even his delicate health was an added attraction. Mr. Bates had a weak heart as well as a weak chest, but he was careless of himself, and would not listen to advice or take any necessary precautions. He had gone for a long ride in a sand-storm, had caught a bad cold by wearing a thin coat when there was a north wind, and had very nearly succumbed to a heart attack on the top of the Great Pyramid.

It was in consequence of this last episode that he had been persuaded to forgo the regular excursion—which included a long ride and a climb to some rock tombs—on this particular day; and as it transpired that Fräulein Schmidt did not care for tombs, she was invited to join him in his walk through the town.

The minister and his companion had no difficulty in finding their way to the bazaars, but once there they did not get on very well with their purchases.

Mr. Bates never did get on well with the natives, as a matter of fact, for he did not know a word of Arabic, and was very tactless and abrupt in his manners.

He was, besides, one of those people who seem to have an unconquerable antipathy to the dark-

skinned races, and in his case this natural antipathy was accentuated by the narrowness of his religious views.

He loathed natives by instinct, and heathens by education, so perhaps it was no wonder that his efforts at bargaining were unsuccessful and that scowling looks and hostile faces met him on every side.

Little Fräulein Schmidt was frankly nervous as they threaded their way through the narrow alleys of the town. She glanced fearfully into the murky interiors of the shops, recoiled when grimy hands touched her dress, and did not even pretend to take an interest in the red pottery, blue beads, and quaint baskets which were offered with surly eagerness for her inspection.

At last she declared that she was tired, and did not want to stay in the bazaar any longer.

"Let us go back to the steamboat," she pleaded; but Bates was a conscientious tourist, and was determined not to miss any of the items of interest which were mentioned in the guide-book.

"It is quite early yet, Miss Schmidt," he explained; "and you will have plenty of time to rest this afternoon. There is a mosque somewhere near here—a very ancient mosque—that the book says is well worth seeing. I do not wish to enter the building, but there is a minaret and a curious tomb. Of course, if you are really tired, I will escort you back to the boat, and then return here by myself."

Fräulein Schmidt, however, would not hear of this plan. Her regard for Mr. Bates was quite a Platonic affection—for she knew all about Miss Gibbon—but it was none the less romantic and interesting on that score. She valued every moment that she spent in his company, believed every word that he said, and treasured as one of her dearest possessions the page in her album on which he had written his name and a very hackneyed quotation from Longfellow.

"Oh no, I am not really tired," she assured him. "I shall enjoy the walk very much. We will go together to see the mosque."

The pair started off without further delay. They looked like the grotesque caricatures of tourists in a French comic paper, for Fräulein carried a large white umbrella, and her skirt was looped up with buttons on each side. Mr. Bates' sun-helmet did not fit nor suit him; and they both had cameras and field-glasses slung over their shoulders. It was very hot, and the minister stopped to wipe his damp brow from time to time.

"Ah, what dirt, what smells!" exclaimed the German; and her companion agreed with her disgust and disapproval.

He was one of those men who always connect anything that they see in a country with its religion, and he did not make any allowances for differences of race and of climate.

He attributed all the squalor and apparent poverty of Egypt to what he called paganism

and was shocked at the sight of a woman carrying a load of green fodder on her head, or of a naked baby playing on a heap of refuse.

At last, after what seemed quite a long walk, they reached the outskirts of the town, and saw before them a building that was evidently the ancient mosque of which they were in search.

It stood at one side of an open space of sun-baked earth, where there was no shelter from the noonday glare, and where everything looked dusty and neglected.

There were some native mud hovels in the rear of the mosque, and a tumbledown drinking fountain, but no signs of European occupation or of European civilization.

A camel with a wisp of green clover in his mouth was lying near a heap of green fodder, and near by two shaggy brown donkeys, with heavy loads of wood on their backs, stood with legs bent and heads drooping dejectedly.

Some children played in the loose dust, and a little boy, in a tattered yellow garment, gnawed at a piece of grimy sugar-cane.

From the houses in the rear of the mosque came the shrill sound of women's voices, the wail of a baby, and, now and then, the twang of a musical instrument.

Overhead the blue sky, with white pigeons fluttering against it, appeared to be extraordinarily clean and vivid.

The old mosque did not seem to be a very interesting or remarkable building, although it

was picturesque enough, with its stained walls, green door, and crooked rose-coloured minaret. Mr. Bates considered that he had been misled by the glowing description in the guide-book.

He did not care in the least for effective colouring and artistic effects, and besides, he was breathless and exhausted with the heat and the exertion of walking through the thick, noisome dust of the native town.

He was feeling irritable and irritated with the world in general, and with Egypt and the Egyptians in particular.

There were a number of men standing near the door of the mosque, or sitting on the broken steps, and they also seemed to be out of humour. It happened to be the month of Ramadan, and a very hot day, so perhaps they, like Mr. Bates, had an excuse for their irritation.

The minister, however, knew nothing and cared less about Mohammedan customs and Mohammedan fasts, and although he would gladly have died for his own faith he had no toleration for the beliefs and prejudices of other people.

He was an ascetic and a fanatic by nature, and in another age or another country would probably have been a Trappist monk or a hermit.

Had he been born a Mohammedan he would certainly have howled or danced as a dervish, and have made the long weary pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca.

As it was, he pushed arrogantly through the crowd of natives round the mosque, and laughed

as he pointed out to Fräulein Schmidt a keen-faced old Arab with a green turban on his head and a rosary of black beads in his withered fingers.

"It's strange, isn't it?" he said, and there was contempt in his voice, "how we find these absurd superstitions all over the world—Romanists, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and, I believe, other heathens too. They all have their beads, and their images, and their foolishness."

Fräulein Schmidt agreed,—she generally did agree with everything that Mr. Bates said, and besides, this morning, she was too hot and too tired for an argument. "Ach, yes, it is so," and then she fanned herself with her handkerchief, and smoothed an untidy strand of hair back from her damp forehead.

She glanced about her timidly. This place, with only natives in sight, seemed to her to be hardly less alarming than the bazaar. A couple of pariah dogs came and sniffed round her feet, and the children seeing a possibility of baksheesh, ran forward with outstretched hands and whining cries.

One boy dragged a blind beggar forward, and another clutched at Fräulein Schmidt's tweed skirt.

Mr. Bates was now thoroughly out of temper. He spoke angrily to the thronging children, and threatened one of them with his umbrella.

The men round the mosque began to mutter

among themselves. One or two got up and came forward into the square.

And then Mr. Bates did a very foolish thing. The proximity of the children was hateful to him, the sound of their shrill voices and the touch of their small, dirty hands seemed to jar his nerves and set his teeth on edge. He was conscious of nothing but the desire to get rid of them at all costs, so he took a handful of small coins from his pocket and flung it broadcast among the eager crowd.

"Imshi!" he cried violently. "Get away, can't you, Imshi! Come, Fräulein, there is nothing else to see here; we will go at once."

But it was not so easy to go now as Mr. Bates had anticipated. The men and boys had seen the glint of money and all the ready greed of their Oriental natures was aroused. The Englishman's behaviour and demeanour had irritated them from the first, no doubt, but they were quite prepared to forget everything if baksheesh were forthcoming.

He was a dog of a Christian, but he had money, and was evidently as foolish and as open-handed as other tourists.

"Baksheesh, baksheesh!" The magic word once uttered was repeated again and again by many harsh, clamouring tongues, and in a moment Bates and Fräulein Schmidt were in the middle of a pushing, noisy crowd.

The natives shouted frantically, and dragged the minister roughly this way and that. One

man proclaimed himself a guide, and offered to take the travellers into the mosque; another said that he would escort them back to Cook's boat; a third dragged forward a miserable donkey; while a fourth exhibited a string of broken mummy-beads and a worthless scarab. They all quarrelled among themselves and yelled for "baksheesh." The dust rose in a thick cloud beneath the trampling feet, and the two Europeans were deafened, blinded, and bewildered.

Bates tried his best to force his way through the mob; but all his efforts were in vain, for the Arabs looked upon him as their rightful prey, and were determined to have the money which they demanded.

It was just then, when the uproar was at its height, that a thin, brown-faced boy of about fifteen caught sight of the minister's gleaming watch-chain.

He slipped deftly through the crowd, snatched at the pendant silver cross; with a swift jerk dragged the valuable presentation watch out of the minister's pocket, and then fled across the dusty, open space in the direction of the mosque.

The boy was, of course, simply a thief and a pickpocket, but Bates mistook both his action and his motive entirely.

The thought of his religion was always uppermost in the man's mind. Ever since his first arrival in Egypt he had been on the watch for persecution, had seen causes of offence everywhere,

and had held himself rigidly aloof from the disciples of an alien creed.

Now he was convinced that the Arab boy's only object had been to steal his cross and to insult the symbol of Christianity. All his fighting instincts as an Englishman were up in arms instantly and his blood boiled. He felt that a horrible outrage had been committed, that his faith was in danger of insult, and that the honour of his Master was at stake.

"My cross!" he gasped breathlessly. "My cross, he has taken it, the brute, the blasphemer!" And then he shook off Fräulein Schmidt's clinging arms, and with a strange, almost supernatural strength pushed his way out of the crowd and started in pursuit of the thief.

The boy was young and supple; he darted this way and that, and doubled like a hare. The watch was clutched tightly in his hands, but the little cross dangled loosely in full view of the minister's eager eyes. It lured him on like a magnet, and he was close to the pickpocket, when the latter turned suddenly, ducked his head under the arm of a stalwart black-clad native, kicked off his shabby red shoes, and dashed into the mosque.

Bates followed without a moment's hesitation. He thrust aside a couple of protesting Arabs, stumbled on the threshold, and then recovered himself and ran on, carrying the dust of the streets into the sacred precincts of the building.

Fräulein Schmidt, out in the sunshine, screamed loudly again and again, but there was no one

at hand to answer her cries or to come to the rescue of the hapless minister.

"Help!" she shrieked, "help, help!" and she ran backwards and forwards aimlessly, wringing her hands together and with tears streaming down her plump flushed cheeks.

The next minute there was the sullen roar of angry voices, and struggling figures appeared in the doorway of the mosque. Bates was thrust violently out, with the little silver cross clutched in his hands. Several men, one of them the old Arab in the green turban, ran out of the building shouting and gesticulating. The thief meanwhile had succeeded in getting away, quite contentedly, with the presentation watch and chain.

By this time the news of a disturbance had spread abroad, and natives had swarmed into the dusty, open space from every quarter.

They crowded round the minister with fierce, wild gestures and angry yells. A change had come over the aspect of the situation now and the passions of the people were aroused. There was hostility in every face, a menace in every raised grimy hand.

Fräulein Schmidt screamed more loudly than ever, as, above the surging throng of white turbans and shabby red tarbushes, she caught momentary glimpses of Bates' white, excited face, fervent eyes, and disordered hair.

And yet, even then, if the minister had had any intuition or any understanding of the language, all might—and probably would—have been well.

The natives were enraged with him, it is true, but money is a great power in Egypt, and it would very quickly have calmed the fury of the Arabs and soothed their wounded feelings and insulted prejudices.

One man, indeed, instituted himself as spokesman, and endeavoured to explain the position. The Englishman had defiled their mosque and insulted their religion, but they would be appeased and allow the injury to be forgotten if baksheesh—a sufficiently large baksheesh—were forthcoming.

This was the gist of the matter, and in addition the culprit had recovered his lost property, the silver cross, and for this mercy more baksheesh would have to be offered.

The affair was a simple one enough, in reality, but Arab voices are so harsh and strident, and Arab gestures so vehement, that even when a number of men are talking together quite amiably, one would think that they are having a violent quarrrel. Now that there really was trouble afoot, the aspect of the mob was certainly alarming in the extreme. Bates misunderstood the situation entirely, and even the reiteration of the peaceful word "baksheesh" failed to reassure or to enlighten him.

As the tall Arab clamoured through his speech, and pointed first at the mosque and then at the silver cross, he saw himself as a witness for his Faith, and was convinced that he was actually being given the choice between Mohammed and Christ.

There was a strange ecstatic eagerness on the minister's pale face, and his hollow, dark-rimmed eyes blazed with excitement and religious fervour.

"No, no!" he cried, his breathless voice catching on the words, "I will not, I will not!" and then, remembering, perhaps, that his speech was unintelligible to his supposed persecutors, and feeling the necessity of a further protest, he stooped quickly to the ground, picked up a stone, and flung it with all his force at the wall of the old mosque.

Fräulein Schmidt had been pushed by the gathering throng to the outskirts of the crowd. She now stood, trembling and distracted, on the raised ground by the mud hovels. From this point of vantage she could see everything that was happening.

For a few minutes after Bates' reckless act the noise and confusion in the square were indescribable. The natives seized their enemy and pushed him roughly this way and that. He was thrown down once, but managed to struggle to his feet again, half choked and smothered with dust. The Arab who had before made himself spokesman, still tried to quell the tumult, but it was too late now for his efforts to be of any avail. And then, while the riot was at its height, the old man with the green turban stooped as Bates had done, snatched up a heavy stone and threw it at the head of the Christian dog. It struck Bates on the forehead; he gave one little gasping cry, slipped through the hands of his captors, and fell, a limp, inert weight, to the ground.

There was a sudden silence, and then the crowd began to melt away as if by magic. In a few minutes there was no one in the square except the two Europeans and the yellow-clad child, who was still tearing vigorously at his piece of sugar-cane with white, greedy teeth.

Fräulein Schmidt was crouching in the dust, weeping bitterly, and holding the minister's head in her lap.

Tidings of trouble in the native quarter of a town always comes very quickly to the ears of the authorities, but on this occasion it did not come quickly enough to save the life of Mr. Bates.

It was not long, however, before the open space in front of the mosque was once again crowded with people, and a fat dark man in a red tarbush, and with a notebook in his hand, was making Fräulein Schmidt give an account of what had happened.

He shook his head as he listened and glanced down at the minister's lifeless face, and the doctor who arrived upon the scene a little later shook his head too.

There was nothing to be done, nothing, he explained, and in all probability it was not the blow on the head which had killed Mr. Bates. In his state of health any over-exertion or fatigue must almost certainly have been fatal, and—well, he did not know all the circumstances of the case, but it seemed as if the poor man had risked his life—and lost it—in the most foolish manner.

The doctor was right. It was all very foolish,

of course, and very melodramatic, besides being perfectly useless and unnecessary.

Everyone was sorry about the unfortunate affair, but all were agreed that the minister's death was owing to his own recklessness, and that such behaviour was most idiotic, and prejudicial both to the interests of the country and to the prestige of the ruling race.

"It is fools like that who always do make trouble out here," one man said, and his companion assented with lifted eyebrows and shrugged shoulders.

The little German governess, meanwhile, went about for days with swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

In her opinion Mr. Bates had died the death of a hero and a martyr, and she wrote a long and hysterical letter to Miss Gibbon describing everything that had happened, and enclosing the little silver cross for which the minister had thrown away his life.

When she had finished the letter, she opened her album and dropped tears on to the page where John Bates' name was inscribed.

"Died 17th March, 19—" she wrote, and then she drew rather a shaky cross beneath the verse of Longfellow, and under it scrawled the words, "In Hoc Signo Vinces." Certainly Fräulein Schmidt was a very silly and sentimental little woman.

And so the Rev. John Bates died, and was buried in a shady English cemetery near the Nile,

and was very soon forgotten. But, perhaps—who knows? After all, there may not have been very much difference between his death and the deaths of some others who, long ago, were burnt at the stake or fought with wild beasts in the Colosseum, and were buried in the mazy catacombs that lie outside the walls of ancient Rome.

If Fräulein Schmidt could have had her way, a marble cross, very white and very expensive, would have been reared above the grave in the little cemetery where the pepper trees grow, and on it would have been inscribed the same majestic words that she wrote on the tear-blotted page of her album—

"In Hoc Signo Vinces."

XI

THE HOTEL THIEF

THERE is an hotel in Egypt—not far from Cairo—that stands quite on the edge of the desert, with one foot, as it were, on the green plain of the Delta and the other ankle deep in the dry, yellow sand.

From the east windows of that hotel you can look straight across green fields of clover and blue fields of flax to the slender minarets of the Citadel mosque and the pink and violet Mokattam Hills, while on the west the great desert stretches away for thousands and thousands of miles through the heart of Africa.

There is, indeed, a sandbank just outside some of those west windows, and, on windy days, the Libyan desert enters one's bedroom and settles, in a pale, gritty film, on clothes, carpets, sponges, and hairbrushes.

There are drawbacks, occasionally, even to the most desirable of health-resorts.

One winter, about five or six years ago, Paul Somers, having had rather a bad accident at polo, went out to this particular hotel for a change of

air, and was given one of the ground-floor rooms that look out on to the desert.

It was not a very good room, but it was the middle of the season and the hotel was full. Under other circumstances he would probably have been allotted an expensive apartment with a view and a veranda, for Somers was rich and did not care what he spent.

He was a tall, good-looking man of about eight or nine-and-twenty, broad-shouldered, sunburnt, and fond of sport of all kinds. He had come out to Egypt meaning to go on to the Sudan for big-game shooting, but, of course, his accident had put a stop to these plans.

As might have been expected, he found the time hang heavily on his hands, for he was a very quiet man, who did not care in the least for hotel society or hotel amusements; and exertion of any sort—even golf—was forbidden.

It is said that Satan can always find employment for idle hands and idle brains, but it would, perhaps, be unkind and unfair to put down Somers' friendship with the younger Miss Cunningham to this agency.

The hotel, as I have said, was very full, and, had the young man liked, he could have had plenty of interesting companions, for he was well known in society and for several years had been the quarry of fashionable and match-making mammas.

There were dozens of girls there, of all sorts and descriptions—pretty, dainty girls, with trailing,

white dresses and immense flower-wreathed hats; athletic girls, who came down to breakfast in safety habits and played strenuous games of tennis in the broiling sun; smart girls, who talked learnedly about Auction Bridge, and who knew every one that was worth knowing in Cairo; and studious damsels, who wore eyeglasses and took an interest in politics and in antiquities.

None of these types, however, appealed to Somers, and, in spite of shy advances and discreet blandishments, he seemed to be quite oblivious to the existence of all these attractive young ladies.

He was, apparently, perfectly insusceptible and perfectly heart-whole, and then, almost unconsciously at the time, he fell in love—deeply and irrevocably in love—with Etheleen Cunningham, who was certainly one of the least noticeable girls in the hotel, and whom most people considered to be hopelessly plain, stupid, dowdy, and uninteresting.

This is how it happened.

The two Miss Cunninghams arrived when Somers had been staying at the edge of the desert for about a fortnight. They had been in Cairo before that, at some cheap place, a boarding-house or a second-rate hotel.

The elder girl was a pretty, fragile creature of about twenty-three, with hollow cheeks, a vivid colour, shining grey eyes, and a hacking cough.

It was very easy to see why she was spending the winter in Egypt, and she explained to every

one that she had hated Cairo, and that desert air was absolutely essential to her health.

A good many other things seemed to be essential too, such as frequent carriage drives, quantities of flowers, expensive fruits, and extra luxuries of all kinds.

Mabel Cunningham was restless, selfish, and wildly extravagant. She was never happy unless some excursion or entertainment was on foot, and it was evident that she wanted to cram all the amusement and excitement possible into the short span of life that still remained to her.

She would not, however, save her strength or take any necessary precautions; and, in spite of the vehement assurance of both girls to the effect that she was much better and would soon be perfectly well, it was quite patent to even casual observers that she was over-exerting herself and losing ground day by day.

Etheleen, the younger Miss Cunningham, was a great contrast to her vivacious sister.

She was a tall, slender girl, with a thick, loose coil of dark hair that seemed too heavy for her head, and great black-lashed eyes that looked much too large for her small, pale face.

These eyes were brown and singularly clear, and she had a trick, when speaking, of raising them and looking straight into the face of the person addressed, that was childish and a little disconcerting.

It was evident that Etheleen was absolutely devoted to her delicate sister, and very anxious

about her. She waited upon Mabel hand and foot, and did her utmost to take care of the girl and induce her to carry out the doctor's instructions.

The two Miss Cunninghams were not very popular in the hotel, but there was a good deal of gossip about them, as was, perhaps, only natural, for they were very young to be travelling alone, and Mabel's health and absurd recklessness afforded constant topics of conversation.

It was said that Etheleen was as parsimonious as her sister was the reverse, and that she grudged every extravagance and counted every piastre.

"I never saw such a girl in my life," one woman remarked to another. "She must have Jewish blood in her veins, I am sure. Why, she actually goes third class in the trams—with the natives—takes her handkerchiefs and white blouses into Cairo to be washed, and cooks afternoon tea in her own room."

"The poor things may really be badly off," was the charitable rejoinder, but the first speaker repudiated this notion with unconcealed disdain.

"Oh, my dear, that is impossible. Look at the elder sister. Why, she simply spends money with both hands; and then, if they were poor, they would never come to this hotel, nor to Egypt at all, for the matter of that. It is not, by any means, a country for paupers. I am sure that my last bill was outrageous, and as for the hotels up the river——"

Paul Somers was sitting on the veranda, and

happened to overhear most of this conversation. That very same afternoon he made friends with Etheleen Cunningham, who, until then, he had hardly noticed.

It was a windy, dusty day, and he went down to the croquet lawn, to smoke in the shelter of the big gum trees. Etheleen was there, knocking the balls about on the smooth, sunburnt grass. She stopped for a moment, looking shy and nervous, and then went on with her solitary game.

Somers felt unreasonably aggrieved, for the place was usually deserted at this hour; but he strolled round the lawn and seated himself on a bench at the far end, well out of the girl's way. It was not far enough, however, for he had not been there long when a ball, aimed at a hoop, missed its goal, and, speeding across the grass, hit his foot sharply in its onward course.

Miss Cunningham hurried towards her victim with a crimson face and wide, frightened eyes. Apologies followed, then explanations, and in a very little while the man and the girl were talking together as if they had known each other for years.

Somers had already been introduced to the elder sister by a mutual acquaintance, so that there was nothing very unconventional in this sudden friendship.

Etheleen Cunningham was singularly youthful for her eighteen years, and singularly unaffected. She talked to the young man as if he had been a companion of her own age and her own sex, and

John Somers, having been pursued that morning by a very pertinacious mother and daughter whom he had once met in Switzerland, found the naïve conversation of his new comrade both refreshing and unusual.

Etheleen told him all about her home life in a country vicarage, about her schooldays, and of how Mabel's lungs were delicate after a bad attack of pneumonia last winter.

"She is ever so much better now, and will get quite strong again," the girl asserted, and her clear, wistful eyes seemed to challenge the man to contradict this statement. "You see, the air is so dry here, and the climate so good that—that, of course, she will get perfectly well before we go home."

"When do you leave?" Somers asked, looking at the clouds of sand that were sweeping across the flat expanse of desert as he spoke.

Etheleen hesitated and looked troubled.

"I don't know," she answered; "I am not sure. Soon—perhaps in ten days or a fortnight. It all depends on Mabel. We were to have gone home next week, but—but—Mabel loves being here. She hates the thought of leaving, and it would be wicked and cruel—wouldn't it?—to take her away when she is getting so much better."

Again those large dark eyes seemed to be trying to read Somers' thoughts.

He kicked at the croquet ball uneasily.

"Of course this place is awfully healthy," he said, "and the air is first-rate." The girl's face

brightened, and, getting up, she said that it was growing late, and she must go in and see if her sister wanted anything.

"And will you really teach me to play croquet properly?" she asked, in answer to a suggestion that they should meet on the lawn another afternoon. "I should love it. No, not to-morrow. Mabel wants to go in to Cairo, but perhaps the next day, or Wednesday."

There were several croquet lessons after that, and the two soon became fast friends; but towards the end of the month Mabel insisted upon going for a long expedition to Sakkara on a cold, windy day, and the result was a chill, pleurisy, and a very serious illness.

Etheleen devoted herself entirely to the sick girl, and hardly ever appeared in the public rooms of the hotel.

It was the middle of March now, and the season, which had been a brilliant one, was drawing to its close. People were beginning to complain of the heat, to tire of their new acquaintances, and to talk of homeward journeys. Everything seemed to be unbearably dull and stale, and a week of incessant hot winds had put the whole of Cairo into a bad temper.

In other places there had been any amount of amusement and excitement, for a scandal at Khartoum, a quarrel between the two principal Aswàn hotels, and the discovery of a new King's Tomb at Thebes had given Upper Egypt endless topics of conversation.

Cairo felt that it had been neglected, and then, suddenly, the hotel at the edge of the desert started a sensation, which, in its own eyes at least, threw all the excitements of the Nile and the Sudan completely into the shade.

It was a dull, cloudy day, the eighth of the Khamseen, when Mrs. Burgess, a smart little American widow, came rushing downstairs with the announcement that her purse—a gold chain-purse—containing a ten-pound note and twelve sovereigns, had been stolen from her room during lunch.

She had been to Cairo, it appeared, that morning, to change a cheque, and had been rather late for lunch in consequence. She had laid the purse down on her dressing-table—of that she was quite positive, or at least very nearly positive—or it might have been on the writing-table, or—or—well, anyway, it had been stolen. Yes, she had been to several shops in Cairo, and to "Cooks'." Could she have left the purse at one of the shops? Oh no, it was impossible—almost impossible; and she did not think that she had put it down for a moment either in the tram or in the little carriage in which she had driven about the town.

Mrs. Burgess' voice was shrill and hysterical, and her story seemed to grow more and more incoherent every moment. She was a foolish little woman, too, and was proverbially careless and forgetful. It was, perhaps, hardly surprising that the matter was not taken very seriously, and that incredulous smiles, lifted eyebrows, and

shrugged shoulders greeted any mention of a ten-pound note or a gold chain-purse.

Two days later, however, another and an undoubtedly genuine robbery was reported, and then the affair began to assume a serious and sinister aspect.

This time the victim was Lady Smedley, a stout person with a double chin and shrewd grey eyes, and she announced that her room had been entered during dinner, and that a valuable emerald brooch, two rings, and some loose change had been taken.

In the week that followed, two other real robberies and at least a dozen rumoured ones took place, and, in spite of all the efforts and vigilance of those in authority, nothing was restored, and no trace of the thief was discovered. The hotel seethed with gossip and excitement; uneasiness and suspicion seemed to be in the air, and many innocent and quite harmless visitors were pointed out and avoided as possible miscreants.

The native servants were searched, maids and valets were questioned as to their movements, the corridors were watched. It was said that there were professional detectives in the hotel, and many people moved to other quarters or went about wearing all their diamonds in the daytime.

The only people who seemed to be quite unaffected by the prevailing excitement and nervousness were Paul Somers and Etheleen Cunningham, the latter being entirely engrossed with her

sister, who, it was said, was losing strength day by day.

Somers was rather surprised to meet Etheleen one afternoon going to Cairo, and he thought that he had never seen anything so pathetic as her small, pale face.

He went and sat by her side in the cheap open car of the tram. She started with a little involuntary cry when he spoke to her.

"Yes, I am going into Cairo," she said, and her hands closed tightly on a small leather bag that she was carrying, "I—I have to get some things for my sister."

"How is she to-day," Somers asked, and the girl turned upon him with trembling lips and swimming eyes.

"Better," she faltered, desperately; "better, she is very weak, of course, but—but——"

Somers did not question her any further, and, before long, he got out of the tram, as he was going to call on some friends who lived outside the town. Later in the afternoon he saw Etheleen returning from her expedition. She looked more pale and weary than before, and the despair seemed to have intensified in her wide eyes.

She carried several parcels besides the leather bag, and there was a large bouquet of roses in her hand.

Another robbery took place on the following evening, money and a gold watch being taken, and then the series of crimes seemed to come to an end, although the excitement and indignation,

of which they had been the cause, still remained at fever heat.

About a week after the journey to Cairo, Somers heard that the elder Miss Cunningham was very much worse, that her condition was hopeless, and that it was very doubtful whether she would live through the night.

There was an entertainment of some sort going on that evening, and the hall was gay and noisy with laughter and music. It had not been put off in consequence of Mabel's illness, for her room was situated far away in the big rambling building, and there was no danger of her being disturbed. The sisters, too, had never had many friends in the hotel, and most of the people whom they had known had already left Egypt. Nobody seemed to have any thoughts to spare now for the dying girl or for poor Etheleen in her trouble and anxiety.

Somers alone remembered them, and, although he had hardly known Mabel and had never cared for her, his heart was full of pity to-night, and Etheleen's miserable eyes, as he had last seen them, haunted his memory.

The music-hall songs and careless chatter of his fellow-guests jarred on his nerves and set his teeth on edge, so, after a time, he mounted the stairs to the flat roof of the hotel and sat there smoking for a long while with the star-gemmed sky above him, and the dry wind blowing against his face.

It was late when he came down, the electric

lights had been extinguished, and only a few dim oil lamps lit the staircases and corridors. The whole place seemed to be silent and deserted.

Somers stopped by a window at an angle of a passage, and stood looking out over the desert. The full moon had risen now, and the pale stretches of sand were flooded with its radiance.

There was something infinitely tranquil and soothing in the wide spaces and unbroken stretch of whiteness. It seemed almost as pure and exquisite as an untrodden field of snow.

Somers was still standing there when he heard the sound of a swift footfall behind him; he turned and found himself face to face with Etheleen Cunningham.

The girl was dressed in white, and her dark, dishevelled hair hung loosely about her face. She was clutching something tightly to her breast, and her eyes were unnaturally bright and wide.

Her aspect and demeanour were so strange and wild that Somers wondered whether she could be walking in her sleep. He had made a movement intending to step forward and ask if anything were the matter, and if he could be of service, but now he said nothing, and leaned back again into the dark shadow beside the moonlit window.

Etheleen stopped for a moment and stared at him with eyes in which there was sense and alert misery, but no recognition; then she turned and went on along the corridor.

It was clear that something serious was amiss, and the man naturally concluded that Miss

Cunningham was worse, and that this was the reason for her sister's distress.

He knew that Mabel had a large room near his own and with the same aspect, while Etheleen had a small apartment in another corridor. She was evidently now on her way from one room to the other.

When the girl had disappeared, Somers emerged from the shadows, and, as he did so, something caught his eye on the white patch of carpet. It was a small, bright object that glittered as the moonlight touched it. He stooped and picked up a diamond and ruby ring.

Somers went on to his room with the ring in his hand, and with his face looking strangely pallid and set in the dim light.

He threw open his window and leaned out, as if hoping that the desert breeze would sweep away the horrible impossible thoughts that were chasing each other through his bewildered brain.

The ring must have been there when he first stopped on the landing; of course, it had been there. He told himself this again and again, and yet, all the time, he knew that it was not the truth. Etheleen had dropped the jewel when she paused in front of him, with those desperate eyes and with that expression of dazed agony on her childish face.

He leaned farther out of the window, and it was then that he caught sight of a white figure —the figure of a woman—kneeling on the ground in the silvery blaze of the moonlight. It was

Etheleen; he recognized her almost at the first glance, although she was some distance away, for the mass of dark hair that swept over her face was unmistakable. She was bending forward, and delving with her bare hands in the sand. She seemed to be in search of buried treasure, or to be making a hollow in which something might be concealed.

What could be her errand, there in the silent desert, while her sister lay dying? What could she be trying to discover—or to hide?

After a few moments the girl got up, shook the grains of dust from her dress and pushed the heavy mass of hair out of her eyes.

The moonlight was so bright that the onlooker could see every movement and gesture quite distinctly. He drew back hurriedly into the darkness as Etheleen turned round, and, when he looked out again, she had disappeared. Then he swung his legs over the ledge of the window and plodded, slowly and heavily, up the sloping sand-hill.

"I must find out what it means," he said to himself, but he knew quite well what it meant. The horrible conviction which he had tried so hard to stifle and to thrust away into the background of his mind, had risen up again now and was staring him ruthlessly in the face.

It was an easy matter to find the place where Etheleen had knelt, for a double row of footprints marked the way. Somers stopped on the trampled patch of sand and glanced back at the hotel. All

the windows were darkened, except one, and over that a blind had been drawn.

It was the window of the sick girl's room, and, as he watched it, shadows moved across the white blind. There was the slender silhouette of Etheleen's figure, and that of another woman with a nurse's cap on her head.

When he had made sure that he would have no observers, Somers set about his work without delay.

He knelt down, as Etheleen had done, and groped in the sand, which felt strangely cold and almost damp to his touch.

After a few moments' search he drew out a little bundle. It was a cambric handkerchief tied loosely together, and there were things in it that chinked and rustled as he lifted it from its hiding-place.

He rose to his feet, strode down the slope, re-entered his room, lit a candle and drew down the blinds. Then he unknotted the handkerchief and poured out its contents into a jingling, sparkling heap on to the table.

Mrs. Burgess' gold chain purse was there, and Lady Smedley's emerald brooch, Miss Vane's watch, Mrs. Haye's necklace, Miss Dowson's pendant, and Mrs. Lambert's ear-rings and bangle.

There were also several banknotes and a couple of cheques.

Nothing was missing except the money and Miss Barnett's diamond and ruby ring. John

Somers took the latter out of his waistcoat pocket and laid it with the rest of the stolen property.

He sat down then, and planting his elbows on the table among the glittering jewels, leaned his head on his clasped hands. The whole affair was horrible and inexplicable, and, for the time, he was completely dazed by the shock of this terrible and utterly unexpected discovery.

As he thought of Etheleen's childish face and clear, straightforward eyes, the thing seemed to be incredible and ridiculous, and yet there was no possibility of doubt—no loophole of escape from the ghastly truth.

Etheleen Cunningham was the thief, it was she who had committed the long series of robberies, she who was the heroine of the mystery, and the cause of all the alarm and scandal of the past weeks.

Somers was a very quiet and reserved man, and he had never had very much to do with girls or women, but he was sympathetic by nature, and now, groping as it were in the darkness, he began to see very dimly the motives which might have prompted Etheleen, and to realize her difficulties. It is said that to understand everything is to forgive everything, and, perhaps, during the long hours of that weary night, while he pondered over all that had happened, Somers' understanding was abnormally clear, his intuitions abnormally active, and his sympathies abnormally keen.

When, at last, he got up and locked the stolen jewels into his dispatch-box, he had finally decided two important points in his own mind. One was

that he loved Etheleen Cunningham, and the other that, whatever happened and at all costs, she must be shielded from blame or suspicion, and saved from all the consequences of her guilt.

"My poor little girl," he said to himself. "By Jove, she must have had a rough time before she thought of doing it."

The next morning the news spread through the hotel that Mabel Cunningham had died during the night, and that her sister was so much exhausted by her long vigil that she hardly seemed able, as yet, to realize what had happened.

Somers wandered restlessly about that day with a great anxiety in his mind and a great pity in his heart. He could not ask anyone for advice, and he was absolutely at a loss as to what would be the best thing to do in the matter of the stolen property.

All sorts of wild schemes and mad ideas chased each other through his mind, as he loitered about the gardens or sat hidden behind a newspaper on the shady veranda.

Should he bury the things in the sand again and pretend to find them? Should he feign kleptomania and declare himself to be the thief? Should he throw the booty into the river or down an old tomb shaft and say nothing to anyone about his discovery?

All these plans were considered and rejected in turn. The jewels must be restored somehow to their owners, that point was quite clear, but how was the restoration to be effected? Somers

realized that some plausible explanation would be necessary, and he was convinced that, if any innocent person should be suspected, Etheleen would come forward, confess her crime, and so destroy all his carefully-laid plots for her safety.

He was certain that his conjectures of the previous night were correct, and that he had fathomed the young girl's motives and temptations. As he thought over the sordid, miserable story, a great pity—a pity that was not only akin to love, but identical with it—welled up in his heart.

"That poor wretched girl Mabel was a regular little vampire," he said to himself, and then, as Etheleen's white face and sad, wistful eyes rose up before him, he threw down his newspaper, and strolled aimlessly through the cool rooms of the hotel and out into the blazing sunshine of one of the inner courtyards.

In one corner of the yard was a cage in which a monkey, that belonged to some Americans who were staying in the hotel, was usually kept. As Somers passed now he saw that the cage was empty, and that the son of the animal's owner, a boy of about eight or nine, was standing staring at it with tear-stained eyes and quivering lips.

"Hello, old man, what's up?" he said kindly, and then the child began to relate a long history of his misfortunes.

The monkey was lost. It had disappeared yesterday afternoon, and had not been seen since. Oh yes, it had often been lost before;

it managed somehow to open the cage door, and got loose nearly every day, but it had never been away for so long. The boy was quite sure that his pet had been stolen or, perhaps, killed by the Arabs.

"It was such a clever monkey," Quintin van Ricketts explained eagerly, "and so—so mischievous. One day it had run off with Mrs. Jones' cap, and another time—at Geneva—it had actually stolen a lady's work-basket and the stocking that she was knitting."

The monkey could steal, and it had often escaped from its cage before. Somers hardly listened to Quintin's further tales of his pet's prowess and the evil deeds which it had committed. A wild idea, but one which might prove to be feasible, had flashed into the man's mind, and he did not hesitate a moment before taking steps to put it into execution.

"Look here, my boy," he said, breaking into Quintin's reminiscences, "I don't believe that your monkey is dead for a moment; it is quite possible, though, that the natives have got hold of him. You go and get one of the dragomans—Achmed—he's a good chap, say I sent you, and tell him to take you round the villages and make inquiries. Offer a good baksheesh; see, here's some money, and I'll bet you anything you get Jacko back before the day is over."

The child's face brightened, and he was running away when Somers called him back.

"When you do get him, have the cage well cleared out before you put him into it. Look at that straw and the bits of newspaper. There may be all sorts of things that your monkey has stolen hidden away in that rubbish."

"All right, sir, I'll see to it myself," said the boy; and then Somers went back into the hotel and carefully studied a list that was hanging in the hall. It was the list of the things that had been stolen by the mysterious thief.

"Fourteen pounds in gold altogether," he said to himself, "thirty piastres, and two English shillings." He went to the office, changed two ten-pound notes, and then made his way to his own room and unlocked the dispatch-box where the jewels had been placed.

When everyone was at lunch, and the servants busy, he went out to the courtyard again with a parcel wrapped in an old newspaper hidden under his coat. In his pocket there was a little handkerchief with the name "Etheleen" embroidered across one corner.

Not long afterwards Quintin returned in triumph with his monkey, which had been produced directly it appeared that baksheesh was forthcoming. Somers helped the boy to tie the animal to a staple in the wall, and then advised him carelessly to have the cage cleared out as soon as possible.

There was a great sensation in the hotel that afternoon when the news of the recovery of the stolen jewels was made known, and no one

dreamed of suspecting the truth of the story. Nothing was missing, and the bank-notes had been torn, and the settings of the jewels bent and damaged in the most natural possible manner. Everybody was satisfied. John Somers breathed freely again, and Quintin van Ricketts was inordinately proud of his pet's notoriety and achievements.

It was about four days later, when the excitement was beginning to die away a little, that Etheleen first appeared in public again after her sister's death. Somers went and joined her on the veranda.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Cunningham," he said simply. "Will you come out into the garden with me for a few minutes?"

Etheleen looked up at him, and a startled expression swept across her face. Then she rose from her seat and followed him without a word.

They left the veranda, and went along the path and down the steps to the croquet lawn, where they had first met and made friends nearly six weeks ago.

The place was deserted, except for a couple of Arab gardeners, who were working among the vegetables at some little distance. The man and the girl crossed the lawn, and seated themselves under the tall rustling gum trees.

There was silence for a few moments, and then Somers began to speak. His voice was very gentle, and he looked away across the sunburnt

grass and the desert beyond as he spoke, so that Etheleen might not see the pity and the love that filled his eyes.

"We have been friends for quite a long time, Miss Cunningham, so I hope you will forgive me for bothering you. I just want to tell you how sorry I am—how very sorry, and—and to ask you a few questions."

"Yes," the girl murmured, but she did not lift her eyes.

"You know that you can trust me," the other went on. "You are quite alone here, and things are not easy for a girl by herself. Will you tell me what you mean to do, and if—if I can help you in any way?"

There was a long silence, and then the girl answered. She spoke hurriedly, and there were breaks between the words.

"I shall be all right. My father has cabled. An aunt is coming from India; she—she will take me home. But—but—oh, Mr. Somers, there is something that I must say, something that I must know, something that I must find out——"

Somers stopped her.

"I don't think you need bother; it will be quite all right. But I want to speak to you; will you listen for a moment? Etheleen, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

He had taken the girl's slender hand in his as he spoke, but she snatched it away vehemently.

"No, no; it is impossible. You do not know, you do not understand!"

She covered her face for a moment, and when she looked up again her brown eyes were dry and strained.

"You must go away," she whispered. "If you knew everything, you would want to go; you would never speak to me again."

"Perhaps I do know—more than you think, anyhow, and I must have an answer. Listen, dear; I love you more than anything in the whole world. Tell me, honestly, do you—care for me? Could you ever love me?"

She hid her face again for a moment, and there was something very pathetic and childish in the gesture. Then she raised her head and steadied her voice with a great effort.

"I must tell you," she said—"I must tell you a —a story."

"Very well, you shall tell me; but there is no need, dearest. I love you; that is the only thing that matters to us now."

Etheleen clasped her hands tightly together.

"I must tell you," she said—"I must. There was a girl once who had a sister that—that she was very fond of. The sister was ill. They were not rich, but the doctors said that they must go to Egypt for the winter. They said that nothing else could save the sister's life."

"Yes, I see."

"So they came to Egypt, and went first to a cheap hotel in Cairo—a cheap and very nasty hotel. They had money—so much for each week. The one who was ill did not like the cheap hotel;

she could not stay there, so—so they moved away to another place."

"Yes."

"The new hotel was much more expensive, and they had only just enough to pay the bills every week. There was nothing left for other things, and the girl who was ill wanted so many things. She had to have them; do you understand? It was not her fault. Fruit, and flowers, and medicines, and carriages to drive to Cairo, and—and—oh, lots of things. She was happy there, and if they had left Egypt she would have died. They stayed on and used up the money that should have paid their passages home. At last it was all gone, every penny, and I—I—that girl did not know what to do."

"I see. It was rough on her, poor child."

"Then one day she found a gold purse in the corridor. It had money in it. She—she kept the purse, she stole it, and used the money. After that she stole more. She was a thief. It was quite easy, nobody suspected, and she, my friend, did not care. It was better that she should be wicked and a thief than that her sister should die."

There was a long pause, and then the faltering voice took up the tale again.

"The girl took jewels too. She knew that there was a place in the bazaar where they could be sold. One day she went into Cairo to sell them; but she was afraid, and dared not do it. She was afraid that she would be taken to prison

and her sister left alone. She stole again after that, but the sister got worse and not better."

"I understand."

"At last one night Mabel—the sister—was so ill that the doctor said she would die, and then the girl—the thief—was frightened at what she had done. She was not sorry, at least I don't think she was sorry, but—but frightened. Her sister that she loved was going to die, and she thought that it was a punishment, a judgment. She thought that perhaps if she could get rid of the jewels her sister would get well. It was too late to give them back to the people, but she dared not keep them for another minute. She felt as if they were a curse, and as if, while she had them, her sister could not get better. So she went to her own room and took them out and hid them in the sand. She meant to give them back and to confess everything next day."

"Yes, I see."

"Mabel died in the night. Nothing made any difference. She died."

"Yes."

"I went the next day to fetch the jewels. She, the girl, meant to give them back. She did not care what happened to her then, for her sister was dead. But when she went to the place where they had been hidden, the jewels were gone, and —and that same day they were found in the monkey's cage. Everyone said the poor little monkey was the thief, but he was not—it was the girl."

"Yes, I know."

"That is not all, there is something else. The money that had been stolen and spent, it was there too, with the jewels. Who put it there? She—I must know."

Somers waited for a moment before answering.

"I will tell you a story too," he said at last. "That girl had a friend who loved her, and who understood. He knew everything—it does not matter how, but he knew. Perhaps he found the jewels and put them with the money in the monkey's cage. It is all right. The monkey can have the blame. He does not mind, and nobody else must ever hear the truth. Will you tell the girl? No one must ever know."

Etheleen started to her feet.

"But they must!" she cried. "Everyone must know. It is not fair, and he—he, the friend, he must be paid back."

Somers bit his lip.

"Very well," he said gently; "some day he shall be paid, but not yet. The girl must wait and trust her friend. Nobody must know now or ever. Think of her father and relations. It would be cruel to them."

Etheleen's face quivered painfully.

"It is not fair," she whispered. "I cannot, she cannot, she——"

"She must," said Somers firmly. "Tell her to think of her sister who is dead. Would she like the dead girl to be remembered here as the sister of a thief?"

Somers had struck the right chord now; he realized it as he saw the girl's wan face and the gesture with which she pressed her hands to her breast. She did not care what happened, as far as she herself was concerned, but she would promise anything and sacrifice anything rather than that the least shadow of shame or stain of sin should touch the memory of the selfish, worthless creature whom she had loved so dearly.

"I will arrange everything," the young man went on. "The girl, your friend, shall not be bothered; and now, Etheleen, we can forget her, can we not, and think about ourselves? I love you, dear. Will you be my wife? Do you care for me? I will do my best to make you happy."

Etheleen's face was turned towards the sunlit desert, and there was a dreamy wistful expression in her eyes. Somers took her hand, and she let it rest quietly in his grasp. She looked like a tired child who is too weary and too sad to think or act for itself.

After a time she roused herself with a little sigh.

"Yes, I do care," she said slowly. "I love you, or at least I think that I do, but—but I am very unhappy and ashamed."

"I will take care of you, dear," said the young man gently, "and some day you will be happy again, and forget all this that has happened."

"Do you think I shall ever forget?" She glanced up at him and a shiver ran through her.

"That other girl, the thief, I cannot forget—she cannot forget, and—and she is wretched, miserable, ashamed."

Somers stroked her hand with tender, caressing fingers.

"I know," he said. "She is sorry, very sorry, and——"

Etheleen interrupted him and snatched away her hand with a sudden swift movement.

"Wait," she cried vehemently, "wait; you must hear me. I cannot love you, I cannot promise to marry you until you understand. That girl—I—she is sorry now that she stole the jewels, she is sorry that she was wicked, but if it had done any good—if her sister had not died—— Oh, you know what I mean. If the money had saved Mabel's life I do not believe that she would have been sorry in the least."

As she spoke Etheleen lifted her head, and the clear honest eyes looked straight into her lover's face.

Somers had taken her hand again, and now he stooped and pressed the soft trembling fingers to his lips.

"I love you, dear," he said simply; "I love you and I understand."

XII

THE REVOLVER

THE revolver was given to Miss Maria Jennings by her great-uncle, the Bishop, when she went to pay him a farewell visit on the eve of her departure for Egypt. Miss Maria was fifty years of age at this time, so, as may be imagined, her great-uncle was a very old man indeed. As a matter of fact, he was well over ninety; and many years ago, somewhere in the early 'forties, he had made what was called the Grand Tour, and had visited, among other places, Egypt, Greece, Constantinople, and Palestine.

The old gentleman still retained very vivid memories of his travels in these uncivilized countries,—he had never been to the East since,—and it seemed to him a most extraordinary thing that a respectable, middle-aged, unmarried lady, like his niece, should wish to visit them.

"I really fail to understand, my dear," he said to Miss Maria, "why you should have chosen to spend your winter in such a place as Egypt. As your doctor wished you to have a thorough change after your attack of influenza, it would have been

a simple matter to go to Torquay, Bournemouth, or even the Isle of Wight; I believe that all those places have most salubrious climates. Or, if England does not satisfy you,—and young people are hard to please nowadays,—I should have suggested Nice, Mentone, or some other agreeable spot in the South of France."

"But, uncle," explained Miss Jennings, "I have always longed to see Egypt. Your descriptions of the scenery and the antiquities are so interesting; and then this 'Cook's' ticket is very cheap."

"Well, well, Maria," the Bishop interrupted, "you have made up your mind on the subject, and I will say nothing more; although, in my opinion, it is a most unsuitable country for ladies. It was in forty-three that I went to Cairo—the Grand Cairo we called it then; and I do not suppose that the town has changed very much since those days. The unchanging East, my dear, you know—the unchanging East. The inns were perfectly atrocious, I remember. Be sure that you take plenty of disinfectants with you, and a supply of insect powder. We rode out to the Pyramids on camels, and went up the Nile on a dahabeah. Ah, my dear girl, you will find travelling in Egypt very different from anything that you have been accustomed to, and you must be prepared for dangers and hardships. Be sure that you always carry a weapon of some sort about with you. It is unsafe for anyone to be unarmed in those wild districts. What? You have no revolver? Your friends have indeed

been sadly remiss; but I will give you one as a present. Two years ago I purchased a small revolver, when there was an alarm of burglars in the neighbourhood. It shall be my Christmas present to you; and I hope that you will find it a great comfort, and will have no occasion to use it."

Miss Jennings accepted the present gratefully; and when, a little while later, she took her departure, the box containing the revolver was tucked gingerly under one arm. As she walked home, the little woman wondered whether she had been rash in her decision to travel so far afield, and comforted herself with the reflection that the Cook's tour was to be a personally conducted one.

Miss Maria Jennings was the daughter of a country vicar, as well as being the niece of a bishop; so she had always lived in a clerical atmosphere, and the greater part of her time had been devoted to district-visiting, mothers' meetings, and school-treats. She had never, as yet, been out of England; but she was an enterprising, enthusiastic little woman, in spite of her fifty years, grey hair, and prim face, and the prospect of adventure and a certain amount of hardship was rather an attraction to her than the reverse.

The possession of the little plated revolver seemed to give a final touch of romantic glamour to her coming travels, and before going to bed that night she spent half an hour or so in studying the mechanism of the weapon, in loading and

unloading it, and in taking a careful aim at her own reflection in the looking-glass.

The next morning Miss Jennings started off on her travels, and the tour was, on the whole, a great success. The scenery, the climate, and the antiquities far surpassed her expectations; she was agreeably surprised with the hotels; and the excursions, the moonlight picnics, and the donkey-rides furnished her with plenty of excitement and romance.

In only one thing did Egypt fall short of her hopes, and that was in the matter of adventures; for during the whole course of the Nile trip and the stay in Cairo there was not one dangerous incident nor one narrow escape, and the little revolver remained, together with the tin of Keeting's Powder and the bottle of Sanitas, at the bottom of Miss Maria's cabin trunk.

However, the little woman was to have one adventure before she left Egypt, and this is how it came about.

The Cook's tour for which her ticket had been taken lasted for six weeks, but when it was over, the reports of the English weather were so unsatisfactory, and influenza was still so prevalent in her native town, that Miss Jennings determined to put off her departure for a week. As Cairo was hot and overcrowded, she went out to Mena in order to have a few days of real desert air before embarking on her homeward voyage.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when she arrived at Mena, and most of the inhabitants

of the hotel were having tea and blackberry jam on the big veranda. Miss Jennings found a comfortable chair and ordered tea, and presently a large and noisy party came and established themselves at the next table.

There were two or three men, an elderly woman in a motor veil, and several pretty, sunburnt girls. It was evident that they had all just returned from some interesting and exciting expedition.

Miss Maria could hear distinctly every word that was said, and, to her unbounded delight and amazement, she learned that antiquities, real antiquities, were to be found in the neighbourhood, and that these people had actually been on an excavating expedition that very afternoon.

A place called the Mummy Heaps, it appeared, was the field of these researches, and there beads in abundance, pottery figures, and even occasional scarabs, were to be found.

Miss Jennings' shyness and good manners were forgotten completely as she listened—a flagrant eavesdropper—to the conversation of her neighbours; but they were all far too much absorbed in their subject to notice the open-eyed, open-mouthed, and open-eared little woman in the corner.

After a time another girl, with a tennis racket in her hand, came up the steps on to the veranda and joined the group; and then the plates of cake and glass dishes of jam were pushed to one side, so that the trophies of the excavators might be spread out for the new-comer's inspection.

There were blue, green, and grey beads, a couple of little charms,—one in the shape of an eye,—a broken scarab, and a few shabby-looking and almost shapeless "ushapti" figures. That was all; but apparently these objects were of great interest and value to their lucky finders, who vied with one another in loud praises of the treasures, and launched out into long and graphic descriptions of the places and the circumstances in which each separate item had been discovered.

"Those are jolly good beads, Miss Girvin. Quite a nice colour, and large ones, too. Did you get them in the bank where we were digging yesterday? No; a bit farther on, where you found the Sacred Eye last week? Oh, I say, have you seen the scarab that Mr. Marchant got this morning? He took it in to the Museum after lunch, and someone there told him that it is worth quite a lot."

Miss Jennings listened entranced to the exclamations of wonder and delight, the questions and answers, and the reminiscences of former triumphs. When at last the girls and men went off for a game of tennis before dinner, and the elder lady was left alone, she summoned up her courage and leaned forward eagerly.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I only arrived here this afternoon, and—and I could not help hearing what you were talking about. I—I am so much interested. Would you mind telling me where it was that you found all those lovely things?"

The other woman was charmed to comply with this request, and before she went to her own room to unpack and to dress for dinner, Miss Maria knew all about the Mummy Heaps and where they were situated, had seen and handled the antiquities which had been found, and had even, to her unbounded delight, received and accepted an invitation to go on an excavating expedition with her new friend on the following morning.

After that came one of the happiest weeks of Miss Jennings' life.

She had enjoyed the whole of her tour, and had found the temples and tombs of Upper Egypt interesting in the extreme, but nothing had fascinated her so completely as this novel occupation of digging for, and even now and then finding, antiquities for herself.

All the sights of Cairo—the mosques, the Museum, the Muski, and the bazaars—were neglected during that wonderful week, and each day long hours were spent by Miss Maria out on the blazing sandhills, with a green-lined umbrella over her head, an open bag at her side, and with eager fingers delving busily in the warm dust.

There was never any difficulty in finding companions for these excursions, for just at that time one or two lucky finds had been made on the Mummy Heaps, and bead-hunting, therefore, was a popular amusement.

Our heroine, however, was by no means a fortunate excavator, and only very few and very worthless objects rewarded her prolonged and

arduous searches. To the little woman herself, this did not make any difference, for all her discoveries seemed to her to be invaluable. She had, besides, the boundless enthusiasm and perseverance of a true explorer, and was always quite positive that her fortunes would change, and that some wonderful piece of luck awaited her in the near future.

There was only one drawback to her perfect bliss during this period, and that was that her time in Egypt was strictly limited.

Her return ticket to England was taken, her berth in a homeward-bound steamer secured, and she had only one week to spend at Mena.

In what seemed to be an incredibly short space of time, her last day at the hotel arrived.

"I must start off early," she said to herself as she came downstairs in the morning of that last day. "We will take lunch, and have a really long time on the Mummy Heaps. I feel certain that I shall find something good to-day, — a scarab, perhaps, — and there will be plenty of time to do my packing before dinner."

The matter, however, was not destined to be arranged so easily as on previous occasions, and, for the first time, Miss Jennings found that she could not secure a companion for her expedition.

There was to be a gymkhana at Mena that afternoon, the best gymkhana of the season, and all the younger inhabitants seemed to have entered themselves for one or other of the events. The elders too were going to the entertainment

as spectators, and, in addition, it was a cloudy, unpleasant day, with a hot wind blowing, so that the prospect of a long ride across the desert was not inviting.

At first Mrs. Monson—Miss Jennings' original excavating friend—said that she would think about going; but even she, enthusiastic digger as she was, cried off as the morning wore away and the weather grew more and more boisterous and disagreeable.

"I am very sorry, yes, I really am," she said after lunch, in answer to a last fervent appeal; "but the desert to-day would be quite out of the question. It is a pity—and your last day, too; but you will have to come out to Egypt again another year."

Miss Maria shook her head, and turning away, went up to her own room with a very heavy heart and a very disconsolate face. There were actually tears in her short-sighted, spectacled eyes. It was a trivial matter, of course, in reality, but to her it meant a great deal, and the disappointment was hard to bear with equanimity.

However, there was clearly nothing more to be done now. She had appealed to nearly everyone in the hotel, and it had been in vain.

She stood for a few minutes at the window, watching the people trooping off to the little race-course, and then turned to her neglected packing. As a first step she emptied out all the contents of her overland trunk on to the floor.

It was then that she came upon the polished

box containing her great-uncle's parting gift. She opened it, and, at the sight of the little pistol, a new and daring idea flashed into her mind.

"You will be quite safe, wherever you are, if you carry a revolver." The Bishop had said those words as he placed the box in her hands. Well, why should she not act upon the suggestion now? Why should not she take the revolver and go by herself to the Mummy Heaps?

The plan had hardly formed itself in Miss Maria's brain before she set to work to put it into execution.

It was not a very great distance from the hotel to the Mummy Heaps. She could easily get a donkey and ride there, and what harm could possibly befall her on the way? All her life she had been accustomed to go about by herself through the fields and lanes of her native county; and now that the notion had once presented itself to her, a lonely expedition seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. She would not really be alone either, for, of course, the donkey-boy would be with her.

As she put on her hat, tied her gauze veil, and searched in her disordered room for handbag and gloves, Miss Jennings wondered that she had not thought of this simple solution of her difficulty before.

Just as she was leaving the room she remembered the revolver, and, picking it up, she slipped it into the pocket of her loose coat. She did not, for a moment, think of loading it or of

providing herself with ammunition, and, indeed, the weapon was taken far more as a mascot than as a protection.

When she got out of the hotel, and into the road, new obstacles to her plan presented themselves, for it now appeared that not a single donkey, nor even a camel, was to be had.

"No, lady; no camel, no donkey, all gone to races," this was the piece of information given to her by one of the Arabs, who, wrapped in their cloaks, were lounging against the mud wall, where, on ordinary occasions, numbers of donkeys stood tethered.

"Plenty good donkeys to-morrow," another man volunteered hopefully, but Miss Maria did not take any notice of these remarks.

It was impossible for her to ride to the Mummy Heaps; very well then, she would walk there, for what is a tramp of a few miles to a country-bred Englishwoman? Her mind was quite made up, and, in spite of disappointments and rebuffs, she did not dream of abandoning her project. In a few minutes she was trudging bravely up the curving sweep of road that leads to the Pyramids and to the open desert beyond.

It is a long walk from the Mena House to the old Egyptian burying-place that is called the Mummy Heaps, and it is a very tiring walk, for, while at first the path is steep and rocky, it leads afterwards through a tract that is covered with loose, clogging sand.

The hot wind, too, which was rapidly increasing

in strength, added to the difficulties of the way; but Miss Jennings battled on courageously, and she was so intent on her quest that she hardly noticed that her limbs were stiff and her eyes smarting with the dust by the time that she reached the sandhills, and sat down for a moment's rest before fixing upon a suitable spot for her excavations.

The woman looked a lonely, incongruous little figure, out there in the desert, with the sand drifting and swirling around her, and with the boisterous wind catching at her dress and blowing the loose strands of grey hair across her small, determined face.

The sandhills slope down on one side to a valley, in which are a couple of Arab tombs. To the south, on clear days, can be seen the Pyramids of Sakkara, while on the east the green plain of the Delta stretches away towards Cairo, with the minarets of the Citadel mosque and the Mokattam hills beyond.

To-day, however, nothing of all this could be seen, for the dust haze obscured the distance and even blurred the outlines of the rocks and the low sweeping sand mounds in the immediate foreground.

Miss Maria picked up a piece of broken pottery and began to dig in a large hole, where, it was evident, former excavators had been at work, and, for more than an hour, she toiled on, first digging, then sifting the sand through her fingers, and, all the time, peering eagerly hither and thither with

her short-sighted eyes. Every now and then she caught sight of a speck of blue, and paused to pick up a tiny bead, but luck was against her again, and when at last she stopped to glance at her watch, it was nearly five o'clock, and she had found nothing but a dozen beads and a single little broken figure.

She raised herself stiffly from the hole in which she had been working and placed these paltry treasures safely in her hand-bag.

The wind was blowing more strongly than ever now, and the weary excavator glanced round at the valley and the drifting clouds of sand with a shiver. How lonely it was, and how far away she felt from everywhere and everybody. How far from the hotel, with its cheerful veranda, its groups of chattering tourists, white-clad servants, and comfortable little tea-tables.

A long way off she could see an Arab, wrapped in his dark cloak, making his way slowly along the valley, and, somehow, that solitary figure, instead of bringing a sense of life and companionship, only seemed to add to the desolation and utter emptiness of the dreary, windswept scene.

Miss Maria shivered again, and then she braced up her failing spirits and returned, with fresh energy, to her labours.

It was five o'clock. She could only stay for another half-hour at the most, and then she would have to go away and leave these enchanting sand-hills and all the unknown treasures which they contained.

The scarabs, the charms, the rare, delicately-coloured beads, were they not all waiting here to be discovered? She brushed the hair out of her eyes and knelt down again in the loose sand, quite oblivious to the facts that the swift eastern twilight would soon begin to fall, that the wind was increasing in violence every moment, and that the Arab wayfarer in the valley had turned aside from the track, and was mounting the slope towards her with hurried, noiseless feet.

"Blind, lady—meskeen—poor man, blind—baksheesh!" Miss Jennings started up with a little cry of surprise, and found herself confronted by a gaunt, tattered figure—the figure of a native with a forbidding dark face, closed eyes, and a filthy hand outstretched towards her.

"Blind, lady—baksheesh—give baksheesh!" There was a hint of menace in the harsh, whining voice as the beggar repeated the words.

Miss Jennings shrank away from the intruder, with a sudden pang of fear at her heart.

"No," she said, and her lips quivered nervously as she spoke. "No; go away, imshi. I have nothing for you. Go, go!"

And then she noticed something, and her heart began to beat more quickly, while all the colour died out of her face.

The blind man's eyes had opened, and they were fixed with a stare of unmistakable greed and cunning on the little leather hand-bag which was slung on to her wrist.

Miss Maria glanced round wildly; but she was

quite alone there on the deserted sandhills. It would be useless and absurd to call for help or to attempt to make her escape.

"Go!" she said again. "I have nothing for you —nothing. Go, go!"

The man stood for a moment, still with the same horrible expression in his eyes. Then he lurched forward suddenly, flung one lean, powerful arm round the Englishwoman, and, with the other hand, tried to wrench the bag from her wrist.

And then a strange thing happened. At the first touch of those dark, bony fingers, all Miss Jennings' terror left her, as if by magic, and a fierce passion of anger and revolt—an emotion which she had never experienced before, and of which she would not in calmer moments have believed herself capable—took its place.

Her feelings towards the natives of Egypt had hitherto been both sympathetic and friendly; but the sight of this man's bloodshot, vindictive eyes, the sound of his harsh voice, the smell of his ragged woollen garments, and, above all, the touch of his grimy hands, all combined to fill her with wild horror and repulsion.

The strange, instinctive antipathy of the white races for the dark surged up within her, and she was conscious only of a mad, desperate longing for escape and for revenge.

Her right arm was pinned down to her side by the beggar's grasp, but her hand was free, and, as she struggled frantically in her efforts to release

herself, the little revolver in her coat pocket swung against her knee and reminded her of its presence.

She slipped her hand into the pocket, drew out the weapon, and with a swift movement jerked her arm upwards from the elbow.

The muzzle of the revolver, as she lifted her hand, came into contact with the breast of her assailant. She pulled the trigger, there was a flash, a sharp explosion, a smell of gunpowder, and the man fell backwards, dragging her with him to the ground.

Miss Jennings had had no idea, when she started out on her expedition, that one of the chambers of her revolver was loaded. She realized afterwards that she must have left the cartridge in the weapon on that evening, long ago, in England, when she had examined and played with her new toy. If she had any clear intention at all in her mind when she dragged the pistol from her pocket, it was a hope that the mere sight of it might intimidate her assailant, but she never felt quite certain as to how she would have acted had she known that the revolver was loaded. Now she was filled with unutterable horror and remorse as she disentangled herself from the clinging arms and struggled painfully to her feet.

The man was dead, one glance told her that, for she had seen death many times in the cottage homes of her district, and death, in itself, was not repellent to her. She knelt down by the body, and, with an involuntary shudder, thrust her hand beneath the tattered garments. But she knew

that he was dead all the time. It did not even need the evidence of the dark stream that was discolouring the pale sand, to tell her the terrible truth.

The Arab beggar was dead, and it was she, Maria Jennings, parish worker, Sunday-school teacher and district visitor, the daughter of a vicar and the niece of a bishop who had killed him.

The little woman got up from her knees, when the examination was at an end, and began to run, with weak, faltering steps, across the sand. It would be useless to fetch assistance, for the man was past all help, but she felt that she must tell some one of what had happened, give herself up to justice, and take whatever punishment might be her due.

She wondered vaguely, as she stumbled through the sand, whether her deed would be called murder, manslaughter, or justifiable homicide; but, after a minute, her brain began to clear a little, and she was able to take a more cool and sensible view of the situation.

It had been an accident, of course; she had not known that the revolver was loaded. She shivered again, as she remembered the wild passion of loathing and rage which had possessed her at the moment when the native seized her arm; but it had been an accident, there could be no doubt on that point. She retraced her steps and sat down on a low rock near to the place where the body of her victim was lying.

Miss Jennings was an intelligent and well-educated woman, in spite of her inexperience and the quiet life which she had led through so many years; and, during her stay in Egypt, she had read and thought a good deal about the natives and about their treatment by the Europeans in the country. A few days previously, while visiting some friends in Cairo, she had listened to a conversation between two Englishmen, both of whom knew the East well, and some of their words recurred to her memory now.

There had been trouble, it appeared, between a native and a European, and it was doubtful which of the two had been the aggressor in the first place. The native, however, had wounded the other man in the struggle which had ensued.

"Of course, the fellow has to be punished," one of the speakers had said; "but it is the fuss and talk about it all that does the mischief."

"Yes," had been the answer, "that always is the trouble out here, and a scandal of this sort is the last thing that we want just at present."

Miss Jennings thought over these words as she sat there in the whirling sandstorm, with the body of the dead Arab at her feet. She longed to hurry back to Mena, and to confess her share in what had occurred; but even she, ignorant in these matters and inexperienced as she was, had no difficulty in picturing the trouble, anxiety, and scandal which would follow her tidings.

She seemed to hear the talk, to feel the excite-

ment, and almost to see the words in the newspapers which would describe and dilate upon the unprecedented incident.

"English lady kills an Arab!" "Strange Tragedy at the Pyramids!" "Native murdered by Bishop's great-niece!" She wondered if these would be the sensational headlines chosen by some of the halfpenny papers, and then her thoughts turned to the other course which was undoubtedly open to her.

"It is the talk and the scandal that does the mischief."

Well, it was in her hands to prevent any talk or any scandal. She could, if she chose, conceal all traces of her deed, and not say anything about the catastrophe to anyone.

It did not take Miss Maria very long to make up her mind. The sand clouds were thicker than ever now, and the whole of the surrounding desert was enveloped in a dense yellow haze. Nobody could possibly have seen the event that had happened out there on the Mummy Heaps. Nobody would be able to see what was going to happen now.

The woman got up at last from the stone on which she had been sitting, and her face was very wan and haggard in the murky light. She glanced down at the dead Arab, and then at the hole in which she had been working when he accosted her. It was a large hole, some four feet long and perhaps three feet deep. It was fairly wide, too, and a few minutes' work in the loose

sand would make it quite large enough for her purpose.

Miss Jennings widened and lengthened the trench. Then, with great difficulty, she managed to drag the man's body to the brink and to lower it into the improvised grave. When this was done, she filled up the hole with sand and piled a number of large, heavy stones above it.

Supposing that the body were found now, it would be quite impossible for anyone to discover how or why the Arab had met with his death, or whether one of his own countrymen had not been responsible for the deed.

It only remained to conceal the revolver and to cover up that horrible red stain on the pale sand. The latter work was quickly done, and as for the little pistol, it would be a simple matter to throw it down one of the tomb shafts near the Great Pyramid.

Miss Maria picked up her bag, at last, and half mechanically brushed some grains of sand from her skirt; but just as she was starting on her homeward journey, a new thought flashed into her mind.

She turned back, for the second time, knelt down by the piled stones, and repeated aloud as much of the funeral service as she could remember.

It was not very much, certainly, parson's daughter and bishop's niece as she was, for her brain was in a whirl, and only with difficulty could she control her wandering thoughts.

From time to time, as she knelt there, the little woman glanced nervously over her shoulder, for all her courage and self-confidence had gone now, and the wide desert, instead of being an enchanted fairyland, was a terrible, haunted place, where unknown elements of crime and danger lurked like ghosts among the dimly-seen rocks or watched her from behind the drifting clouds of sand.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," Miss Maria murmured the familiar words in a voice that trembled pitifully, and then she got up stiffly and set her face in the direction of the Pyramids.

It seemed a very long way back to Mena that evening, for the sun had set now, dusk was falling, and the wind still blew boisterously among the sandhills. When Miss Jennings began to descend the road towards the hotel, she was so much exhausted that she could hardly drag one foot before the other.

Up till now she had met no one, either native or European, on her homeward way, but, as she neared the hotel, a little Arab boy, who had been cowering under the sheltering wall, scrambled to his feet and ran towards her.

"Baksheesh, lady," he cried, in his shrill treble. "Blind, lady—baksheesh, blind."

Miss Jennings stopped, and, for the first time since she had left the Mummy Heaps, the shadow on her wan face lifted a little.

She opened her bag, took out a purse, and emptied its contents into the palm of her hand.

There were a couple of large silver twenty-piastre pieces, three shillings, and a number of small coins.

"Here, boy," she said; "here is a baksheesh for you."

She pressed the money into the child's outstretched hands, and, without a word of thanks, he turned and fled away into the dusty darkness as if afraid that the mad Englishwoman would either find out her mistake or repent of her generosity.

His benefactress went on into the hotel.

After her return from Egypt Miss Jennings' English friends said that she did not seem to have derived very much benefit from her winter abroad, for her face was paler and thinner than it had been before, she was less energetic, and was, moreover, subject to frequent fits of depression and silence.

The old bishop had died of bronchitis while his niece was away, so Miss Maria was never asked whether she still had the little revolver, or whether it had proved useful to her during her travels.

Printed by
MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED
Edinburgh

METHUEN'S POPULAR NOVELS

Crown 8vo, 6s. each

THE LOVE PIRATE

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of 'The Heather Moon'

The Princess di Sereno, beautiful and young, sails for America to visit California, her father's native land. No sooner does she reach New York, than she is plunged into an adventure of which Nick Hilliard, a young Californian, is the hero. All unconsciously she becomes the 'love pirate' who takes Hilliard from the Spanish woman who adores him. The hero conducts the heroine through exciting adventures, and a drama of love and jealousy, set in the midst of California's most magnificent scenery, leads at length to a happy ending.

A KNIGHT OF SPAIN

By MARJORIE BOWEN

Author of 'I Will Maintain'

This story is laid in the stormy and sombre last half of the sixteenth century, and deals with the fortunes of the Royal House of Spain, the most powerful, cruel, and tragic dynasty of modern Europe. The hero is Charles v's son, the gay, handsome, and heroic Don Juan of Austria, who rose to an unparalleled renown in Christendom as the victor of Lepanto, intoxicated himself with visions of a crown and the rank of 'Infant' of Spain, and from the moment of his apogee was swiftly cast down by his brother, Philip II, sent to undertake the impossible task of ruling the Low Countries, and left to die, forsaken, of a mysterious illness, at the age of twenty-eight, in a camp outside Namur. The story embraces the greater part of this Prince's short life, which was one glowing romance of love and war, played in the various splendours of Spain, Genoa, Venice, Naples, Sicily, Africa, Paris, and Brussels.

THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITTY

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Author of 'Spanish Gold'

Dr. Whitty is a person of some importance in the town of Ballintra, which is situated in western Connacht. He lives on the best of terms with Colonel Beresford, the local landlord, Mr. Jackson, the rector, and Father Henaghan, the parish priest. In his efforts to benefit the town, to help those in any kind of difficulty and to purify the public life of the place, he meets with a series of adventures of an unusual and amusing kind. He finally wins the affections of Miss Mulhall, a lady who was engaged in furthering the philanthropic schemes of an English social reformer. The series of his adventures closes with the welcome home given to him and his bride by the grateful townspeople.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

By J. C. SNAITH

Author of 'The Principal Girl'

A story which attempts to forecast the course of events in the political world in the near future. Industrial unrest, fomented by class hatred, causes a chasm to open in the life of the nation. Labour and Capital are ranged on opposite sides of an unbridgable gulf; the monarchy is imperilled and civil war imminent. This engrossing novel tells how the situation is saved by the courage and wisdom of a great man, and by the self-sacrifice of one who gives his life in order to preserve his country.

MARY ALL-ALONE

By JOHN OXENHAM

Author of 'The Quest of the Golden Rose'

Mary All-Alone is the story of a girl of position and culture flung suddenly on the swirling tide of life, with no special training or aptitude for earning her living in any capacity. Her very attractiveness raises barriers against her. She finds helping hands and the reverse, as she treads the stony path, and her courage is strained to breaking point at times to withstand the temptations of the primrose way which would provide for her bodily comfort at the expense of her higher nature. But she wins through to happiness in the end.

THE BELOVED ENEMY

By E. MARIA ALBANESI

Author of 'Olivia Mary'

In Madame Albanesi's new story she gives a study of two temperaments—one, strong and rough, made unduly bitter by strange circumstances, yet capable of splendid qualities; and the other, a sunny-hearted girl who, from being rather feather-brained, impulsive, and even heartless, develops gradually into a woman of strong feelings, fine courage, and very real sympathy. The book deals with a love story set in rather romantic fashion, and the vicissitudes of Elizabeth the heroine bring her in contact with a number of social characters all sketched in easily and naturally.

THE PEARL-STRINGER

By PEGGY WEBLING

Author of 'A Spirit of Mirth'

The Pearl-Stringer is a story of modern life in London. It principally deals, as the title implies, with the work and experiences of a girl who strings pearls. This is a little-known occupation, and every detail of the captivating work is given in Miss Webling's new novel, interwoven with a story of love and friendship. It is a book of many characters, quaint descriptions, and intimate talks. Readers who remember her former stories will expect to meet some of the odd and eccentric people who appeal to the author's sympathy and humour. They will not be disappointed, for she will have the pleasure of introducing them to Professor Percy Mordaunt, master of the art of legerdemain; Pill and Perth, jugglers and illusionists; and Mr. and Mrs. Tee, of the celebrated Tee Family.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST

EMANUEL QUINT

By GERHART HAUPTMANN

Translated by THOMAS SELTZER

A translation of the most remarkable of the novels of Gerhart Hauptmann, to whom the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1912 was awarded. This work attempts to place the living human Christ before sophisticated twentieth-century eyes. Whatever other effect it may have, the book cannot fail to cause discussion. In Quint, a figure at once pathetic and inspiring, the author has drawn a character whose divine charm should be felt by every reader.

STUDIES IN LOVE AND IN TERROR

By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES

Author of 'Mary Pechell'

This is a volume of short stories. As with the same author's *Studies in Wives*, the stories, though each is complete in itself, have been collected together because they all show the dramatic and passionate side of human life. In each the heart of a woman is revealed, under stress of temptation, of tragic circumstance, or of the irony of fate. The longest story is concerned with a great submarine disaster, and in another story the sea plays a decisive part. The period of all these studies is the present day, except one, which is laid in the early days of railway construction in England.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE

By A. A. METHLEY

Author of 'The Key of Life'

The twelve stories in this book, the scene of which is laid in Egypt, deal entirely with the life of the tourists and English residents in that alluring country, and illustrate some of the curious influences which change of climate and of surroundings may have on different characters and temperaments. The stories also draw attention to the strange possibilities, mysteries, and dangers which, in an Eastern country — and, perhaps, especially in Egypt—lie beneath the surface of the gay social life of its alien population. In a word, East and West are shown at a meeting point.

THE TERRORS, AND OTHER STORIES

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

The stories in this book are the pick of those which Mr. Marshall has written during the past seventeen years, and they form the first collection of the kind that he has made. For the most part they take a humorous view of life and its episodes. The author has arranged them in the order in which they were written, so that the reader may perhaps observe a development and improvement in the art of fiction as he has learnt it.

IF IT PLEASE YOU

By RICHARD MARSH

Author of 'A Royal Indiscretion'

If it please you—if, Sirs and Ladies, you will do yourselves the service to glance within—here's all sorts for you. A collection as odd, as whimsical, as wonderful—may we say as humorous?—as you may be pleased to want. Here's a bishop goes a-riding with a strange lady in a stranger's car—and the tragic sequel. Here's the cat that brought the pair together. Here's the man who, having by a misadventure killed his friend, turned him into gold—a wondrous narrative. Here's the girl who, in the most perfect innocence, came on a kiss through a hedge, and did not know the giver. Here's something to each special taste; for all Honourable People, a perfect feast—If It Please You!

LED INTO THE WILDERNESS

By WILLIAM E. BAILEY

John Martin, the hero of this story, is a missionary in a rarely visited island in the East. Here he is 'tempted of the devil' and falls. First he yields to a craving for drink, and then to allurements of another kind in the person of a beautiful half-caste girl. Her dramatic death seems to him God's punishment for his offences, and he thinks he has sinned beyond redemption. His despair touches the verge of madness, but in the end he finds faith and peace.

WO_2

By MAURICE DRAKE

This is a sensational and exciting story of present-day illicit seafaring. To explain the character of the forbidden trade would be to tell too much. Enough that international politics are concerned, and that such adventures occur as have made the fortune of earlier romances. A critic who has read Mr. Drake's story in manuscript remarked that it was the most exciting yarn of the sea and its scoundrelism since *The Wrecker*.

REQUITAL

By Mrs. J. O. ARNOLD

Author of 'The Fiddler'

The prologue describes how John Alderson saves the life of his friend Dacre during an ornithological expedition in Siberia. The story opens several years later when Sir Henry Dacre, now an elderly man, and Jack Alderson—son of his former rescuer—are in love with the same woman, Beatrice Wylde. She marries the ornithologist, with the result that complications ensue, and Alderson goes out to the Boer War. The conflict in the heart of an undisciplined woman is portrayed, ending in the final victory of her nobler nature. The scene is laid chiefly near the city of steel, Greytown.

THE EVOLUTION OF EVE

By BERTHA SHELLEY

Author of 'Enderby'

In her new novel, Bertha Shelley has written emphatically a love story. It is a novel that goes straight to the heart of the reader and grips it until the very last page. The action of the story begins in Australia, but continues in London, and an effective contrast is made between the heroine's early life, with its open and rough surroundings, and the more complex environment of the somewhat raffish society in London into which she is thrown. But her charm and simplicity conquer all, and she remains faithful to her ideals. The book is glowing with interest, and the convincing charm of the narrative, with its strong and subtle grasp, leaves the reader with the impression that the oldest story in the world is the only story worth the telling.

HADOW OF 'SHAWS

By THEO DOUGLAS (Mrs. H. D. Everett)

The story of an unwilling wife, and her endeavour to escape the obligation of a nominal marriage, into which she was forced at the age of sixteen. When the story opens the dreaded husband is returning from India after an absence of four years. The expedient to which she resorts, and its after consequences, supply the thread of a briskly moving romance. The scene is laid in a country village not far remote from the London of 1796.

UNCONVENTIONAL MOLLY

By JOSEPH ADAMS

Author of 'Ten Thousand Miles through Canada'

Unconventional Molly is an Irish romance. The heroine is a link between high life with its prejudices, and lowly life with its struggles. The destiny of the characters is worked out in an atmosphere where love and jealousy, tragedy and comedy, are brought into play. The setting of the story is on the shores of the most beautiful bay in the West, a fitting background for the ardour of the *grande passion* and the poetic temperament of a race which still have eyes for the fairies that swing in the purple heather and frolic in the moonlit glens.

THE WARE CASE

By GEORGE PLEYDELL

In *The Ware Case* Mr. George Pleydell tells the story of a crime and its gradual unravelment. The central figures are Lady Ware, a beautiful, young, and well-bred woman, torn between deep passion and high ideals, and her pleasure-loving, shallow husband. A mysterious murder and its consequences hurl the woman into the overwhelming drama of life. The book is remarkable not only for its unfailing and intense dramatic interest, but its being a detective story about persons in whom one can believe.

PASSIONS OF STRAW

By EVELYN F. HEYWOOD

This story unfolds the poignant tragedy of a woman who, proud, beautiful, ambitious, finds herself wedded to a cynic and a roué. Her husband, having shattered her happiness, finally succeeds in drawing their only child into the whirlpool of his idle, vicious life. The detail of the boy's rescue by the Machiavellian scheming of the father, who seems to regret what he has so carelessly inaugurated, is of powerful interest. The fine steadfast character of Peggy Haslam lightens the darker shadows of the book.

A SELECTION OF BOOKS PUBLISHED BY METHUEN AND CO. LTD., LONDON

36 ESSEX STREET

W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
General Literature	2
Ancient Cities	12
Antiquary's Books	12
Arden Shakespeare	13
Classics of Art	13
"Complete" Series	13
Connoisseur's Library	14
Handbooks of English Church History	14
Handbooks of Theology	14
"Home Life" Series	14
Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books	15
Leaders of Religion	15
Library of Devotion	16
Little Books on Art	16
Little Galleries	17
Little Guides	17
Little Library	18
Little Quarto Shakespeare	19
Miniature Library	19
New Library of Medicine	19
New Library of Music	19
Oxford Biographies	19
Three Plays	20
States of Italy	20
Westminster Commentaries	20
"Young" Series	20
Shilling Library	21
Books for Travellers	21
Some Books on Art	21
Some Books on Italy	22
Fiction	23
Two-Shilling Novels	27
Books for Boys and Girls	27
Shilling Novels	28
Novels of Alexandre Dumas	28
Sixpenny Books	29

JULY 1912

A SELECTION OF

MESSRS. METHUEN'S PUBLICATIONS

In this Catalogue the order is according to authors. An asterisk denotes that the book is in the press.

Colonial Editions are published of all Messrs. METHUEN'S Novels issued at a price above 2*s.* 6*d.*, and similar editions are published of some works of General Literature. Colonial editions are only for circulation in the British Colonies and India.

All books marked net are not subject to discount, and cannot be bought at less than the published price. Books not marked net are subject to the discount which the bookseller allows.

Messrs. METHUEN'S books are kept in stock by all good booksellers. If there is any difficulty in seeing copies, Messrs. Methuen will be very glad to have early information, and specimen copies of any books will be sent on receipt of the published price *plus* postage for net books, and of the published price for ordinary books.

This Catalogue contains only a selection of the more important books published by Messrs. Methuen. A complete and illustrated catalogue of their publications may be obtained on application.

Andrewes (Lancelot). PRECES PRIVATAE. Translated and edited, with Notes, by F. E. BRIGHTMAN. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Aristotle. THE ETHICS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by JOHN BURNET. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Atkinson (C. T.). A HISTORY OF GERMANY, 1715–1815. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

Atkinson (T. D.). ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

A GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

ENGLISH AND WELSH CATHEDRALS. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Bain (F. W.). A DIGIT OF THE MOON: A HINDOO LOVE STORY. *Ninth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

THE DESCENT OF THE SUN: A CYCLE OF BIRTH. *Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

A HEIFER OF THE DAWN. *Seventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

IN THE GREAT GOD'S HAIR. *Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

A DRAUGHT OF THE BLUE. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

AN ESSENCE OF THE DUSK. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

AN INCARNATION OF THE SNOW. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

A MINE OF FAULTS. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

THE ASHES OF A GOD. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

*BUBBLES OF THE FOAM. *Fcap 4to. 5s. net. Also Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Balfour (Graham). THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition in one Volume. Cr. 8vo. Buckram, 6s. Also Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.*

Baring (Hon. Maurice). A YEAR IN RUSSIA. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

LANDMARKS IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.*

RUSSIAN ESSAYS AND STORIES. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.*

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Baring-Gould (S.). THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS: A STUDY OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE CÆSARS OF THE JULIAN AND CLAUDIAN HOUSES. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition. Royal 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW. With a Portrait. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *Also Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. *net.*

OLD COUNTRY LIFE. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Large Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

A BOOK OF CORNWALL. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

A BOOK OF DARTMOOR. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

A BOOK OF DEVON. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

Baring-Gould (S.) and **Sheppard (H. Fleetwood).** A GARLAND OF COUNTRY SONG. English Folk Songs with their Traditional Melodies. *Demy 4to.* 6s.

SONGS OF THE WEST: Folk Songs of Devon and Cornwall. Collected from the Mouths of the People. New and Revised Edition, under the musical editorship of CECIL J. SHARP. *Large Imperial 8vo.* 5s. *net.*

Barker (E.). THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF PLATO AND ARISTOTLE. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*

Bastable (C. F.). THE COMMERCE OF NATIONS. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

Beckford (Peter). THOUGHTS ON HUNTING. Edited by J. OTHO PAGET. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo.* 6s.

Belloc (H.). PARIS. Illustrated. *Second Edition, Revised. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

HILLS AND THE SEA. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 5s.

ON NOTHING AND KINDRED SUBJECTS. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 5s.

ON EVERYTHING. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 5s.

ON SOMETHING. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 5s.

FIRST AND LAST. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 5s.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo.* 15s. *net.*

THE PYRENEES. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *net.*

Bennett (W. H.). A PRIMER OF THE BIBLE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

Bennett (W. H.) and **Adeney (W. F.).** A BIBLICAL INTRODUCTION. With a concise Bibliography *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *Also in Two Volumes. Cr. 8vo. Each* 3s. 6d. *net.*

Benson (Archbishop). GOD'S BOARD. Communion Addresses. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*

Bicknell (Ethel E.). PARIS AND HER TREASURES. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. Round corners.* 5s. *net.*

Blake (William). ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. With a General Introduction by LAURENCE BINYON. Illustrated. *Quarto.* 21s. *net.*

Bloemfontein (Bishop of). ARA CŒLI: AN ESSAY IN MYSTICAL THEOLOGY. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*

FAITH AND EXPERIENCE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*

Bowden (E. M.). THE IMITATION OF BUDDHA: Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each Day in the Year. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 16mo.* 2s. 6d.

Brabant (F. G.). RAMBLES IN SUSSEX. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

Bradley (A. G.). ROUND ABOUT WILTSHIRE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

THE ROMANCE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *net.*

Braid (James). ADVANCED GOLF. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition. Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*

Brodrick (Mary) and **Morton (A. Anderson).** A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY. A Handbook for Students and Travellers. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

Browning (Robert). PARACELSUS. Edited with an Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography by MARGARET L. LEE and KATHARINE B. LOCOCK. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*

Buckton (A. M.). EAGER HEART: A Christmas Mystery-Play. *Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 1s. *net.*

Bull (Paul). GOD AND OUR SOLDIERS. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

Burns (Robert). THE POEMS AND SONGS. Edited by ANDREW LANG and W. A. CRAIGIE. With Portrait. *Third Edition. Wide Demy 8vo.* 6s.

Calman (W. T.). THE LIFE OF CRUSTACEA. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

Carlyle (Thomas). THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Edited by C. R. L. FLETCHER. *Three Volumes. Cr. 8vo.* 18s.

THE LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL. With an Introduction by C. H. FIRTH, and Notes and Appendices by S. C. LOMAS. *Three Volumes. Demy 8vo.* 18s. *net.*

Celano (Brother Thomas of). THE LIVES OF S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated by A. G. FERRERS HOWELL. With a Frontispiece. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Chambers (Mrs. Lambert). LAWN TENNIS FOR LADIES. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

***Chesser, (Elizabeth Sloan).** PERFECT HEALTH FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Chesterfield (Lord). THE LETTERS OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON. Edited, with an Introduction by C. STRACHEY, and Notes by A. CALTHROP. *Two Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 12s.*

Chesterton (G. K.). CHARLES DICKENS. With two Portraits in Photogravure. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. *Sixth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
TREMENDOUS TRIFLES. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
ALARMS AND DISCURSIONS. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
***TYPES OF MEN.** *Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*

Clausen (George). SIX LECTURES ON PAINTING. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Large Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
AIMS AND IDEALS IN ART. Eight Lectures delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy of Arts. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Large Post 8vo. 5s. net.*

Clutton-Brock (A.). SHELLEY: THE MAN AND THE POET. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Cobb (W. F.). THE BOOK OF PSALMS. With an Introduction and Notes. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Conrad (Joseph). THE MIRROR OF THE SEA: Memories and Impressions. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Coolidge (W. A. B.). THE ALPS: IN NATURE AND HISTORY. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

***Correvon (H.).** ALPINE FLORA. Translated and enlarged by E. W. CLAYFORTH. Illustrated. *Square Demy 8vo. 16s. net.*

Coulton (G. G.). CHAUCER AND HIS ENGLAND. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Cowper (William). THE POEMS. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. C. BAILEY. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Cox (J. C.). RAMBLES IN SURREY. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Crowley (Ralph H.). THE HYGIENE OF SCHOOL LIFE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Davis (H. W. C.). ENGLAND UNDER THE NORMANS AND ANGEVINS: 1066–1272. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Dawbarn (Charles). FRANCE AND THE FRENCH. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Dearmer (Mabel). A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Illustrated. *Large Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Deffand (Madame du). LETTRES DE MADAME DU DEFFAND À HORACE WALPOLE. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by Mrs. PAGET TOYNBEE. *In Three Volumes. Demy 8vo. £3 3s. net.*

Dickinson (G. L.). THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE. *Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

Ditchfield (P. H.). THE PARISH CLERK. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
THE OLD-TIME PARSON. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
***THE OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Ditchfield (P. H.) and Roe (Fred). VANISHING ENGLAND. The Book by P. H. Ditchfield. Illustrated by FRED ROE. *Second Edition. Wide Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Douglas (Hugh A.). VENICE ON FOOT. With the Itinerary of the Grand Canal. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Round corners. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.*
VENICE AND HER TREASURES. Illustrated. *Round corners. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Dowden (J.). FURTHER STUDIES IN THE PRAYER BOOK. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Driver (S. R.). SERMONS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE OLD TESTAMENT. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Dumas (Alexandre). THE CRIMES OF THE BORGIAS AND OTHERS. With an Introduction by R. S. GARNETT. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CRIMES OF URBAIN GRANDIER AND OTHERS. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CRIMES OF THE MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS AND OTHERS. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CRIMES OF ALI PACHA AND OTHERS. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

MY MEMOIRS. Translated by E. M. WALLER. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. With Frontispieces in Photogravure. In six Volumes. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. each volume.*
VOL. I. 1802–1821. VOL. IV. 1830–1831.
VOL. II. 1822–1825. VOL. V. 1831–1832.
VOL. III. 1826–1830. VOL. VI. 1832–1833.

MY PETS. Newly translated by A. R. ALLINSON. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Duncan (F. M.). OUR INSECT FRIENDS AND FOES. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Dunn-Pattison (R. P.). NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. Second Edition. 12s. 6d. net.*

THE BLACK PRINCE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Durham (The Earl of). THE REPORT ON CANADA. With an Introductory Note. *Demy 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.*

Dutt (W. A.). THE NORFOLK BROADS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Egerton (H. E.). A SHORT HISTORY OF BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Evans (Herbert A.). CASTLES OF ENGLAND AND WALES. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

Exeter (Bishop of). REGNUM DEI. (The Bampton Lectures of 1901.) *A Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Ewald (Carl). MY LITTLE BOY. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*

Fairbrother (W. H.). THE PHILOSOPHY OF T. H. GREEN. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

***ffoulkes (Charles).** THE ARMOURER AND HIS CRAFT. Illustrated. *Royal 4to. £2 2s. net.*

Firth (C. H.). CROMWELL'S ARMY: A History of the English Soldier during the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Fisher (H. A. L.). THE REPUBLICAN TRADITION IN EUROPE. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*

FitzGerald (Edward). THE RUBA'IYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Printed from the Fifth and last Edition. With a Commentary by H. M. BATSON, and a Biographical Introduction by E. D. ROSS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Flux (A. W.). ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Fraser (J. F.). ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Galton (Sir Francis). MEMORIES OF MY LIFE. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Gibbins (H. de B.). INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND: HISTORICAL OUTLINES. With Maps and Plans. *Seventh Edition, Revised. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*

THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. With 5 Maps and a Plan. *Eighteenth and Revised Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s.*

ENGLISH SOCIAL REFORMERS. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Gibbon (Edward). THE MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF EDWARD GIBBON. Edited by G. BIRKBECK HILL. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Edited, with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY, Illustrated. *In Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo. Each 10s. 6d. net. Also in Seven Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 6s. each.*

Glover (T. R.). THE CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS IN THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE. *Fourth Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Godley (A. D.). LYRA FRIVOLA. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

VERSES TO ORDER. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

SECOND STRINGS. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Gostling (Frances M.). THE BRETONS AT HOME. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

AUVERGNE AND ITS PEOPLE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

***Gray (Arthur).** CAMBRIDGE AND ITS STORY. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Grahame (Kenneth). THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. Illustrated. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Granger (Frank). HISTORICAL SOCIOLOGY: A TEXT-BOOK OF POLITICS. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Grew (Edwin Sharpe). THE GROWTH OF A PLANET. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Griffin (W. Hall) and Minchin (H. C.). THE LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

Hale (J. R.). FAMOUS SEA FIGHTS: FROM SALAMIS TO TSU-SHIMA. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*

Hall (H. R.). THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PERSIAN INVASION OF GREECE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Hannay (D.). A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY. Vol. I., 1217–1688. Vol. II., 1689–1815. *Demy 8vo. Each 7s. 6d. net.*

Harper (Charles G.). THE AUTOCAR ROAD-BOOK. With Maps. *In Four Volumes. Cr. 8vo. Each 7s. 6d. net.*
Vol. I.—SOUTH OF THE THAMES.
Vol. II.—NORTH AND SOUTH WALES AND WEST MIDLANDS.
Vol. III.—EAST ANGLIA AND EAST MIDLANDS.
Vol. IV.—THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Harris (Frank). THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Hassall (Arthur). THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Headley (F. W.). DARWINISM AND MODERN SOCIALISM. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Henderson (M. Sturge). GEORGE MEREDITH: NOVELIST, POET, REFORMER. With a Portrait. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Henley (W. E.). ENGLISH LYRICS: CHAUCER TO POE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

Hill (George Francis). ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Hind (C. Lewis). DAYS IN CORNWALL. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Hobhouse (L. T.). THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Hobson (J. A.). INTERNATIONAL TRADE: AN APPLICATION OF ECONOMIC THEORY. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
PROBLEMS OF POVERTY: AN INQUIRY INTO THE INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF THE POOR. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED: AN ENQUIRY AND AN ECONOMIC POLICY. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Hodgson (Mrs. W.). HOW TO IDENTIFY OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Post 8vo. 6s.*

Holdich (Sir T. H.). THE INDIAN BORDERLAND, 1880–1900. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Holdsworth (W. S.). A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. *In Four Volumes. Vols. I., II., III. Demy 8vo. Each 10s. 6d. net.*

Holland (Clive). TYROL AND ITS PEOPLE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
THE BELGIANS AT HOME. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Horsburgh (E. L. S.). LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT: AND FLORENCE IN HER GOLDEN AGE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
WATERLOO: A NARRATIVE AND A CRITICISM. With Plans. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s.*
THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Hosie (Alexander). MANCHURIA. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Hudson (W. H.). A SHEPHERD'S LIFE: IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH WILTSHIRE DOWNS. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Humphreys (John H.). PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Hutchinson (Horace G.). THE NEW FOREST. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Hutton (Edward). THE CITIES OF SPAIN. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CITIES OF UMBRIA. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CITIES OF LOMBARDY. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
FLORENCE AND NORTHERN TUSCANY WITH GENOA. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
VENICE AND VENETIA. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ROME. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
COUNTRY WALKS ABOUT FLORENCE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.*
IN UNKNOWN TUSCANY. With Notes by WILLIAM HEYWOOD. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
A BOOK OF THE WYE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Ibsen (Henrik). BRAND. A Dramatic Poem, Translated by WILLIAM WILSON. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Inge (W. R.). CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. (The Bampton Lectures of 1899.) *Second and Cheaper Edition Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

nes (A. D.). A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH IN INDIA. With Maps and Plans. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
NGLAND UNDER THE TUDORS. With Maps. *Third Edition. Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

nnes (Mary). SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 5s. *net.*

enks (E.). AN OUTLINE OF ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT. *Second Edition.* Revised by R. C. K. ENSOR, *Cr.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *net.*
SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW: FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE END OF THE YEAR 1911. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

lerningham (Charles Edward). THE MAXIMS OF MARMADUKE. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 5s.

ohnston (Sir H. H.). BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr.* 4to. 18s. *net.*
THE NEGRO IN THE NEW WORLD. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 21s. *net.*

Julian (Lady) of Norwich. REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. Edited by GRACE WARRACK. *Fourth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Keats (John). THE POEMS. Edited with Introduction and Notes by E. de SÉLINCOURT. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure. *Third Edition. Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Keble (John). THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. With an Introduction and Notes by W. LOCK. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Kempis (Thomas à). THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. From the Latin, with an Introduction by DEAN FARRAR. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Kingston (Edward). A GUIDE TO THE BRITISH PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Kipling (Rudyard). BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. 108*th Thousand. Thirty-first Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s. Also *Fcap.* 8vo, *Leather.* 5s. *net.*
THE SEVEN SEAS. 89*th Thousand. Nineteenth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s. Also *Fcap.* 8vo, *Leather.* 5s. *net.*
THE FIVE NATIONS. 72*nd Thousand. Eighth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s. Also *Fcap.* 8vo, *Leather.* 5s. *net.*
DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. *Twentieth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s. Also *Fcap.* 8vo, *Leather.* 5s. *net.*

Lamb (Charles and Mary). THE COMPLETE WORKS. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by E. V. LUCAS. *A New and Revised Edition in Six Volumes. With Frontispiece. Fcap* 8vo. 5s. *each.* The volumes are :—
I. MISCELLANEOUS PROSE. II. ELIA AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA. III. BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. IV. PLAYS AND POEMS. V. and VI. LETTERS.

Lankester (Sir Ray). SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Le Braz (Anatole). THE LAND OF PARDONS. Translated by FRANCES M. GOSTLING. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Lock (Walter). ST. PAUL, THE MASTER-BUILDER. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.
THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIAN LIFE. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Lodge (Sir Oliver). THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH, ALLIED WITH SCIENCE: A Catechism for Parents and Teachers. *Eleventh Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 2s. *net.*
MAN AND THE UNIVERSE: A STUDY OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE ADVANCE IN SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE UPON OUR UNDERSTANDING OF CHRISTIANITY. *Ninth Edition. Demy* 8vo. 5s. *net. Also Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. *net.*
THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. A STUDY IN UNRECOGNISED HUMAN FACULTY. *Fifth Edition. Wide Crown* 8vo. 5s. *net.*
REASON AND BELIEF. *Fifth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net*
•MODERN PROBLEMS. *Cr.* 8vo. 5s. *net.*

Lorimer (George Horace). LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. Illustrated. *Twenty-second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Also Fcap. 8vo. 1s. *net.*
OLD GORGON GRAHAM. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Lucas (E. V.). THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*
A WANDERER IN HOLLAND. Illustrated. *Thirteenth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
A WANDERER IN LONDON. Illustrated. *Twelfth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
A WANDERER IN PARIS. Illustrated. *Ninth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
Also Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
•A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
THE OPEN ROAD: A Little Book for Wayfarers. *Eighteenth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.; *India Paper,* 7s. 6d.
•*Also Illustrated in colour. Cr.* 4to 15s. *net.*

THE FRIENDLY TOWN: A Little Book for the Urbane. *Sixth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.; *India Paper*, 7s. 6d.
FIRESIDE AND SUNSHINE. *Sixth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
CHARACTER AND COMEDY. *Sixth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
THE GENTLEST ART. A Choice of Letters by Entertaining Hands. *Seventh Edition. Fcap* 8vo. 5s.
THE SECOND POST. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
HER INFINITE VARIETY: A FEMININE PORTRAIT GALLERY. *Sixth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
GOOD COMPANY: A RALLY OF MEN. *Second Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
ONE DAY AND ANOTHER. *Fifth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. *Fourth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
LISTENER'S LURE: AN OBLIQUE NARRATION. *Ninth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
OVER BEMERTON'S: AN EASY-GOING CHRONICLE. *Ninth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
MR. INGLESIDE. *Ninth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s.
See also Lamb (Charles).

Lydekker (R. and Others). REPTILES, AMPHIBIA, FISHES, AND LOWER CHORDATA. Edited by J. C. CUNNINGHAM. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Lydekker (R.). THE OX AND ITS KINDRED. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Macaulay (Lord). CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS. Edited by F. C. MONTAGUE. *Three Volumes. Cr.* 8vo. 18s.

McCabe (Joseph). THE DECAY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. *Third Edition. Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*
THE EMPRESSES OF ROME. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 12s. 6d. *net.*

MacCarthy (Desmond) and Russell (Agatha). LADY JOHN RUSSELL: A MEMOIR. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

McCullagh (Francis). THE FALL OF ABD-UL-HAMID. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

McDougall (William). AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. *Fourth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 5s. *net.*
BODY AND MIND: A HISTORY AND A DEFENCE OF ANIMISM. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

***Mdlle. Mori* (Author of).** ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA AND HER TIMES. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Maeterlinck (Maurice). THE BLUE BIRD: A FAIRY PLAY IN SIX ACTS. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. *Fcap.* 8vo. *Deckle Edges.* 3s. 6d. *net. Also Fcap.* 8vo. *Cloth*, 1s. *net.* An Edition, illustrated in colour by F. CAYLEY ROBINSON, is also published. *Cr.* 4to. *Gilt top.* 21s. *net.* Of the above book Twenty-nine Editions in all have been issued.
MARY MAGDALENE: A PLAY IN THREE ACTS. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. *Deckle Edges.* 3s. 6d. *net. Also Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. *net.*
DEATH. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. *Fourth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Mahaffy (J. P.). A HISTORY OF EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Maitland (F. W.). ROMAN CANON LAW IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. *Royal* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Marett (R. R.). THE THRESHOLD OF RELIGION. *Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Marriott (Charles). A SPANISH HOLIDAY. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*
THE ROMANCE OF THE RHINE. Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Marriott (J. A. R.). THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Masefield (John). SEA LIFE IN NELSON'S TIME. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*
A SAILOR'S GARLAND. Selected and Edited. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Masterman (C. F. G.). TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND. *Fourth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s. *Also Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. *net.*

***Mayne (Ethel Colburn).** BYRON. Illustrated. *In two volumes. Demy* 8vo. 21s. *net.*

Medley (D. J.). ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. *Cr.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Methuen (A. M. S.). ENGLAND'S RUIN: DISCUSSED IN FOURTEEN LETTERS TO A PROTECTIONIST. *Ninth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3d. *net.*

Miles (Eustace). LIFE AFTER LIFE: OR, THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION. *Cr.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *net.*
THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION: HOW TO ACQUIRE IT. *Fourth Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Millais (J. G.). THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. Illustrated. *New Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Milne (J. G.). A HISTORY OF EGYPT UNDER ROMAN RULE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Moffat (Mary M.). QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

MARIA THERESA. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Money (L. G. Chiozza). RICHES AND POVERTY, 1910. *Tenth and Revised Edition. Demy 8vo. 5s. net.*

MONEY'S FISCAL DICTIONARY, 1910. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 5s. net.*

INSURANCE VERSUS POVERTY. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

THINGS THAT MATTER: PAPERS ON SUBJECTS WHICH ARE, OR OUGHT TO BE, UNDER DISCUSSION. *Demy 8vo. 5s. net.*

Montague (C.E.). DRAMATIC VALUES. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*

Moorhouse (E. Hallam). NELSON'S LADY HAMILTON. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Morgan (C. Lloyd). INSTINCT AND EXPERIENCE. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Nevill (Lady Dorothy). MY OWN TIMES. Edited by her son. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Norway (A. H.). NAPLES: PAST AND PRESENT. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

O'Donnell (Elliott). WEREWOLVES *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Oman (C. W. C.). A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

ENGLAND BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST. With Maps. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Oxford (M. N.). A HANDBOOK OF NURSING. *Sixth Edition, Revised. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Pakes (W. C. C.). THE SCIENCE OF HYGIENE. Illustrated. *Second and Cheaper Edition.* Revised by A. T. NANKIVELL. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Parker (Eric). THE BOOK OF THE ZOO. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Pears (Sir Edwin). TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

Petrie (W. M. Flinders). A HISTORY OF EGYPT. Illustrated. *In Six Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 6s. each.*

VOL. I. FROM THE 1ST TO THE XVITH DYNASTY. *Seventh Edition.*

VOL. II. THE XVIITH AND XVIIITH DYNASTIES. *Fourth Edition.*

VOL. III. XIXTH TO XXXTH DYNASTIES.

VOL. IV. EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY. J. P. MAHAFFY.

VOL. V. EGYPT UNDER ROMAN RULE. J. G. MILNE.

VOL. VI. EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

SYRIA AND EGYPT, FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA LETTERS. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

EGYPTIAN TALES. Translated from the Papyri. First Series, IVth to XIIth Dynasty. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

EGYPTIAN TALES. Translated from the Papyri. Second Series, XVIIIth to XIXth Dynasty. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

EGYPTIAN DECORATIVE ART. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Phelps (Ruth S.). SKIES ITALIAN: A LITTLE BREVIARY FOR TRAVELLERS IN ITALY. *Fcap. 8vo. Leather. 5s. net.*

Pollard (Alfred W.). SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS AND QUARTOS. A Study in the Bibliography of Shakespeare's Plays, 1594–1685. Illustrated. *Folio. 21s. net.*

Porter (G. R.). THE PROGRESS OF THE NATION. A New Edition. Edited by F. W. HIRST. *Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*

Power (J. O'Connor). THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Price (Eleanor C.). CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Price (L. L.). A SHORT HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN ENGLAND FROM ADAM SMITH TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Pycraft (W. P.). A HISTORY OF BIRDS. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Rawlings (Gertrude B.). COINS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Regan (C. Tate). THE FRESHWATER FISHES OF THE BRITISH ISLES. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Reid (Archdall). THE LAWS OF HEREDITY. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*

Robertson (C. Grant). SELECT STATUTES, CASES, AND DOCUMENTS, 1660–1894. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
ENGLAND UNDER THE HANOVERIANS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Roe (Fred). OLD OAK FURNITURE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

***Ryan (P. F. W.).** STUART LIFE AND MANNERS: A SOCIAL HISTORY. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

St. Francis of Assisi. THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF THE GLORIOUS MESSER, AND OF HIS FRIARS. Done into English, with Notes by WILLIAM HEYWOOD. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 5s. net.*

'Saki' (H. H. Munro). REGINALD. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d net.*
REGINALD IN RUSSIA. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

Sandeman (G. A. C.). METTERNICH. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Schidrowitz (Philip). RUBBER. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Selous (Edmund). TOMMY SMITH'S ANIMALS. Illustrated. *Eleventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
TOMMY SMITH'S OTHER ANIMALS. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
JACK'S INSECTS. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Shakespeare (William).
THE FOUR FOLIOS, 1623; 1632; 1664; 1685. Each £4 4s. *net*, or a complete set, £12 12s. *net.*
THE POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With an Introduction and Notes by GEORGE WYNDHAM. *Demy 8vo. Buckram. 10s. 6d.*

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). THE POEMS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. With an Introduction by A. CLUTTON-BROCK and notes by C. D. LOCOCK. *Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*

Sladen (Douglas). SICILY: The New Winter Resort. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Smith (Adam). THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. Edited by EDWIN CANNAN. *Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*

Smith (G. Herbert). GEM-STONES AND THEIR DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERS. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*

Snell (F. J.). A BOOK OF EXMOOR. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CUSTOMS OF OLD ENGLAND. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

'Stancliffe.' GOLF DO'S AND DONT'S. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.*

Stevenson (R. L.). THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. *A New and Enlarged Edition in four volumes. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Each 5s. Leather, each 5s. net.*

Stevenson (M. I.). FROM SARANAC TO THE MARQUESAS AND BEYOND. Being Letters written by Mrs. M. I. STEVENSON during 1887–88. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*
LETTERS FROM SAMOA, 1891–95. Edited and arranged by M. C. BALFOUR. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*

Storr (Vernon F.). DEVELOPMENT AND DIVINE PURPOSE. *Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Streatfeild (R. A.). MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Swanton (E. W.). FUNGI AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*

Symes (J. E.). THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Tabor (Margaret E.). THE SAINTS IN ART. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Taylor (A. E.). ELEMENTS OF METAPHYSICS. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Taylor (Mrs. Basil) (Harriet Osgood). JAPANESE GARDENS. Illustrated *Cr. 4to. 21s. net.*

Thibaudeau (A. C.). BONAPARTE AND THE CONSULATE. Translated and Edited by G. K. FORTESCUE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Thomas (Edward). MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Thompson (Francis). SELECTED POEMS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. With a Biographical Note by WILFRID MEYNELL. With a Portrait in Photogravure. *Seventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Tileston (Mary W.). DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. *Nineteenth Edition. Medium 16mo. 2s. 6d net. Lambskin 3s. 6d. net.* Also an edition in superior binding, *6s.*
THE STRONGHOLD OF HOPE. *Medium 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.*

Toynbee (Paget). DANTE ALIGHIERI: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. With 16 Illustrations. *Fourth and Enlarged Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.*

Trevelyan (G. M.). ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS. With Maps and Plans. *Fifth Edition. Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Triggs (H. Inigo). TOWN PLANNING: PAST, PRESENT, AND POSSIBLE. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Wide Royal* 8vo. 15s. *net.*

*Turner (Sir Alfred E.). SIXTY YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE. *Demy* 8vo. 12s. 6d. *net.*

Underhill (Evelyn). MYSTICISM. A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. *Fourth Edition. Demy* 8vo. 15s. *net.*

*Underwood (F. M.). UNITED ITALY. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

Urwick (E. J.). A PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIAL PROGRESS. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Vaughan (Herbert M.). THE NAPLES RIVIERA. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 6s.
FLORENCE AND HER TREASURES. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8vo. *Round corners.* 5s. *net.*

Vernon (Hon. W. Warren). READINGS ON THE INFERNO OF DANTE. With an Introduction by the REV. DR. MOORE. *Two Volumes. Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 15s. *net.*
READINGS ON THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE. With an Introduction by the late DEAN CHURCH. *Two Volumes. Third Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 15s. *net.*
READINGS ON THE PARADISO OF DANTE. With an Introduction by the BISHOP OF RIPON. *Two Volumes. Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 15s. *net.*

Wade (G. W.), and Wade (J. H.). RAMBLES IN SOMERSET. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Waddell (L. A.). LHASA AND ITS MYSTERIES. With a Record of the Expedition of 1903-1904. Illustrated. *Third and Cheaper Edition. Medium* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Wagner (Richard). RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS: Interpretations, embodying Wagner's own explanations. By ALICE LEIGHTON CLEATHER and BASIL CRUMP. *Fcap.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *each.*
THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG. *Fifth Edition.*
PARSIFAL, LOHENGRIN, AND THE HOLY GRAIL.
TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.
TANNHÄUSER AND THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG.

Waterhouse (Elizabeth). WITH THE SIMPLE-HEARTED: Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. *Third Edition. Small Pott* 8vo. 2s. *net.*
THE HOUSE BY THE CHERRY TREE. A Second Series of Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. *Small Pott* 8vo. 2s. *net.*
COMPANIONS OF THE WAY. Being Selections for Morning and Evening Reading. Chosen and arranged by ELIZABETH WATERHOUSE. *Large Cr.* 8vo. 5s. *net.*
THOUGHTS OF A TERTIARY. *Small Pott* 8vo. 1s. *net.*

Waters (W. G.). ITALIAN SCULPTORS AND SMITHS. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Watt (Francis). EDINBURGH AND THE LOTHIANS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. *net.*

*Wedmore (Sir Frederick). MEMORIES. *Demy* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Weigall (Arthur E. P.). A GUIDE TO THE ANTIQUITIES OF UPPER EGYPT: From Abydos to the Sudan Frontier. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*

Welch (Catharine). THE LITTLE DAUPHIN. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8vo. 6s.

Wells (J.). OXFORD AND OXFORD LIFE. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.
A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. *Eleventh Edition.* With 3 Maps. *Cr.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Wilde (Oscar). THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. *In Twelve Volumes. Fcap.* 8vo. 5s. *net each volume.*
I. LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME AND THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. II. THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. III. POEMS. IV. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. V. A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. VI. AN IDEAL HUSBAND. VII. THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. VIII. A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. IX. INTENTIONS. X. DE PROFUNDIS AND PRISON LETTERS. XI. ESSAYS. XII. SALOMÉ, A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY, and LA SAINTE COURTISANE.

Williams (H. Noel). THE WOMEN BONAPARTES. The Mother and three Sisters of Napoleon. Illustrated. *Two Volumes. Demy* 8vo. 24s. *net.*
A ROSE OF SAVOY: MARIE ADÉLAÏDE OF SAVOY, DUCHESSE DE BOURGOGNE, MOTHER OF LOUIS XV. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8vo. 15s. *net.*
THE FASCINATING DUC DE RICHELIEU: LOUIS FRANÇOIS ARMAND DU PLESSIS (1696-1788). Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 15s. *net.*
A PRINCESS OF ADVENTURE: MARIE CAROLINE, DUCHESSE DE BERRY (1798-1870). Illustrated. *Demy* 8vo. 15s. *net.*

Wood (Sir Evelyn). FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO FIELD-MARSHAL. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Also Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.*

THE REVOLT IN HINDUSTAN (1857-59). Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Wood (W. Birkbeck), and Edmonds (Col. J. E.). A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES (1861-5). With an Introduction by SPENSER WILKINSON. With 24 Maps and Plans. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

Wordsworth (W.). THE POEMS. With an Introduction and Notes by NOWELL C. SMITH. *In Three Volumes. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Yeats (W. B.). A BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

PART II.—A SELECTION OF SERIES.

Ancient Cities.

General Editor, B. C. A. WINDLE.

Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net each volume.

With Illustrations by E. H. NEW, and other Artists.

BRISTOL. Alfred Harvey.
CANTERBURY. J. C. Cox.
CHESTER. B. C. A. Windle.
DUBLIN. S. A. O. Fitzpatrick.
EDINBURGH. M. G. Williamson.
LINCOLN. E. Mansel Sympson.
SHREWSBURY. T. Auden.
WELLS and GLASTONBURY. T. S. Holmes.

The Antiquary's Books.

General Editor, J. CHARLES COX

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net each volume.

With Numerous Illustrations.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND FALSE ANTIQUITIES. R. Munro.
BELLS OF ENGLAND, THE. Canon J. J. Raven. *Second Edition.*
BRASSES OF ENGLAND, THE. Herbert W. Macklin. *Second Edition.*
CELTIC ART IN PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN TIMES. J. Romilly Allen. *Second Edition.*
CASTLES AND WALLED TOWNS OF ENGLAND, THE. A. Harvey.
DOMESDAY INQUEST, THE. Adolphus Ballard.
ENGLISH CHURCH FURNITURE. J. C. Cox and A. Harvey. *Second Edition.*
ENGLISH COSTUME. From Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. George Clinch.
ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. Abbot Gasquet. *Fourth Edition.*
ENGLISH SEALS. J. Harvey Bloom.
FOLK-LORE AS AN HISTORICAL SCIENCE. Sir G. L. Gomme.
GILDS AND COMPANIES OF LONDON, THE. George Unwin.
MANOR AND MANORIAL RECORDS, THE. Nathaniel J. Hone. *Second Edition.*
MEDIÆVAL HOSPITALS OF ENGLAND, THE. Rotha Mary Clay.
OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. F. W. Galpin. *Second Edition.*
OLD ENGLISH LIBRARIES. James Hutt.
OLD SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. Christopher Wordsworth, and Henry Littlehales. *Second Edition.*
PARISH LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND. Abbot Gasquet. *Third Edition.*
PARISH REGISTERS OF ENGLAND, THE. J. C. Cox.
REMAINS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGE IN ENGLAND. B. C. A. Windle. *Second Edition.*
ROMAN ERA IN BRITAIN, THE. J. Ward.
ROMANO-BRITISH BUILDINGS AND EARTHWORKS. J. Ward.
ROYAL FORESTS OF ENGLAND, THE. J. C. Cox.
SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS. J. C. Wall.

The Arden Shakespeare.

Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. net each volume.

An edition of Shakespeare in single Plays; each edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary at the foot of the page.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS, THE.
HAMLET. *Third Edition.*
JULIUS CAESAR.
*KING HENRY IV. PT. I.
KING HENRY V.
KING HENRY VI. PT. I.
KING HENRY VI. PT. II.
KING HENRY VI. PT. III.
KING LEAR.
*KING RICHARD II.
KING RICHARD III.
LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN, THE.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
MACBETH.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
MERCHANT OF VENICE, THE.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, THE.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A.
OTHELLO.
PERICLES.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE.
TEMPEST, THE.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, THE.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
VENUS AND ADONIS.
*WINTER'S TALE, THE.

Classics of Art.

Edited by DR. J. H. W. LAING.

With numerous Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo.

THE ART OF THE GREEKS. H. B. Walters. *12s. 6d. net.*
THE ART OF THE ROMANS. H. B. Walters. *15s. net.*
CHARDIN. H. E. A. Furst. *12s. 6d. net.*
DONATELLO. Maud Cruttwell. *15s. net.*
FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE. Wilhelm Bode. Translated by Jessie Haynes. *12s. 6d. net.*
GEORGE ROMNEY. Arthur B. Chamberlain. *12s. 6d. net.*
GHIRLANDAIO. Gerald S. Davies. *Second Edition.* 10s. 6d.
MICHELANGELO. Gerald S. Davies. *12s. 6d. net.*
RUBENS. Edward Dillon, *25s. net.*
RAPHAEL. A. P. Oppé. *12s. 6d. net.*
REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS. A. M. Hind.
*SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. Sir Walter Armstrong. *21s. net.*
TITIAN. Charles Ricketts. *15s. net.*
TINTORETTO. Evelyn March Phillipps. *15s. net.*
TURNER'S SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS. A. J. FINBERG. *12s. 6d. net. Second Edition.*
VELAZQUEZ. A. de Beruete. *10s. 6d. net.*

The "Complete" Series.

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo.

THE COMPLETE BILLIARD PLAYER. Charles Roberts. *10s. 6d. net.*
THE COMPLETE COOK. Lilian Whitling. *7s. 6d. net.*
THE COMPLETE CRICKETER. Albert E. Knight. *7s. 6d. net. Second Edition.*
THE COMPLETE FOXHUNTER. Charles Richardson. *12s. 6d. net. Second Edition.*
THE COMPLETE GOLFER. Harry Vardon. *10s. 6d. net. Twelfth Edition.*
THE COMPLETE HOCKEY-PLAYER. Eustace E. White. *5s. net. Second Edition.*
THE COMPLETE LAWN TENNIS PLAYER. A. Wallis Myers. *10s. 6d. net. Third Edition, Revised.*
THE COMPLETE MOTORIST. Filson Young. *12s. 6d. net. New Edition (Seventh).*
THE COMPLETE MOUNTAINEER. G. D. Abraham. *15s. net. Second Edition.*
THE COMPLETE OARSMAN. R. C. Lehmann. *10s. 6d. net.*
THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER. R. Child Bayley. *10s. 6d. net. Fourth Edition.*
THE COMPLETE RUGBY FOOTBALLER, ON THE NEW ZEALAND SYSTEM. D. Gallaher and W. J Stead. *10s. 6d. net. Second Edition.*
THE COMPLETE SHOT. G. T. Teasdale-Buckell. *12s. 6d. net. Third Edition.*
THE COMPLETE SWIMMER. F. Sachs. *7s. 6d. net.*
*THE COMPLETE YACHTSMAN. B. Heckstall-Smith and E. du Boulay. *15s. net.*

The Connoisseur's Library.

With numerous Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo. 25s. net each volume.

ENGLISH FURNITURE. F. S. Robinson.
ENGLISH COLOURED BOOKS. Martin Hardie.
ETCHINGS. Sir F. Wedmore. *Second Edition.*
EUROPEAN ENAMELS. Henry H. Cunynghame.
GLASS. Edward Dillon.
GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' WORK. Nelson Dawson. *Second Edition.*
ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. J. A. Herbert. *Second Edition.*
IVORIES. Alfred Maskell.
JEWELLERY. H. Clifford Smith. *Second Edition.*
MEZZOTINTS. Cyril Davenport.
MINIATURES. Dudley Heath.
PORCELAIN. Edward Dillon.
*FINE BOOKS. A. W. Pollard.
SEALS. Walter de Gray Birch.
WOOD SCULPTURE. Alfred Maskell. *Second Edition.*

Handbooks of English Church History.

Edited by J. H. BURN. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net each volume.*

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. J. H. Maude.
THE SAXON CHURCH AND THE NORMAN CONQUEST. C. T. Cruttwell.
THE MEDIÆVAL CHURCH AND THE PAPACY. A. C. Jennings.
THE REFORMATION PERIOD. Henry Gee.
THE STRUGGLE WITH PURITANISM. Bruce Blaxland.
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Alfred Plummer.

Handbooks of Theology.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION. R. L. Ottley. *Fifth Edition, Revised. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.*
A HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. J. F. Bethune-Baker. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. F. B. Jevons. *Fifth Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CREEDS. A. E. Burn. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Alfred Caldecott. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
THE XXXIX ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson. *Seventh Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.*

The "Home Life" Series.

Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 6s. to 10s. 6d. net.

HOME LIFE IN AMERICA. Katherine G. Busbey. *Second Edition.*
HOME LIFE IN FRANCE. Miss Betham-Edwards. *Fifth Edition.*
HOME LIFE IN GERMANY. Mrs. A. Sidgwick. *Second Edition.*
HOME LIFE IN HOLLAND. D. S. Meldrum. *Second Edition.*
HOME LIFE IN ITALY. Lina Duff Gordon. *Second Edition.*
HOME LIFE IN NORWAY. H. K. Daniels.
HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA. Dr. A. S. Rappoport.
HOME LIFE IN SPAIN. S. L. Bensusan. *Second Edition.*

The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books.

Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each volume.

WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

OLD COLOURED BOOKS. George Paston. *2s. net.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. Nimrod. *Fifth Edition.*

THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN. Nimrod.

HANDLEY CROSS. R. S. Surtees. *Fourth Edition.*

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. R. S. Surtees. *Second Edition.*

JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES. R. S. Surtees. *Third Edition.*

ASK MAMMA. R. S. Surtees.

THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD. R. S. Surtees.

THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE. William Combe.

THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION. William Combe.

THE THIRD TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. William Combe.

THE HISTORY OF JOHNNY QUAE GENUS. The Author of 'The Three Tours.'

THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH, from the Designs of T. Rowlandson, with Metrical Illustrations by the Author of 'Doctor Syntax.' *Two Volumes.*

THE DANCE OF LIFE: A Poem. The Author of 'Dr. Syntax.'

LIFE IN LONDON. Pierce Egan.

REAL LIFE IN LONDON. An Amateur (Pierce Egan). *Two Volumes.*

THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR. Pierce Egan.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Oliver Goldsmith.

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME. An Officer.

THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. With Descriptions and 50 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken.

THE ADVENTURES OF A POST CAPTAIN. A Naval Officer.

GAMONIA. Lawrence Rawstorne.

AN ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN. Geoffrey Gambado.

REAL LIFE IN IRELAND. A Real Paddy.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME IN THE NAVY. Alfred Burton.

THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE. John Careless.

THE ENGLISH SPY. Bernard Blackmantle. *Two Volumes. 7s. net.*

WITH PLAIN ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRAVE: A Poem. Robert Blair.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. Invented and engraved by William Blake.

WINDSOR CASTLE. W. Harrison Ainsworth.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. W. Harrison Ainsworth.

FRANK FAIRLEGH. F. E. Smedley.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. Charles Dickens.

Leaders of Religion.

Edited by H. C. BEECHING. *With Portraits.*

Crown 8vo. 2s. net each volume.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. R. H. Hutton.

JOHN WESLEY. J. H. Overton.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE. G. W. Daniell.

CARDINAL MANNING. A. W. Hutton.

CHARLES SIMEON. H. C. G. Moule.

JOHN KNOX. F. MacCunn. *Second Edition.*

JOHN HOWE. R. F. Horton.

THOMAS KEN. F. A. Clarke.

GEORGE FOX, THE QUAKER. T. Hodgkin. *Third Edition.*

JOHN KEBLE. Walter Lock.

THOMAS CHALMERS. Mrs. Oliphant. *Second Edition.*

LANCELOT ANDREWES. R. L. Ottley. *Second Edition.*

AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY. E. L. Cutts.

WILLIAM LAUD. W. H. Hutton. *Third Ed.*

JOHN DONNE. Augustus Jessop.

THOMAS CRANMER. A. J. Mason.

LATIMER. R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle.

BISHOP BUTLER. W. A. Spooner.

The Library of Devotion.

With Introductions and (where necessary) Notes.

Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s.; leather, 2s. 6d. net each volume.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. *Seventh Edition.*

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. *Sixth Edition.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. *Fifth Edition.*

LYRA INNOCENTIUM. *Third Edition.*

THE TEMPLE. *Second Edition.*

A BOOK OF DEVOTIONS. *Second Edition.*

A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE. *Fourth Edition.*

A GUIDE TO ETERNITY.

THE INNER WAY. *Second Edition.*

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

THE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL. *Second Edition.*

A MANUAL OF CONSOLATION FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS.

DEVOTIONS FROM THE APOCRYPHA.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT.

THE DEVOTIONS OF ST. ANSELM.

BISHOP WILSON'S SACRA PRIVATA.

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

LYRA SACRA: A Book of Sacred Verse. *Second Edition.*

A DAY BOOK FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS.

A LITTLE BOOK OF HEAVENLY WISDOM. A Selection from the English Mystics.

LIGHT, LIFE, and LOVE. A Selection from the German Mystics.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF THE GLORIOUS MESSER ST. FRANCIS AND OF HIS FRIARS.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE. *Second Edition.*

DEVOTIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK AND THE GREAT FESTIVALS.

PRECES PRIVATAE.

HORAE MYSTICAE: A Day Book from the Writings of Mystics of Many Nations.

Little Books on Art.

With many Illustrations. Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. net each volume.

Each volume consists of about 200 pages, and contains from 30 to 40 Illustrations, including a Frontispiece in Photogravure.

ALBRECHT DÜRER. L. J. Allen.

ARTS OF JAPAN, THE. E. Dillon. *Third Edition.*

BOOKPLATES. E. Almack.

BOTTICELLI. Mary L. Bonnor.

BURNE-JONES. F. de Lisle.

CELLINI. R. H. H. Cust.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM. Mrs. H. Jenner.

CHRIST IN ART. Mrs. H. Jenner.

CLAUDE. E. Dillon.

CONSTABLE. H. W. Tompkins. *Second Edition.*

COROT. A. Pollard and E. Birnstingl.

ENAMELS. Mrs. N. Dawson. *Second Edition.*

FREDERIC LEIGHTON. A. Corkran.

GEORGE ROMNEY. G. Paston.

GREEK ART. H. B. Walters. *Fourth Edition.*

GREUZE AND BOUCHER. E. F. Pollard.

HOLBEIN. Mrs. G. Fortescue.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. J. W. Bradley.

JEWELLERY. C. Davenport.

JOHN HOPPNER. H. P. K. Skipton.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. J. Sime. *Second Edition.*

MILLET. N. Peacock.

MINIATURES. C. Davenport.

OUR LADY IN ART. Mrs. H. Jenner.

RAPHAEL. A. R. Dryhurst.

REMBRANDT. Mrs. E. A. Sharp.

RODIN. Muriel Ciolkowska.

TURNER. F. Tyrrell-Gill.

VANDYCK. M. G. Smallwood.

VELAZQUEZ. W. Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert.

WATTS. R. E. D. Sketchley. *Second Edition.*

The Little Galleries.

Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. net each volume.

Each volume contains 20 plates in Photogravure, together with a short outline of the life and work of the master to whom the book is devoted.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF REYNOLDS.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF ROMNEY.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF HOPPNER.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF MILLAIS.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF ENGLISH POETS.

The Little Guides.

With many Illustrations by E. H. NEW and other artists, and from photographs.

Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net, each volume.

The main features of these Guides are (1) a handy and charming form; (2) illustrations from photographs and by well-known artists; (3) good plans and maps; (4) an adequate but compact presentation of everything that is interesting in the natural features, history, archæology, and architecture of the town or district treated.

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES. A. H. Thompson. *Third Edition, Revised.*
CHANNEL ISLANDS, THE. E. E. Bicknell.
ENGLISH LAKES, THE. F. G. Brabant.
ISLE OF WIGHT, THE. G. Clinch.
LONDON. G. Clinch.
MALVERN COUNTRY, THE. B. C. A. Windle.
NORTH WALES. A. T. Story.
OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. J. Wells. *Ninth Edition.*
SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. B. C. A. Windle. *Fourth Edition.*
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. G. Clinch.
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. G. E. Troutbeck. *Second Edition.*

BERKSHIRE. F. G. Brabant.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. E. S. Roscoe.
CHESHIRE. W. M. Gallichan.
CORNWALL. A. L. Salmon.
DERBYSHIRE. J. C. Cox.
DEVON. S. Baring-Gould. *Second Edition.*
DORSET. F. R. Heath. *Second Edition.*
ESSEX. J. C. Cox.
HAMPSHIRE. J. C. Cox.
HERTFORDSHIRE. H. W. Tompkins.
KENT. G. Clinch.
KERRY. C. P. Crane.
LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND. A. Harvey and V. B. Crowther-Beynon.
MIDDLESEX. J. B. Firth.
MONMOUTHSHIRE. G. W. Wade and J. H. Wade.
NORFOLK. W. A. Dutt. *Second Edition, Revised.*
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. W. Dry. *Second Ed.*
NORTHUMBERLAND. J. E. Morris.
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. L. Guilford.
OXFORDSHIRE. F. G. Brabant.
SHROPSHIRE. J. E. Auden.
SOMERSET. G. W. and J. H. Wade. *Second Edition.*
STAFFORDSHIRE. C. Masefield.
SUFFOLK. W. A. Dutt.
SURREY. J. C. Cox.
SUSSEX. F. G. Brabant. *Third Edition.*
WILTSHIRE. F. R. Heath.
YORKSHIRE, THE EAST RIDING. J. E. Morris.
YORKSHIRE, THE NORTH RIDING. J. E. Morris.
YORKSHIRE, THE WEST RIDING. J. E. Morris. *Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.*

BRITTANY. S. Baring-Gould.
NORMANDY. C. Scudamore.
ROME. C. G. Ellaby.
SICILY. F. H. Jackson.

The Little Library.

With Introductions, Notes, and Photogravure Frontispieces.

Small Pott 8vo. Each Volume, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Anon. A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH LYRICS. *Second Edition.*

Austen (Jane). PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Two Volumes.*
NORTHANGER ABBEY.

Bacon (Francis). THE ESSAYS OF LORD BACON.

Barham (R. H.). THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. *Two Volumes.*

Barnett (Annie). A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE.

Beckford (William). THE HISTORY OF THE CALIPH VATHEK.

Blake (William). SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

Borrow (George). LAVENGRO. *Two Volumes.*
THE ROMANY RYE.

Browning (Robert). SELECTIONS FROM THE EARLY POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Canning (George). SELECTIONS FROM THE ANTI-JACOBIN: with some later Poems by GEORGE CANNING.

Cowley (Abraham). THE ESSAYS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Crabbe (George). SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE CRABBE.

Craik (Mrs.). JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. *Two Volumes.*

Crashaw (Richard). THE ENGLISH POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

Dante Alighieri. THE INFERNO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. CARY.
THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. CARY.
THE PARADISO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. CARY.

Darley (George). SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE DARLEY.

Deane (A. C.). A LITTLE BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE.

Dickens (Charles). CHRISTMAS BOOKS. *Two Volumes.*

Ferrier (Susan). MARRIAGE. *Two Volumes.*
THE INHERITANCE. *Two Volumes.*

Gaskell (Mrs.). CRANFORD. *Second Ed.*

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). THE SCARLET LETTER.

Henderson (T. F.). A LITTLE BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE.

Kinglake (A. W.). EOTHEN. *Second Edition.*

Lamb (Charles). ELIA, AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.

Locker (F.). LONDON LYRICS.

Marvell (Andrew). THE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL.

Milton (John). THE MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON.

Moir (D. M.). MANSIE WAUCH.

Nichols (Bowyer). A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS.

Smith (Horace and James). REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Sterne (Laurence). A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord). THE EARLY POEMS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.
IN MEMORIAM.
THE PRINCESS.
MAUD.

Thackeray (W. M.). VANITY FAIR. *Three Volumes.*
PENDENNIS. *Three Volumes.*
HENRY ESMOND.
CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Vaughan (Henry). THE POEMS OF HENRY VAUGHAN.

Waterhouse (Elizabeth). A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. *Thirteenth Edition.*

Wordsworth (W.). SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth (W.) and Coleridge (S. T.). LYRICAL BALLADS. *Second Edition.*

The Little Quarto Shakespeare.

Edited by W. J. CRAIG. With Introductions and Notes.

Pott 16*mo*. *In* 40 *Volumes*. *Leather, price* 1*s*. *net each volume*.
Mahogany Revolving Book Case. 10*s*. *net*.

Miniature Library.

Demy 32*mo*. *Leather,* 1*s*. *net each volume*.

EUPHRANOR: A Dialogue on Youth. Edward FitzGerald.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. Written by himself.

POLONIUS: or Wise Saws and Modern Instances. Edward FitzGerald.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. Edward FitzGerald. *Fourth Edition*.

The New Library of Medicine.

Edited by C. W. SALEEBY. *Demy* 8*vo*.

CARE OF THE BODY, THE. F. Cavanagh. *Second Edition*. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

CHILDREN OF THE NATION, THE. The Right Hon. Sir John Gorst. *Second Edition*. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

CONTROL OF A SCOURGE; or, How Cancer is Curable, The. Chas. P. Childe. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

DISEASES OF OCCUPATION. Sir Thomas Oliver. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. *Second Edition*.

DRINK PROBLEM, in its Medico-Sociological Aspects, The. Edited by T. N. Kelynack. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

DRUGS AND THE DRUG HABIT. H. Sainsbury.

FUNCTIONAL NERVE DISEASES. A. T. Schofield. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

HYGIENE OF MIND, THE. T. S. Clouston. *Fifth Edition*. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

INFANT MORTALITY. Sir George Newman. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS (CONSUMPTION), THE. Arthur Newsholme. 10*s*. 6*d*. *net*. *Second Edition*.

AIR AND HEALTH. Ronald C. Macfie. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*. *Second Edition*.

The New Library of Music.

Edited by ERNEST NEWMAN. *Illustrated*. *Demy* 8*vo*. 7*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

BRAHMS. J. A. Fuller-Maitland. *Second Edition*.

HANDEL. R. A. Streatfeild. *Second Edition*.

HUGO WOLF. Ernest Newman.

Oxford Biographies.

Illustrated. *Fcap*. 8*vo*. *Each volume, cloth,* 2*s*. 6*d*. *net; leather,* 3*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

DANTE ALIGHIERI. Paget Toynbee. *Third Edition*.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. E. L. S. Horsburgh. *Fourth Edition*.

JOHN HOWARD. E. C. S. Gibson.

ALFRED TENNYSON. A. C. Benson. *Second Edition*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. I. A. Taylor.

ERASMUS. E. F. H. Capey.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER. C. S. Terry.

ROBERT BURNS. T. F. Henderson.

CHATHAM. A. S. McDowall.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Anna M. Stoddart.

CANNING. W. Alison Phillips.

BEACONSFIELD. Walter Sichel.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE. H. G. Atkins.

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON. Viscount St. Cyres.

Three Plays.

'cap. 8vo. 2s. net.

THE HONEYMOON. A Comedy in Three Acts. Arnold Bennett. *Second Edition.*

MILESTONES. Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. *Second Edition.*

KISMET. Edward Knoblauch.

The States of Italy.

Edited by E. ARMSTRONG and R. LANGTON DOUGLAS.

Illustrated. Demy 8vo.

A HISTORY OF MILAN UNDER THE SFORZA. Cecilia M. Ady. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

A HISTORY OF VERONA. A. M. Allen. 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

A HISTORY OF PERUGIA. W. Heywood. 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

The Westminster Commentaries.

General Editor, WALTER LOCK.

Demy 8vo.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Edited by R. B. Rackham. *Sixth Edition.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Edited by H. L. Goudge. *Third Edition.* 6*s.*

THE BOOK OF EXODUS Edited by A. H. M'Neile. With a Map and 3 Plans. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL. Edited by H. A. Redpath. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. Edited with Introduction and Notes by S. R. Driver. *Eighth Edition.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH. Edited by G. W. Wade. 10*s.* 6*d.*

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS IN THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH EDITIONS OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS. S. R. Driver. 1*s.*

THE BOOK OF JOB. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson. *Second Edition.* 6*s.*

THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES. Edited with Introduction and Notes by R. J. Knowling. *Second Edition.* 6*s.*

The "Young" Series.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo.

THE YOUNG BOTANIST. W. P. Westell and C. S. Cooper. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

THE YOUNG CARPENTER. Cyril Hall. 5*s.*

THE YOUNG ELECTRICIAN. Hammond Hall. 5*s.*

THE YOUNG ENGINEER. Hammond Hall. *Third Edition.* 5*s.*

THE YOUNG NATURALIST. W. P. Westell. *Second Edition.* 6*s.*

THE YOUNG ORNITHOLOGIST. W. P. Westell. 5*s.*

Methuen's Shilling Library.

Fcap. 8vo. 1*s. net.*

CONDITION OF ENGLAND, THE. G. F. G. Masterman.

DE PROFUNDIS. Oscar Wilde.

FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO FIELD-MARSHAL. Sir Evelyn Wood, F.M., V.C.

*IDEAL HUSBAND, AN. Oscar Wilde.

*JIMMY GLOVER, HIS BOOK. James M. Glover.

*JOHN BOYES, KING OF THE WA-KIKUYU. John Boyes.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Oscar Wilde.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. George Horace Lorimer.

LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN, THE. W. G. Collingwood.

LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, THE. Graham Balfour.

*LIFE OF TENNYSON, THE. A. C. Benson.

*LITTLE OF EVERYTHING, A. E. V. Lucas.

LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME. Oscar Wilde.

LORE OF THE HONEY-BEE, THE. Tickner Edwardes.

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE. Sir Oliver Lodge

MARY MAGDALENE. Maurice Maeterlinck

SELECTED POEMS. Oscar Wilde.

SEVASTOPOL, AND OTHER STORIES. Leo Tolstoy.

THE BLUE BIRD. Maurice Maeterlinck.

UNDER FIVE REIGNS. Lady Dorothy Nevill.

*VAILIMA LETTERS. Robert Louis Stevenson.

*VICAR OF MORWENSTOW, THE. S. Baring-Gould.

Books for Travellers.

Crown 8vo. 6*s. each.*

Each volume contains a number of Illustrations in Colour.

*A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. E. V. Lucas.

A WANDERER IN PARIS. E. V. Lucas.

A WANDERER IN HOLLAND. E. V. Lucas.

A WANDERER IN LONDON. E. V. Lucas.

THE NORFOLK BROADS. W. A. Dutt.

THE NEW FOREST. Horace G. Hutchinson.

NAPLES. Arthur H. Norway.

THE CITIES OF UMBRIA. Edward Hutton.

THE CITIES OF SPAIN. Edward Hutton.

*THE CITIES OF LOMBARDY. Edward Hutton.

FLORENCE AND NORTHERN TUSCANY, WITH GENOA. Edward Hutton.

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY. Edward Hutton.

ROME. Edward Hutton.

VENICE AND VENETIA. Edward Hutton.

THE BRETONS AT HOME. F. M. Gostling.

THE LAND OF PARDONS (Brittany). Anatole Le Braz.

A BOOK OF THE RHINE. S. Baring-Gould.

THE NAPLES RIVIERA. H. M. Vaughan.

DAYS IN CORNWALL. C. Lewis Hind.

THROUGH EAST ANGLIA IN A MOTOR CAR. J. E. Vincent.

THE SKIRTS OF THE GREAT CITY. Mrs. A. G. Bell.

ROUND ABOUT WILTSHIRE. A. G. Bradley.

SCOTLAND OF TO-DAY. T. F. Henderson and Francis Watt.

NORWAY AND ITS FJORDS. M. A. Wyllie.

Some Books on Art.

ART AND LIFE. T. Sturge Moore. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 5*s. net.*

AIMS AND IDEALS IN ART. George Clausen. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Large Post 8vo.* 5*s. net.*

SIX LECTURES ON PAINTING. George Clausen. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Large Post 8vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

FRANCESCO GUARDI, 1712–1793. G. A. Simonson. Illustrated. *Imperial 4to.* £2 2*s. net.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. William Blake. *Quarto.* £1 1*s. net.*

JOHN LUCAS, PORTRAIT PAINTER, 1828–1874. Arthur Lucas. Illustrated. *Imperial 4to.* £3 3*s. net.*

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING. With an Introduction by R. C. Witt. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

A GUIDE TO THE BRITISH PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. Edward Kingston. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

SOME BOOKS ON ART—*continued.*

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. With an Introduction by G. F. Hill. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

A ROMNEY FOLIO. With an Essay by A. B. Chamberlain. *Imperial Folio.* £15 15*s. net.*

THE SAINTS IN ART. Margaret E. Tabor. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. Mary Innes. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

THE POST IMPRESSIONISTS. C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. *Royal* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

CELTIC ART IN PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN TIMES. J. R. Allen. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

"CLASSICS OF ART." See page 13.

"THE CONNOISSEUR'S LIBRARY." See page 14

"LITTLE BOOKS ON ART." See page 16.

"THE LITTLE GALLERIES." See page 17.

Some Books on Italy.

A HISTORY OF MILAN UNDER THE SFORZA. Cecilia M. Ady. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

A HISTORY OF VERONA. A. M. Allen. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

A HISTORY OF PERUGIA. William Heywood. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

THE LAKES OF NORTHERN ITALY. Richard Bagot. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

WOMAN IN ITALY. W. Boulting. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

OLD ETRURIA AND MODERN TUSCANY. Mary L. Cameron. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

FLORENCE AND THE CITIES OF NORTHERN TUSCANY, WITH GENOA. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

IN UNKNOWN TUSCANY. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

VENICE AND VENETIA. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

VENICE ON FOOT. H. A. Douglas. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

VENICE AND HER TREASURES. H. A. Douglas. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

*THE DOGES OF VENICE. Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

FLORENCE: Her History and Art to the Fall of the Republic. F. A. Hyett. *Demy* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

FLORENCE AND HER TREASURES. H. M. Vaughan. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

COUNTRY WALKS ABOUT FLORENCE. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

NAPLES: Past and Present. A. H. Norway. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

THE NAPLES RIVIERA. H. M. Vaughan. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

SICILY: The New Winter Resort. Douglas Sladen. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

SICILY. F. H. Jackson. Illustrated. *Small Pott* 8*vo. Cloth,* 2*s.* 6*d. net; leather,* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

ROME. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

A ROMAN PILGRIMAGE. R. E. Roberts. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

ROME. C. G. Ellaby. Illustrated. *Small Pott* 8*vo. Cloth,* 2*s.* 6*d. net; leather,* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

THE CITIES OF UMBRIA. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

*THE CITIES OF LOMBARDY. Edward Hutton. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

THE LIVES OF S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Brother Thomas of Celano. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT. E. L. S. Horsburgh. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 15*s. net.*

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. E. L. S. Horsburgh. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA AND HER TIMES. By the Author of "Mdlle Mori." Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

DANTE AND HIS ITALY. Lonsdale Ragg. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

DANTE ALIGHIERI: His Life and Works. Paget Toynbee. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

*THE MEDICI POPES. H. M. Vaughan. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 15*s. net.*

SHELLEY AND HIS FRIENDS IN ITALY. Helen R. Angeli. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

HOME LIFE IN ITALY. Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

SKIES ITALIAN: A Little Breviary for Travellers in Italy. Ruth S. Phelps. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

*A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. E. V. Lucas. Illustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

*UNITED ITALY. F. M. Underwood. *Demy* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

PART III.—A SELECTION OF WORKS OF FICTION

Albanesi (E. Maria). SUSANNAH AND ONE OTHER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LOVE AND LOUISA. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BROWN EYES OF MARY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
I KNOW A MAIDEN. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE INVINCIBLE AMELIA; OR, THE POLITE ADVENTURESS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
THE GLAD HEART. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*OLIVIA MARY. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Bagot (Richard). A ROMAN MYSTERY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE PASSPORT. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ANTHONY CUTHBERT. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LOVE'S PROXY. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
DONNA DIANA. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CASTING OF NETS. *Twelfth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE HOUSE OF SERRAVALLE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Bailey (H. C.). STORM AND TREASURE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE LONELY QUEEN. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Baring-Gould (S.). IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MARGERY OF QUETHER. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE QUEEN OF LOVE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
JACQUETTA. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
KITTY ALONE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
NOÉMI. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BROOM-SQUIRE. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
DARTMOOR IDYLLS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
GUAVAS THE TINNER. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BLADYS OF THE STEWPONEY. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PABO THE PRIEST. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
WINEFRED. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ROYAL GEORGIE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CHRIS OF ALL SORTS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
IN DEWISLAND. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MRS. CURGENVEN OF CURGENVEN. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Barr (Robert). IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE COUNTESS TEKLA. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE MUTABLE MANY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Begbie (Harold). THE CURIOUS AND DIVERTING ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN SPARROW, BART.; OR, THE PROGRESS OF AN OPEN MIND. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Belloc (H.). EMMANUEL BURDEN, MERCHANT. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A CHANGE IN THE CABINET. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Belloc-Lowndes (Mrs.). THE CHINK IN THE ARMOUR. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*MARY PECHELL. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Bennett (Arnold). CLAYHANGER. *Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CARD. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
HILDA LESSWAYS. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*BURIED ALIVE. *A New Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A MAN FROM THE NORTH. *A New Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Benson (E. F.). DODO: A DETAIL OF THE DAY. *Sixteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Birmingham (George A.). SPANISH GOLD. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE SEARCH PARTY. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LALAGE'S LOVERS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Bowen (Marjorie). I WILL MAINTAIN. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*A KNIGHT OF SPAIN. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE QUEST OF GLORY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
GOD AND THE KING. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Clifford (Mrs. W. K.). THE GETTING WELL OF DOROTHY. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Conrad (Joseph). THE SECRET AGENT: A Simple Tale. *Fourth Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A SET OF SIX. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
UNDER WESTERN EYES. *Second Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

*Conyers (Dorothea.). THE LONELY MAN. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Corelli (Marie). A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS. *Thirty-first Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
VENDETTA; OR, THE STORY OF ONE FORGOTTEN. *Twenty-ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THELMA: A NORWEGIAN PRINCESS. *Forty-second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ARDATH: THE STORY OF A DEAD SELF. *Twentieth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE SOUL OF LILITH. *Seventeenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
WORMWOOD: A DRAMA OF PARIS. *Eighteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BARABBAS; A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY. *Forty-sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE SORROWS OF SATAN. *Fifty-seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE MASTER-CHRISTIAN. *Thirteenth Edition. 179th Thousand. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
TEMPORAL POWER: A STUDY IN SUPREMACY. *Second Edition. 150th Thousand. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
GOD'S GOOD MAN: A SIMPLE LOVE STORY. *Fifteenth Edition. 154th Thousand. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
HOLY ORDERS: THE TRAGEDY OF A QUIET LIFE. *Second Edition. 120th Thousand. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
THE MIGHTY ATOM. *Twenty-ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BOY: a Sketch. *Twelfth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CAMEOS. *Fourteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE LIFE EVERLASTING. *Fifth Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Crockett (S. R.). LOCHINVAR. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE STANDARD BEARER. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Croker (B. M.). THE OLD CANTONMENT. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
JOHANNA. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE HAPPY VALLEY. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A NINE DAYS' WONDER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PEGGY OF THE BARTONS. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ANGEL. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
KATHERINE THE ARROGANT. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BABES IN THE WOOD. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Danby (Frank.). JOSEPH IN JEOPARDY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Doyle (Sir A. Conan). ROUND THE RED LAMP. *Twelfth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Fenn (G. Manville). SYD BELTON: THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO SEA. Illustrated. *Second Ed. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Findlater (J. H.). THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE LADDER TO THE STARS. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Findlater (Mary). A NARROW WAY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
OVER THE HILLS. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE ROSE OF JOY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A BLIND BIRD'S NEST. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Fry (B. and C. B.). A MOTHER'S SON. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Harraden (Beatrice). IN VARYING MOODS. *Fourteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
HILDA STRAFFORD and THE REMITTANCE MAN. *Twelfth Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
INTERPLAY. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Hichens (Robert). THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BYEWAYS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. *Twenty-first Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BLACK SPANIEL. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CALL OF THE BLOOD. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BARBARY SHEEP. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Hope (Anthony). THE GOD IN THE CAR. *Eleventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A CHANGE OF AIR. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A MAN OF MARK. *Seventh Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PHROSO. Illustrated. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
SIMON DALE. Illustrated. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE KING'S MIRROR. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
QUISANTÉ. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE DOLLY DIALOGUES. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
TALES OF TWO PEOPLE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE GREAT MISS DRIVER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MRS. MAXON PROTESTS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Hutten (Baroness von). THE HALO. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

'Inner Shrine' (Author of the). THE WILD OLIVE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Jacobs (W. W.). MANY CARGOES. *Thirty-second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
*Also Illustrated in colour. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
SEA URCHINS. *Sixteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
A MASTER OF CRAFT. Illustrated. *Ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
LIGHT FREIGHTS. Illustrated. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
THE SKIPPER'S WOOING. *Eleventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
AT SUNWICH PORT. Illustrated. *Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
DIALSTONE LANE. Illustrated. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
ODD CRAFT. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
THE LADY OF THE BARGE. Illustrated. *Ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
SALTHAVEN. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
SAILORS' KNOTS. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
SHORT CRUISES. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

James (Henry). THE GOLDEN BOWL. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s*

Le Queux (William). THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CLOSED BOOK. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BEHIND THE THRONE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

London (Jack). WHITE FANG. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Lucas (E. V.). LISTENER'S LURE: AN OBLIQUE NARRATION. *Eighth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
OVER BEMERTON'S: AN EASY-GOING CHRONICLE. *Ninth Edition. Fcap 8vo. 5s.*
MR. INGLESIDE. *Eighth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
LONDON LAVENDER. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Lyall (Edna). DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST. *44th Thousand. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Macnaughtan (S.). THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA M'NAB. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PETER AND JANE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Malet (Lucas). A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE WAGES OF SIN. *Sixteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE CARISSIMA. *Fifth Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE GATELESS BARRIER. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Maxwell (W. B.). THE RAGGED MESSENGER. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE GUARDED FLAME. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ODD LENGTHS. *Second Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
HILL RISE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE COUNTESS OF MAYBURY: BETWEEN YOU AND I. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE REST CURE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Milne (A. A.). THE DAY'S PLAY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*THE HOLIDAY ROUND. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Montague (C. E.). A HIND LET LOOSE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Morrison (Arthur). TALES OF MEAN STREETS. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A CHILD OF THE JAGO. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE HOLE IN THE WALL. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
DIVERS VANITIES. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Ollivant (Alfred). OWD BOB, THE GREY DOG OF KENMUIR. With a Frontispiece. *Eleventh Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE TAMING OF JOHN BLUNT. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*THE ROYAL ROAD. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Onions (Oliver). GOOD BOY SELDOM: A ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Oppenheim (E. Phillips). MASTER OF MEN. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE MISSING DELORA. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Orczy (Baroness). FIRE IN STUBBLE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Oxenham (John). A WEAVER OF WEBS. Illustrated. *Fifth Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PROFIT AND LOSS. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE LONG ROAD. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE SONG OF HYACINTH, AND OTHER STORIES. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MY LADY OF SHADOWS. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LAURISTONS. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE COIL OF CARNE. *Sixth Edition. Cr 8vo. 6s.*
*THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Parker (Gilbert). PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MRS. FALCHION. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD. Illustrated. *Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC: The Story of a Lost Napoleon. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
AN ADVENTURER OF THE NORTH. The Last Adventures of 'Pretty Pierre.' *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG: a Romance of Two Kingdoms. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
NORTHERN LIGHTS. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Pasture (Mrs. Henry de la). THE TYRANT. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Pemberton (Max). THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
I CROWN THEE KING. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LOVE THE HARVESTER: A STORY OF THE SHIRES. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN HEART. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Perrin (Alice). THE CHARM. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*THE ANGLO-INDIANS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Phillpotts (Eden). LYING PROPHETS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CHILDREN OF THE MIST. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE HUMAN BOY. With a Frontispiece. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
SONS OF THE MORNING. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE RIVER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE AMERICAN PRISONER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
KNOCK AT A VENTURE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE PORTREEVE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE POACHER'S WIFE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE STRIKING HOURS. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
DEMETER'S DAUGHTER. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Pickthall (Marmaduke). SAÏD THE FISHERMAN. *Eighth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

'Q' (A. T. Quiller Couch). THE WHITE WOLF. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE MAYOR OF TROY. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MERRY-GARDEN AND OTHER STORIES. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MAJOR VIGOUREUX. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Ridge (W. Pett). ERB. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A SON OF THE STATE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
A BREAKER OF LAWS. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
MRS. GALER'S BUSINESS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE WICKHAMSES. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
NAME OF GARLAND. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
SPLENDID BROTHER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
NINE TO SIX-THIRTY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THANKS TO SANDERSON. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*DEVOTED SPARKES. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Russell (W. Clark). MASTER ROCKAFELLAR'S VOYAGE. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Sidgwick (Mrs. Alfred). THE KINSMAN. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE LANTERN-BEARERS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ANTHEA'S GUEST. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
*LAMORNA. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Somerville (E. Œ.) and Ross (Martin). DAN RUSSEL THE FOX. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Thurston (E. Temple). MIRAGE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Watson (H. B. Marriott). THE HIGH TOBY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE PRIVATEERS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ALISE OF ASTRA. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BIG FISH. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Webling (Peggy). THE STORY OF VIRGINIA PERFECT. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE SPIRIT OF MIRTH. *Fifth Edition Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
FELIX CHRISTIE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Weyman (Stanley). UNDER THE RED ROBE. Illustrated. *Twenty-third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Whitby (Beatrice). ROSAMUND. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Williamson (C. N. and A. M.). THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR: The Strange Adventures of a Motor Car. Illustrated. *Seventeenth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.* Also *Cr.* 8*vo.* 1*s. net.*

THE PRINCESS PASSES: A Romance of a Motor. Illustrated. *Ninth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER. *Eleventh Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

SCARLET RUNNER. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

SET IN SILVER. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

LORD LOVELAND DISCOVERS AMERICA. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

THE GOLDEN SILENCE. *Sixth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

THE GUESTS OF HERCULES. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

*THE HEATHER MOON. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

Wyllarde (Dolf). THE PATHWAY OF THE PIONEER (Nous Autres). *Sixth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON. *Seventh Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

THE CAREER OF BEAUTY DARLING. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s.*

Methuen's Two-Shilling Novels.

Crown 8*vo.* 2*s. net.*

*Botor Chaperon, The. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

*Call of the Blood, The. Robert Hichens.

Car of Destiny and its Errand in Spain, The. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Clementina. A. E. W. Mason.

Colonel Enderby's Wife. Lucas Malet.

Felix. Robert Hichens.

Gate of the Desert, The. John Oxenham.

My Friend the Chauffeur. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Princess Virginia, The. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Seats of the Mighty, The. Sir Gilbert Parker.

Servant of the Public, A. Anthony Hope.

*Set in Silver. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Severins, The. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet.

*Vivien. W. B. Maxwell.

Books for Boys and Girls.

Illustrated. Crown 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cross and Dagger. The Crusade of the Children, 1212. W. Scott Durrant.

Getting Well of Dorothy, The. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Girl of the People, A. L. T. Meade.

Hepsy Gipsy. L. T. Meade. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Honourable Miss, The. L. T. Meade.

Master Rockafellar's Voyage. W. Clark Russell.

Only a Guard-Room Dog. Edith E. Cuthell.

Red Grange, The. Mrs. Molesworth.

Syd Belton: The Boy who would not go to Sea. G. Manville Fenn.

There was once a Prince. Mrs. M. E. Mann.

Methuen's Shilling Novels.

*ANNA OF THE FIVE TOWNS. Arnold Bennett.
BARBARY SHEEP. Robert Hichens.
CHARM, THE. Alice Perrin.
*DEMON, THE. C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
GUARDED FLAME, THE. W. B. Maxwell.
JANE. Marie Corelli.
LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER. C. N. & A. M. Williamson.
*LONG ROAD, THE. John Oxenham.
MIGHTY ATOM, THE. Marie Corelli.
MIRAGE. E. Temple Thurston.
MISSING DELORA, THE. E Phillips Oppenheim.
ROUND THE RED LAMP. Sir A. Conan Doyle.
*SECRET WOMAN, THE. Eden Phillpotts.
*SEVERINS, THE. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.
SPANISH GOLD. G. A. Birmingham.
TALES OF MEAN STREETS. Arthur Morrison.
THE HALO. The Baroness von Hutten.
*TYRANT, THE. Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.
UNDER THE RED ROBE. Stanley J. Weyman.
VIRGINIA PERFECT. Peggy Webling.
WOMAN WITH THE FAN, THE. Robert Hichens.

The Novels of Alexandre Dumas.

Medium 8vo. Price 6d. Double Volumes, 1s.

ACTÉ.
ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE, THE.
AMAURY.
BIRD OF FATE, THE.
BLACK TULIP, THE.
BLACK: the Story of a Dog.
CASTLE OF EPPSTEIN, THE.
CATHERINE BLUM.
CÉCILE.
CHÂTELET, THE.
CHEVALIER D'HARMENTAL, THE. (Double volume.)
CHICOT THE JESTER.
CHICOT REDIVIVUS.
COMTE DE MONTGOMMERY, THE.
CONSCIENCE.
CONVICT'S SON, THE.
CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE; and OTHO THE ARCHER.
CROP-EARED JACQUOT.
DOM GORENFLOT.
DUC D'ANJOU, THE.
FATAL COMBAT, THE.
FENCING MASTER, THE.
FERNANDE.
GABRIEL LAMBERT.
GEORGES.
GREAT MASSACRE, THE.
HENRI DE NAVARRE.
HÉLÈNE DE CHAVERNY.
HOROSCOPE, THE.
LEONE-LEONA.
LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE. (Double volume.)
MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE. (Double volume.)
MAÎTRE ADAM.
MOUTH OF HELL, THE.
NANON. (Double volume.)
OLYMPIA.
PAULINE; PASCAL BRUNO; and BONTEKOE.
PÈRE LA RUINE.
PORTE SAINT-ANTOINE, THE.
PRINCE OF THIEVES, THE.
REMINISCENCES OF ANTONY, THE.
ST. QUENTIN.
ROBIN HOOD.
SAMUEL GELB.
SNOWBALL AND THE SULTANETTA, THE.
SYLVANDIRE.
TAKING OF CALAIS, THE.
TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.
TALES OF STRANGE ADVENTURE.
TALES OF TERROR.
THREE MUSKETEERS, THE. (Double volume.)
TOURNEY OF THE RUE ST. ANTOINE.
TRAGEDY OF NANTES, THE.
TWENTY YEARS AFTER. (Double volume.)
WILD-DUCK SHOOTER, THE.
WOLF-LEADER, THE.

Methuen's Sixpenny Books.

Medium 8vo.

Albanesi (E. Maria). LOVE AND LOUISA.
I KNOW A MAIDEN.
THE BLUNDER OF AN INNOCENT.
PETER A PARASITE.
*THE INVINCIBLE AMELIA.

Anstey (F.). A BAYARD OF BENGAL.

Austen (J.). PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

Bagot (Richard). A ROMAN MYSTERY.
CASTING OF NETS.
DONNA DIANA.

Balfour (Andrew). BY STROKE OF SWORD.

Baring-Gould (S.). FURZE BLOOM.
CHEAP JACK ZITA.
KITTY ALONE.
URITH.
THE BROOM SQUIRE.
IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA.
NOÉMI.
A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. Illustrated.
LITTLE TU'PENNY.
WINEFRED.
THE FROBISHERS.
THE QUEEN OF LOVE.
ARMINELL.
BLADYS OF THE STEWPONEY.
CHRIS OF ALL SORTS.

Barr (Robert). JENNIE BAXTER
IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS.
THE COUNTESS TEKLA.
THE MUTABLE MANY.

Benson (E. F.). DODO.
THE VINTAGE.

Brontë (Charlotte). SHIRLEY.

Brownell (C. L.). THE HEART OF JAPAN.

Burton (J. Bloundelle). ACROSS THE SALT SEAS.

Caffyn (Mrs.). ANNE MAULEVERER.

Capes (Bernard). THE GREAT SKENE MYSTERY.

Clifford (Mrs. W. K.). A FLASH OF SUMMER.
MRS. KEITH'S CRIME.

Corbett (Julian). A BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS.

Croker (Mrs. B. M.). ANGEL.
A STATE SECRET.
PEGGY OF THE BARTONS.
JOHANNA.

Dante (Alighieri). THE DIVINE COMEDY (Cary).

Doyle (Sir A. Conan). ROUND THE RED LAMP.

Duncan (Sara Jeannette). THOSE DELIGHTFUL AMERICANS.

Eliot (George). THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

Findlater (Jane H.). THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE.

Gallon (Tom). RICKERBY'S FOLLY.

Gaskell (Mrs.). CRANFORD.
MARY BARTON.
NORTH AND SOUTH.

Gerard (Dorothea). HOLY MATRIMONY.
THE CONQUEST OF LONDON.
MADE OF MONEY.

Gissing (G.). THE TOWN TRAVELLER.
THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Glanville (Ernest). THE INCA'S TREASURE.
THE KLOOF BRIDE.

Gleig (Charles). BUNTER'S CRUISE.

Grimm (The Brothers). GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

Hope (Anthony). A MAN OF MARK.
A CHANGE OF AIR.
THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.
PHROSO.
THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.

Hornung (E. W.). DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.

Hyne (C. J. C.). PRINCE RUPERT THE BUCCANEER.

Ingraham (J. H.). THE THRONE OF DAVID.

Le Queux (W.). THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER.
THE CROOKED WAY.
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

Levett-Yeats (S. K.). THE TRAITOR'S WAY.
ORRAIN.

Linton (E. Lynn). THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON.

Lyall (Edna). DERRICK VAUGHAN.

Malet (Lucas). THE CARISSIMA.
A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

Mann (Mrs. M. E.). MRS. PETER HOWARD.
A LOST ESTATE.
THE CEDAR STAR.
THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT.
A WINTER'S TALE.

Marchmont (A. W.). MISER HOADLEY'S SECRET.
A MOMENT'S ERROR.

Marryat (Captain). PETER SIMPLE.
JACOB FAITHFUL.

March (Richard). A METAMORPHOSIS.
THE TWICKENHAM PEERAGE.
THE GODDESS.
THE JOSS.

Mason (A. E. W.). CLEMENTINA.

Mathers (Helen). HONEY.
GRIFF OF GRIFFITHSCOURT.
SAM'S SWEETHEART.
THE FERRYMAN.

Meade (Mrs. L. T.). DRIFT.

Miller (Esther). LIVING LIES.

Mitford (Bertram). THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

Montrésor (F. F.). THE ALIEN.

Morrison (Arthur). THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

Nesbit (E.). THE RED HOUSE.

Norris (W. E.). HIS GRACE.
GILES INGILBY.
THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY.
LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS.
MATTHEW AUSTEN.
CLARISSA FURIOSA.

Oliphant (Mrs.). THE LADY'S WALK.
SIR ROBERT'S FORTUNE.
THE PRODIGALS.
THE TWO MARYS.

Oppenheim (E. P.). MASTER OF MEN.

Parker (Sir Gilbert). THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES.
WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC.
THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD.

Pemberton (Max). THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.
I CROWN THEE KING.

Phillpotts (Eden). THE HUMAN BOY.
CHILDREN OF THE MIST.
THE POACHER'S WIFE.
THE RIVER.

'Q' (A. T. Quiller Couch). THE WHITE WOLF.

Ridge (W. Pett). A SON OF THE STATE.
LOST PROPERTY.
GEORGE and THE GENERAL.
A BREAKER OF LAWS.
ERB.

Russell (W. Clark). ABANDONED.
A MARRIAGE AT SEA.
MY DANISH SWEETHEART.
HIS ISLAND PRINCESS.

Sergeant (Adeline). THE MASTER OF BEECHWOOD.
BALBARA'S MONEY.
THE YELLOW DIAMOND.
THE LOVE THAT OVERCAME.

Sidgwick (Mrs. Alfred). THE KINSMAN.

Surtees (R. S.). HANDLEY CROSS.
MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.
ASK MAMMA.

Walford (Mrs. L. B.). MR. SMITH.
COUSINS.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.
TROUBLESOME DAUGHTERS.

Wallace (General Lew). BEN-HUR.
THE FAIR GOD.

Watson (H. B. Marriott). THE ADVENTURERS.
CAPTAIN FORTUNE.

Weekes (A. B.). PRISONERS OF WAR.

Wells (H. G.). THE SEA LADY.

Whitby (Beatrice). THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT.

White (Percy). A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Williamson (Mrs. C. N.). PAPA.

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C045590525
YB 33416